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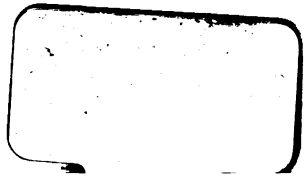

MODERN HAGIOLOGY:

An Examination of

THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF SOME LEGENDARY AND DEVOTIONAL WORKS

LATELY PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF

THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, THE REV. DR. PUSEY,
AND
THE REV. F. OAKELEY.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages, which originally appeared, in a somewhat different form, in *The British Magazine*, are now reprinted, with no other alterations in the text, than such as appeared necessary in order to render my meaning more distinctly understood. With the same intention, I have thought it advisable to introduce a few additional sentences; and, in one or two cases, passages from the books under consideration, which I had omitted to notice in the Magazine, have been inserted under their proper heads. These alterations, however, as I have already stated, affect my work no further than to make my meaning plainer; since, on the most careful consideration, I have found no reason to retract anything which I had originally said. On the contrary, the events of the last few weeks, have given but too sad a confirmation to the views I had taken of a movement, which has left such fearful memorials of the erroneous principles on which it was undertaken and conducted. It may be right (though I

suppose it can scarcely be necessary) to state, that the views here submitted to the public were not founded on private information relative to the state of the party, or the secret intentions of their leaders. How far any persons among them might have connected themselves with the agents of the Jesuits and the emissaries of Rome, I had no means of knowing, when I began to write. I had no secret intelligence. I pretended to none. But, looking solely to that which it was as competent to any one else in the community to pronounce upon,—namely, their own works, and the books published, without any attempt at concealment, under their sanction or direction, it appeared to me, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained of this party having a formed and settled design to introduce popery into the church of England, and to bring the country back again once more into subjection to the Court of Rome.

It was with such views of the projects of this party that, in November, 1844, I commenced in the British Magazine, the series of papers entitled Modern Hagiology, which were continued in the Magazine, without any interruption, until December, 1845, and which form the substance of the present work.

I mention these dates merely to let my reader understand, that very much the greater portion of these volumes had been printed before Mr. Newman had declared himself a Roman Catholic, and while

many of his friends were unwilling to believe that he had any intention of taking such a step. Since that step has been taken, indeed, some of his friends have informed the public, that for the last four years he had, while outwardly conforming to the church, been in heart and intention a Roman Catholic. But, whatever be the truth of that statement—whatever authority they may have had for making it—I had no information when I wrote, to lead me to suppose that such were Mr. Newman's intentions. The view of the nature and tendencies of this movement taken in the following pages, was formed solely on a consideration of his published writings,—of books published under his sanction,—and of the works of his friends and coadjutors.

This, however, would scarcely have been considered a sufficient reason for giving these volumes to the public, had there not been other circumstances which made it appear desirable that the statements and arguments they contain should have a wider circulation, and be offered to the notice of some who may not be in the habit of seeing the Magazine in which they originally appeared.

I cannot but think, that there is something in this movement far more deserving the attention of the public, than either the fate of the movement itself, or the conduct of its leaders. There are features in this system of permanent interest; and it has been my constant anxiety and effort in this work to impress

this on my reader's mind. What has made this movement so mischievous, is not the particular direction it has taken. No man is less disposed than I am to underrate the evils or the errors of Popery. But I believe, that we deceive ourselves, when we suffer the Romanizings of this party to divert our attention from the origin and source (as it has happened) of their Romanizings. For, from the year 1828, when Dr. Pusey came forward to charge the late Mr. Rose with abandoning the fundamental principles of Protestantism, and derogating from the independence and inherent power of the Word of God, down to 1845, when his principles have developed themselves into an undisguised advocacy and propagation of Jesuitism,—it was the loose method this party adopted of interpreting—or, rather, of explaining away—the Holy Scriptures, and the defective notions of the value and sacredness of truth they have from the beginning manifested, and which lie at the root of all such spiritual and allegorical interpretations,—this it was, which constituted the real evil and danger of the movement. This it was, which gave the party an inherent determination to error of some sort or other. This it was which infected all their views of theology, urged them downwards from one stage of error to another, and made them,—all along, and at every period of their unhappy career,—whether as commentators, as dogmatic divines, as ecclesiastical historians, or as

parish priests,—the unsafe guides which the church has by too painful an experience proved them to have been.

Besides the necessity of exposing these false principles, for the sake of such as may still be in danger of being misled by those of the party who have not yet left the Church,—the chief reason for discussing the character of this movement must be, to lead men to regard it, as an illustration and a warning, (as it really is) of the danger of the false principles themselves. For whatever becomes of this movement—loose methods of interpreting Scripture, and loose notions of truth and falsehood can never be otherwise than mischievous to the Church. Nor is the Church ever likely to be wholly secure against the dangers arising from these sources, so long as weak and vain and restless men,—so long as men fonder of poetry than of fact, shall be found within her pale. A most instructive warning, indeed, has this movement given us, of the fatal consequences of trifling with truth; and for this reason alone, it appeared likely to be of some service to the Church hereafter to have that warning put on record.

There is no security—there can be none,—no protection whatever, against heresy of any sort or degree, in any Church where the figurative, and spiritual, and mystical, and allegorical modes of explaining away the inspired volume find toleration. Be it the School of Origen,—or the School of Meditation,

—or the Prophetical School, with its year-day hypothesis to evade the grammatical meaning of the text, —whether the tendency be to Romanism or Mysticism, to Presbyterianism or Neologianism—the principle of interpretation is the same;—and the same want of reverence for truth,—gloss it over as men will —lies at the root and foundation of the principle, into whatever form of error the principle may be developed. This is a permanent danger. And the exhibition of the consequences of surrendering one's judgment to such a principle, is that which seems to me to give its chief value to any investigation of the system and movement of which Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey are the exponents.

And, be it remembered, that though Mr. Newman has become a Romanist, and Mr. Oakeley has followed the example of his leader, Dr. Pusey still remains;—and since Mr. Newman has left the Church, Dr. Pusey, as his friends have informed the public, (and his conduct abundantly confirms the information) has put himself forward as the leader of the party. Under such circumstances, it seems a plain duty, to give the public an opportunity of judging of the nature of the system which Dr. Pusey is now endeavouring to propagate amongst us; and it is believed, that abundant materials for forming such a judgment will be found in these volumes. How far Dr. Pusey may or may not have connected himself with the Jesuits in this country, I know not.

But of this I am certain, that a very moderate acquaintance with the doctrine, morals, and discipline of the Jesuits, and of the methods by which they contrive to entrap young people into their society, will convince any one who reads the works lately published by Dr. Pusey, that—whatever may be his ulterior object—he is now endeavouring, not merely to Romanize the Church, but to propagate Jesuitism, in its worst and most mischievous form, among the young and inexperienced of both sexes in this country. It is melancholy to be obliged to bring proofs of such a charge. But if men choose to engage in such pernicious projects, it becomes a duty to give warning of their proceedings. The charge and the proofs are now laid before the public. The evil still exists. The danger is still imminent. The scheme is not abandoned—far from it. The reins have fallen from Mr. Newman's hands indeed; —rather he has resigned them to Dr. Pusey—and Dr. Pusey seems determined to persevere in his career, until he has impregnated the Church with Jesuitical principles, and has laid the foundation of such a schism as even Mr. Newman's influence and example have failed to effect.

While such schemes, therefore, are on foot, it seems a duty to call attention to the proceedings of those engaged in them, and with this object these volumes have been prepared for publication.

Some, perhaps, are still disposed to give credence

to specious generalities and plausible professions of attachment to the Church, which appear to say a vast deal—but which, when those who make them shall have proceeded to secession, we shall be told contain nothing they need to retract. If any such charitable persons should happen to open these volumes, I shall beg their serious consideration of the matter here laid before them. The great body of the clergy in both countries, are not likely to have their principles shaken. For the young and inexperienced the warning may be more needful. Would that I might have reason to hope, that any who have already been beguiled into the paths of error, may be led by anything I have written, to pause—to consider what the end of such courses must be—and to retrace their steps before it be too late.

In conclusion, let me commend to the attention of my readers, the following observations of Bacon,—in his "Advertisement, touching the Controversies of the Church of England,"—descriptive of a state of things in so many particulars similar to the present.

"The Church never wanteth a kind of persons which love the salutation of *Rabbi, Master;* not in ceremony, or compliment, but in an inward authority, which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinions, and to seek knowledge at their lips. These men are the true successors of *Diotrephes* the lover of pre-eminence; and not, *Lord Bishops.* Such spirits do light upon

another sort of natures, which do adhere to these men; *Quorum gloria in obsequio;* stiff followers, and such as zeal marvellously for those whom they have chosen for their masters. This latter sort, for the most part, are men of young years and superficial understanding; carried away with partial respects of persons, or with the enticing appearance of godly names and pretences: *Pauci res ipsas sequuntur, plures nomina rerum, plurimi nomina magistrorum.* Few follow the things themselves, more the names of the things, and most the names of their masters.

"About these general affections, are wreathed and interlaced, accidental and private emulations and discontentments; all which, together, break forth into contentions; such as either violate truth, sobriety, or peace. These generalities apply themselves. The universities are the seat, or the continent, of this disease; whence it hath been, and is derived, into the rest of the realm. There men will no longer be, *é numero,* of the number. There do others side themselves, before they know their right hand from their left. So it is true, which is said; *Transeunt ab ignorantiâ, ad præjudicium.* They skip from ignorance to a prejudicate opinion, and never take a sound judgment in their way. But, as it is well noted; *Inter juvenile judicium, et senile præjudicium, omnis veritas corrumpitur:* through want of years, when men are not indif-

ferent, but partial, then their judgment is weak and unripe. And when it groweth to strength and ripeness, by that time, it is forestalled with such a number of prejudicate opinions, as it is made unprofitable: so as, between these two, all truth is corrupted. In the meanwhile the honourable names of sincerity, reformation, and discipline, are put in the fore-ward; so as contentions and evil zeals cannot be touched, except these holy things be thought first to be violated. But, howsoever they shall infer the solicitation for the peace of the Church to proceed from *carnal sense*, yet, I will conclude, ever, with the apostle Paul; *Cum sit inter vos, zelus et contentio, nonne carnales estis?* While there is amongst you zeal and contention, are ye not carnal? And howsoever they esteem the compounding of controversies to savour of *man's wisdom*, and *human policy*, and think themselves led by the wisdom which is from above; yet I say with Saint James; *Non est ista sapientia desursum descendens; sed terrena, animalis, diabolica. Ubi enim zelus, et contentio, ibi inconstantia, et omne opus pravum.* Of this inconstancy it is said by a learned Father; *Procedere volunt, non ad perfectionem, sed ad permutationem:* they seek to go forward still, not to perfection, but to change."

On reading such a description one feels, that, after all, the Tractarian movement is nothing more than a new development of Puritanism. How far this

later development may have been originated and directed by secret intrigues, similar to those, which, when Bacon wrote, were stealthily and darkly preparing the way for the destruction of the Church and throne, and the calamities of the great rebellion, time alone will discover.

J. C. CROSTHWAITE.

St. Mary-at-Hill.
January, 1846.

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MODERN HAGIOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: THEIR ROMISH CHARACTER—PRAISE OF THE JESUITS.

THOSE persons who, at different periods, have endeavoured to propagate opinions on questions of religion and morals, have seldom failed to perceive the use that may be made of biography. Few instruments, indeed, can be found more powerful for such a purpose,—whenever the writer has the skill and ingenuity to insinuate his own peculiar views, by the exhibition of the actions and character of some real or imaginary person, in whom he contrives to interest his readers, before they have discovered, that what they are reading has been written and constructed for a purpose. Where the purpose has been honestly avowed, the reader has, of course, no reason to complain of being entrapped into the reception of opinions without notice or expectation. Still, even where the purpose is sufficiently indicated to protect the writer from a charge of disingenuousness on that score, it may sometimes be the duty of those who have any share in conducting the periodical literature of the country, to interfere, and point out the objectionable character

of a work. For instance, when anything like a systematic effort is made to introduce and recommend error and heresy in an attractive and seductive form, it becomes necessary to protect from danger those, who could perhaps protect themselves, if they would take the trouble to put together and compare passages and statements, that may occur incidentally in a series of volumes,—but who are either too indolent to take this trouble for themselves, or have not the opportunity, or, from various reasons, require to have facts pointed out to their observation. And, indeed, if this office be honestly and fairly discharged, it is, perhaps, one of the most useful services that can be rendered to the church, and therefore, one of the most legitimate employments for the pages of such a publication as the British Magazine has always aimed to be.

The movement which originated twelve years ago in Oxford, is part of the history of the church of England. What its ultimate effects will be, it is not for human sagacity to conjecture. But it is impossible for any one who has any regard for the doctrines of the Bible and Common Prayer Book, to read the works now in course of publication under Mr. Newman's sanction, without feeling it to be the imperative duty of those who are at all concerned in watching over the publications of the day, to bring clearly and distinctly before the church, the nature and tendency of the opinions

which this party are avowedly endeavouring to disseminate.

Rather more than a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Newman issued a prospectus of a work in periodical numbers, to be entitled, the *Lives of the English Saints.* Of these, seven volumes* have been already published. They scarcely pretend to throw any light on the history of our church; and, indeed, the writers are not very particular in telling us, where they met with the strange stories they are retailing rather as legends than as matters of fact; so that the chief, perhaps the only, value of the work is, the illustration it affords of the ultimate objects of the movement of which Mr. Newman is the acknowledged leader. Any question of that sort the "Lives of the English Saints" must set completely at rest. Of course, it is not meant, that any doubt can exist as to the nature of Mr. Newman's teaching. The British Critic, his printed Sermons on Subjects of the Day, his Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles,—any one of these is sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous. But still this new work comes later;—and, consequently, it will serve to answer, and, in point of fact, it does fully and completely answer, a question, which charity would desire to see answered in a manner favourable to his reputation—namely, whether he has been induced to reconsider opinions, and modify, if not retract, language, that, he is per-

* Six more have appeared since.

fectly aware, have been deemed objectionable and improper by the highest authorities in the church of which he is still understood to be a clergyman.

The character, then, of this new work, the *Lives of the English Saints*, is decidedly, and on many points, extravagantly Romish. It is, in fact, Popish, using that term, to distinguish the ultra Romanist from the more moderate school of that communion. On points where ultra-Romanists have disagreed, there does not appear much to indicate the writers belonging to any particular school of theology within that communion—for example, the Dominican as opposed to the Franciscan. Their doctrinal opinions may be various; but, as Mr. Newman says, they are "not divergent." Certainly, there is no symptom of any degree of variety, amounting to divergency from any peculiar or distinguishing tenet of popery. On the contrary, the impression on the attentive reader's mind would be, that these works were either written by members of the order of Jesuits, or by those who, (however willing some of them perhaps may still be, to be thought in communion with our church,) are endeavouring to promote the views of that order. The following passage seems inexplicable on any other supposition. It occurs in the sixth volume, in the commencement of the *Life of St. Adamnan*:—

To a pious person, surely, no matter what his opinions may be, the degeneracy of religious institutes and orders

must be a humbling and distressing subject for reflection. Yet by literary men of later days, and especially by *Protestants and other heretics*, this degeneracy has been laid hold of with almost a desperate eagerness, either for the purpose of sneering at religion altogether, or vilifying the *holy Roman church*, or discountenancing the strictness of catholic morals. Now let it be admitted fully that this degeneracy is a fact, and that it has taken place in many instances almost incredibly soon after the first fervour of a new institute, *always excepting*, as truth compels us, *the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*, which, *next to the visible church*, may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world.*—pp. 119, 120.

Whether the author of this passage be a Jesuit—a *professed* member of what he is pleased to call "*the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*," or not, it may not be easy for "*Protestants and other heretics*" to ascertain. But this much is evident, that no one who knew what he was writing about, would have committed himself in such a manner, unless he was willing to be thought an admirer of the Jesuits, and a promoter of their designs. And certainly, the fact of such a passage appearing in a work brought out by Mr. Newman,*

* I think it right to say here, once for all, what has been already stated in an Editorial note in the January number of the British Magazine, 1845, p. 36, with reference to Mr. Newman's connexion with the Lives of the English Saints; namely,—that, whether he has ever written a single line in these books or not, he has made himself responsible for the whole, and such he is considered by every well-informed person whom I have conversed with. In September, 1843, Mr. Newman issued a prospectus, stating that he was about to edit a series of Lives of the English Saints: and in the second

gives a very remarkable colour to the movement in which he has occupied so prominent a position. When an author sneers at "*Protestants and other heretics*," as the vilifiers of the "*holy Roman church*," there can be but one feeling among right-minded persons, as to the indecency of a clergyman of our church giving any countenance or sanction to such

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volume of these lives, when they did appear, Mr. Newman put an advertisement dated April 1, 1844, in which he refers to the "earlier prospectus, in which Lives of the English Saints, by various authors, were promised under his *editorship*," and he distinctly repeats the statement he had made in the first volume, "that the Lives now published formed part of that series." It is Mr. Newman himself, therefore, who has informed the public that he is the editor of these pernicious books. He did so, first in his original prospectus, announcing his intention of editing the series. He has done so since, by stating, in an advertisement prefixed to one of these volumes, that though he is not the author, he is the editor, and that these books are part of the series he had "promised under his editorship." Every word of the papers in the British Magazine was written, as I now write, under a full and conscientious belief, that for these Lives of the English Saints Mr. Newman, and Mr. Newman *alone*, is responsible. There may be anonymous persons, whose responsibility is devolved on him; but this is done by his permission, and with a full consciousness on his part, that, while he thus voluntarily places himself between them and the public, all the praise or blame is exclusively his own.

The Advertisement referred to is in these words:—.

"*The Editor* of the Life of St. Stephen Harding is concerned to find that he should have so expressed himself about it as to be mistaken by some persons for *the author*. He thought he had sufficiently guarded against such an accident by his reference, in the Advertisement, to an earlier Prospectus, in which Lives of the English Saints *by various authors*, were promised under his *editorship*, and by his statement that *the Lives now published* formed portions of that series. "J. H. N.

"April 1, 1844."

writing. But when a clergyman in Mr. Newman's position in the University, the head of a party still exercising considerable influence among the younger members of the church, comes forward as the editor of a work in which the order of Jesuits is described, as "the *most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*, which, next to the visible church, may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world*,"—the whole movement must be felt to assume a very serious aspect indeed.

This is not the only passage in these works, in which the writer connects his attachment to "St. Ignatius" with a sneer at the Reformation. The words in immediate connexion with the passage just quoted from the Life of St. Adamnan, will afford another example of the same sort. The writer continues his defence of monasticism thus—

> History certainly bears witness to this decay; but it must not be stated in the exaggerated way usual to many. It was not till the end of the tenth century that the decline of monastic fervour began to lead to abuses and corruptions; and for at least six centuries what almost miraculous perfection, heavenly love, self-crucifying austerities, mystical union with God, and stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith, reigned among the quietly succeeding generations of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries? In the thirteenth century again the church interfered, and at her touch, as if with the rod of Moses, there sprung forth those copious streams which satisfied the extraordinary thirst of Christendom in those times. The revered names of St. Dominic and St. Francis may remind us of what that age did.—p. 120.

This is not exactly the manner in which any sound member of our church would write: but it is the sentences which follow, that the reader is requested to attend to:

> And when was the church of Rome ever so great, ever so obviously the mother of saints, or when did she ever so wonderfully develope the hidden life within her, *as in the sixteenth century? St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia*, St. Francis of Sales, St. Philip Neri, St. Felix of Cantalice, and many others, sprung almost simultaneously from the bosom of a church, *so utterly corrupt and anti-Christian* that *part of mankind deemed it necessary to fall off from her lest their souls should not be saved!*—Ibid.

Of course, it may be natural enough for those who regard the church of Rome in the sixteenth century as "the *Mother of Saints*," in the full *development of* "*the hidden life within her*," to look with pity and contempt on the infatuation and stupidity of those who "deemed it necessary to fall off from her, lest their souls should not be saved." This is all natural enough; but the connexion of the names of St. Ignatius and his brother Jesuits with this sneer at the Reformation, is too remarkable to be passed over. Nor will any one, who knows anything of the Jesuits' notions of civil government, fail of being struck by the language which follows. The writer goes on to say:—

> Stated then, fairly and moderately, let the fact of monastic degeneracy be admitted, and what follows? Is it anything more than an illustration of the catholic doctrine of original sin? Is it a fit or decent subject of triumph to miserable sinners who share personally in the corrup-

tion of their fellows? When such boastings are introduced into historical panegyrics of *constitutions*, *parliaments*, *monarchies*, republics, federacies, and the like, *what is it but an à fortiori argument against such mere worldly institutions?*—Ibid.

Really it is high time for people to ask, where this movement is to end; and whether its authors mean to take the state in hand, when they have completed the revolutionizing of the church?

In the same volume, in the life of St. Oswald, there is another very remarkable passage, where the author connects a scarcely covert defence of the iniquitous conduct of the Jesuits in their foreign missions, with a rather curious disclosure of the ultimate designs of the present movement:—

There is nothing which the world has so doggedly continued to misunderstand as the conduct of missionaries among barbarians and misbelievers. It is ever demanding in their conduct towards their converts a strictness which it calls gloom and bigotry when brought near to itself; and unable to comprehend *the pliancy there is in Christian wisdom*, and what a depth there is in *the very simplicity of its policy*, men cry out against what they call *lax accommodations and a betraying of the truth*. Yet it is not a little significant that the very persons who have been mostly accused of this have been in their treatment of themselves most self-denying and austere.—p. 56.

So far the reference seems merely to the missions of the Jesuits. But the author, without any apparent reason, immediately transfers his argument from a heathen mission to one in a country professedly Christian;—leaving an impression on the mind, as if he thought it somehow necessary to

explain the reason, why a certain policy which some of his friends may deem over-cautious and temporizing, is still pursued at home. His words are as follows:—

A strict discipline is not the remedy for a *long chronic disorder of laxity and remissness.* It amounts to an excommunication; and destroys souls by repelling them from the very shadow of the influence under which its object is to bring them. Of course it is a difficult thing *to raise the standard of holiness in a church*, a see, a parish, or a monastery, without somewhat terrifying the minds of men; yet it is possible, and it is needful, to find the means of doing so *without* the *sudden introduction* of such a severe and ascetic discipline *as one hopes to come to at the last.* The lives of half the saints on record were spent in the successful solution of this problem: missionaries among the heathen, bishops in sees wasted with simony, priests in parishes lost in ignorant superstitions, abbots in dissolute monasteries. And *it may be that this is the very problem which is to be somehow or other solved in our own days among us descendants of those very Saxons* whom the zeal of Corman failed to convert, but whom the gentle rigours of St. Aidan built up as living stones into a very great and glorious church. The tender but pure system of discipline introduced into Italy by St. Alfonso,* toward the conclusion of the last century, though it met with clamour and opposition from the rigid party, has probably been one main cause of the singular revival of spirituality in that part of the church.—pp. 56, 57.

How clearly indicative of the designs of the party this passage is, will probably appear before we have gone much further.

* This is Liguori, the author of that fearfully blasphemous and idolatrous work, *The Glories of Mary.*

CHAPTER II.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: THEIR DOCTRINE OF EXPIATORY PENANCE.

In demonstrating that the object of these Lives of the English Saints is to recommend the peculiar doctrines of the church of Rome, the abundance of proof is so great, that the chief difficulty lies in the necessity of selection, lest the patience of the reader should be wearied by multiplicity of quotations. Some of the most important passages shall now be laid before him.

For instance,—take the Romish doctrine of the expiatory nature of penance. In the fourth volume, —in the Life of St. Bartholomew the hermit,—the author (in pursuance of a notion frequently put forward in these books, that monks and hermits are the only persons likely to succeed as missionaries) says:—

Who but such a confessor could have forced men like the wild border barons of the north to relax their iron grasp on the spoils of the poor, and *to atone for their sins* by penance?—*Hermit Saints*, p. 144.

Again, in the conclusion of the Life of St. Bettelin, in the same volume, we read—

And this is all that is known, and more than all,—yet nothing to what the angels know,—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and *did penance and washed out his sins*, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven.—p. 72.

This notion of *washing out sins* by means of penance, occurs in other places. In the first volume, —in the Life of St. Stephen the founder of the Cistercians,—a certain person is represented as having seen the Cistercians in a vision, and having been desired by the Lord Jesus Christ to enter their order. In his vision, he sees a river which is too deep for him to ford. The story goes on to say:—

As he roamed about in quest of a place where he might cross it, he saw upon the bank, twelve or fourteen poor men washing their garments in the stream. Amongst them was one clad in a white garment of dazzling brightness, and his countenance and form were very different from the rest; he went about helping the poor men to wash the spots off their clothes; when he had helped one, he went to help another. The clerk went up to this august person, and said, 'What men are ye?' And he answered, 'These poor men are *doing penance, and washing themselves from their sins; I am the Son of God, Jesus Christ*, without whose aid neither they nor any one else can do good. This beautiful city which thou seest is paradise, where I dwell; he who has washed his clothes white—that is, *done penance for his sins*—shall enter into it. Thou thyself hast been searching long enough for the way to enter into it, but there is no other way, but this one which leads to it.'—pp. 75, 76.

Few persons can need to have the impiety of such a fable pointed out to their notice. It is, indeed, of falsehoods and fables that the lives of these saints are chiefly constructed, and by such impostures are the authors seeking to recommend the errors which they themselves have adopted. But the veracity of

the stories and the regard the authors have manifested for truth must be considered hereafter.

In the life of St. William, (p. 44,) we read the following:—

The tears which gush from the really broken and contrite heart, *unite in wonderful co-operation with the blood of the Holy Lamb, to wash*, as we may say, *once more the sinful soul.*

To persons educated in ignorance and superstition, one has no wish to ascribe any irreverence in the use of language like this. But how any one brought up in one of our universities—educated in the worship and faith of our church, can write and print such fearful impiety, is wholly inexplicable. However, it is perfectly vain in those who write in this way, to profess any attachment to our church, or any regard for the vows of their ordination.

Take another instance:—

Pain in itself is not pleasing to God, and an austere life, *unless it be joined by charity to Christ's sufferings*, becomes simple pain, for His merits alone *convert our sufferings into something sacramental*, and *make them meritorious in the eyes of God.*—St. Stephen, p. 98.

Another, still more remarkable, is in the life of St. Oswald. A plague broke out among his people—

And though it does not appear that the plague was lying on the people because of the monarch's sins, yet he humbly *entreated God to take himself and his family as victims of the cruel disease, and to spare his people.*—p. 62.

The impiety of such a prayer the author felt to be rather too obvious, and so he proceeds to say,

Of course none but a very holy person could venture without profaneness on such a prayer as this: and like St. Paul's supplication for Israel, it was PERHAPS offered up *under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.*—Ibid.

And so, although the prayer is palpably and avowedly profane, yet the author sees no profanity in suggesting, by way of helping out the difficulty of imputing such a prayer to a saint, that "PERHAPS" it was "offered up under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." But let us see how he proceeds—

To pray for the high and awful privileges of suffering is something more than to covet them. Love will prompt even those, whose obedience is but scant and sorry measure, to covet earnestly for poverty, contempt, obscurity, loneliness, and pain, who yet would feel that it was unbecoming for men of their poor attainments to pray directly for such things, lest the petition should spring from a momentary heat, not from a bold and steadfast tranquillity; and then *it would be so very dreadful were God to answer it*, and we to fail beneath the trial. — St. Oswald, pp. 62, 63.

This is pretty much what Mr. Newman had already said, in one of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. But, that any one, unless his notions of Christianity were radically false and erroneous, could write in such a manner, is impossible. The author goes on then to tell us, that St. Oswald's "*venturous* prayer" (rather an extraordinary term to apply to a prayer which even this author does not dare to justify, except on the ground that, "*perhaps*," it was inspired,) was literally answered. Oswald was seized with an unusually violent attack

of the plague, and—but let the author speak for himself—

> And there he lay upon his cross, *an acceptable expiation, through the meritorious intercession* of his Lord, *for the sins of his people.*

Really, one knows not what to say or think of such a passage as this. God forbid that the church of England should ever be reduced to such a state of ignorance and superstition, as to require any one to point out the impiety of such writing. And is this, then, the end of the Movement which professed to restore church principles? Is this the doctrine which is to be substituted for the doctrine of the church of England? Is this the end of university distinctions, and literary fame, and the reputation of learning, and a name for a high and transcendental piety, and an influence at one time as wide as ever was exercised by any private clergyman in our church?

Oswald, however, did not die. "While he thus lay expecting death, *offering his life for the life of others,*" he saw a vision, which foretold his recovery, and subsequent martyrdom: and then the author tells us—

> His bodily health was now restored, the infection went no further, for the plague was stayed in the person of the saint, and *the angel of wrath appeased by his self-sacrifice.* —p. 64.

When one recollects with what indignation Mr. Newman's party used to endeavour to clear them-

selves of the charge of obscuring the doctrine of the atonement by their system, such passages as these appear in no small degree instructive.

If such is the view of the atonement and the expiatory power of penance which Mr. Newman is desiring to introduce into our church, one cannot wonder at his doctrine of confession. In the life of St. Adamnan is a long passage, in which the writer endeavours to prove, that if the church were in a proper state, young men, who had been led into habits of vicious indulgence and dissipation in their youth, would not be suffered quietly to reform their conduct, "enter on their professions, marry, settle in life, and by an imperceptible process slide into good Christian people." No; they should first be put through a course, and an enduring course, of penance. It is not quite clear, whether the author does not think that they should even be compelled, or at least recommended, to enter the cloister. St. Adamnan, whom he proposes for an example of what should be done in such cases, became a monk.

> He led a life of the strictest continence, *took the monastic habit and vows*, often spent entire nights in prayer, and *ate only on Thursdays and Sundays, taking no sustenance of any kind during the rest of the week.*—p. 129.

And this, the author pretends, has "a great many things in it strikingly resembling St. Paul's carefulness, clearing of themselves, indignation, fear, vehement desire, zeal, and revenge, whereof he speaks to

the Corinthians." He seems, however, to feel, that it is going rather too far to lay down this pattern as a universal rule, and so he resorts (as elsewhere in these books) to the Romish notion (expressed, too, in all the technicalities of popery) of one sort of religion being required in some particular persons, and another in the generality of mankind.

We are not saying that penance is not true penance if it falls short of St. Adamnan's, or that it must needs take the peculiar shape of his austerities. There are ordinary Christians who serve God acceptably *without being called to the eminences of the saints.* Penance may be true penance, and yet have none of that *heroicity in it which the promoter of the faith would demand if canonization were claimed for the penitent.*—pp. 129, 130.

The reader will please to recollect that this passage occurs in the same life, and a few pages after the passage in which the Jesuits are called "*the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius;* which, next to the visible church, may, perhaps, be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world.*"

Unless, then, these books be written by disguised Romanists and Jesuits, they are the work of persons anxious to appear as patrons and admirers of the enemies of their own church. There is, in truth, all through them, a studied affectation of the phraseology of Romanists. Take an instance in connexion with the passage under consideration.

What is the first step which a rightly instructed Christian must take, when it pleases God to give him the grace

of compunction? Clearly he must resort to the consolations of the Gospel and the merits of the Saviour *as laid up in the sacrament of penance*.—p. 127.

And a little before:—

Sacramental confession does not exist among us *as a system*: penance has no *tribunals* in the Anglican church. Of course many consequences result from this, such as that it makes our ecclesiastical system so startlingly unlike anything primitive, that the long prevalent arrogation to ourselves of a primitive model seems an almost unaccountable infatuation.—p. 125.

As if any moderately informed person believed that sacramental confession was a primitive notion, or auricular confession at the tribunal of penance had any pretension to be considered a part of primitive discipline. And yet this writer talks of the *Anglican church* (too cautious, perhaps, to compromise the rights of "the holy Roman church" by saying the *church of England*) as if he were really and honestly a member of our communion. "Sacramental confession does not exist *among us* as a system." But we must allow him to proceed.

This is, perhaps, not of paramount importance to a community which has a *duty nearer home and more at hand*—that is, *reconciliation with the present Catholic church*.—Ibid.

Plain speaking, truly; and it is hoped that "*Protestants and other heretics*" who are in the habit of "*vilifying the holy Roman church*," will bethink themselves in time, when they are thus informed, that the real and (now) the avowed object of this

movement is, to enforce, as a duty—*nearer home and more at hand* than any trifling details of reformation, such as sacramental confession and the tribunal of penance—"reconciliation with the present Catholic church." Lamentable indeed it is, and most humiliating, to see clergymen of a Protestant church entertaining projects so irreconcilable with their profession and obligations. But if they *will* set about revolutionary designs of this sort, we cannot be too thankful that they have avowed them so distinctly.

CHAPTER III.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: PRAISE OF MONASTICISM.

FROM what has already been transcribed from these books, the reader will be prepared to find Monasticism forming one of the main features of the system they are written to recommend. In truth, a very large portion of the series is occupied with this subject alone. But to give an idea of the manner in which it is put forward, the following extracts may suffice:—

. . . monastic discipline is only *Christianity in its perfection*, hallowing and taking up into itself the meanest relations of life.—St. Gilbert, p. 54.

The church, by regulating monastic vows, *only pointed out one way of doing what Christ prescribed in the general*, and furnished her children with the means of gaining this blessing. The Bible says nothing about monks and nuns, but it says a great deal about prayer and about taking up the cross.—p. 51.

Just so: and one has only to assume that prayer and taking up the cross mean monastic vows, and then it is quite clear, that, though "the Bible says nothing about monks and nuns," yet "monastic discipline is only Christianity in its perfection," and monks and nuns are, as Mr. Newman would call them, "*Bible* Christians."*

* Sermons on Subjects of the Day, p. 327.

Again, in the Life of St. Stephen,—

Monastic vows are, in one sense, *only the completion of the vows of baptism*.—p. 5.

A notion, which does not quite harmonize with what is found in another part of the same volume, where the author says:—

To the generality of the world many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of perfection; but to monks who have sworn to quit the world they are *precepts of obligation*.—p. 24.

And so, although these monastic vows be "only the completion of the vows of baptism," yet they are not binding on all, as "precepts of obligation;" but to some,—nay, "to the generality of the world," —in fact, to all but those who have taken these self-imposed vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience,—"*many of the commandments of Christ*" (all and every one of which Christians have hitherto considered themselves bound by "the vows of baptism" to obey) *are only "precepts of perfection.*" If this be not what is meant by making void the commandments of God, in order to establish the traditions of men, the church has yet to learn in what the crime consists.

Such a passage as the following must appear simply absurd and ludicrous—even to many respectable Roman catholics:—

True monks everywhere have a sort of instinct of what is the good and the right side; they have no earthly interest to dim their vision of what is God's cause, and we

may trust a monk for being, ever in his place—for the Church against the world.—Ibid. p. 39.

Yet, somehow or other,—if church history be not wholly fabulous,—monks have not been thought quite to come up to this standard of unearthliness in all times and places. Yes; but "true monks."—Very well. But, unhappily, there have been such long and desperate quarrels and malignant hatreds between monks, and orders of monks, that,—without a very uncatholic exercise of private judgment,—it has not been at all times easy to determine, while they were biting and devouring one another, which were the "true monks" and which the false.

CHAPTER IV.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: HOLY VIRGINITY.

It will not be surprising (even if one had not seen what Mr. Newman has published elsewhere) that works in which one finds such praises of monasticism, should be equally vehement in their praise of celibacy. On this subject, indeed, these volumes contain such specimens of extravagance and of false and erroneous teaching, that I scarcely know how to treat the subject as it deserves. And it is to be hoped, that few of my readers will require more than to have the passages referred to fairly put before them.

Holy virginity is no less a portion of Christianity than holy penitence, and *the denial of the virtue of the one most certainly impairs the full belief in the other*, FOR the communion of saints and the forgiveness of sins lie close together in the creed.—St. Gilbert, p. 49.

The logic is certainly worthy of the cause. But we must not interrupt the author.

Nor is holy virginity the creation of an age of romance; Gilbert, when he built the cloister at Sempringham, thought but little, as we shall soon see, of picturesque processions and flowing robes of white; he only thought of the blessed Virgin, and of St. John, and of the white-robed choir in heaven, who have followed *the Virgin Lamb*, wherever he hath gone. Still less did he think about the usefulness of what he was doing; as well might he have thought about the uses of chastity, for *virginity is only*

chastity carried to a supernatural degree. . . . They who deny the merit of virginity leave out a portion of Christian morals.—Ibid. pp. 49, 50.

The merit of virginity a portion of Christian morals! And yet, on the very next page the author tells us "the Bible says nothing about monks and nuns." But the Bible will go but a short way to the development of what are now called "Christian morals."

Again:—

Happiest of all is she who is marked out for ever from the world, whose slightest action assumes the character of adoration, because she is bound by a vow to her heavenly spouse, as an earthly bride is bound by the nuptial vow to her earthly lord.—Ibid. p. 51.

In like manner, towards the end of the volume,—

In proportion as they realize the incarnation of the Lord, they will love more and more to contemplate the saints, and especially St. Mary, for a reverence for her is inseparable from that right faith in the humanity of the Son of God, which we must all believe and confess. They will learn that *the high honour in which the church has ever held holy virginity is a necessary portion of Christian doctrine*, and not a rhapsody peculiar to any age.—pp. 132, 133.

There is no mistaking the Romanism of these passages. But is there any truth in these views? Are they not undoubtedly false and unscriptural? Is it not clearly the revealed will of God—that men should marry and bring up children in his holy fear? —and is it not equally certain that the unmarried state has no perfection or pre-eminence *in itself?*

Under particular and temporary circumstances of the church,—as, for instance, during a season of persecution,—it may be expedient that Christian men and women should keep themselves free and disengaged: but to speak of virginity as *in itself* more excellent,—as if there was *any dishonour or impurity* in the married state,—is plainly contrary to the word of God. And indeed,—to say what it is painful even to think,—these extravagant praises of virginity are not merely false and unscriptural, they are anything but symptomatic of the purity of those who deal in them. Pure minds are as little likely to be occupied with thinking of their purity, as lowly minds of their humility. What precautions and vigilance a man may feel bound to use, who is suffering the temptations incident to a mind which had been suffered to become habituated to impure thoughts and passions, is not here the question. But the notion these writers have of saints seems to be this: that saints (and be it observed they speak in the same extraordinary manner of females as of men) are persons whose dispositions would force them to run into the very grossest excesses and extremities of vice if they did not keep themselves under continual check, by means of self-invented tortures, penances, and restraints. The author of the life of St. Ebba, in this series, tells us that " St. Cuthbert carried the jealousy of women, characteristic of all the saints, to a very extraordi-

nary pitch," so that, whenever he visited her monastery, to hold spiritual conversation with St. Ebba, he used to go out of the gates at nightfall, and spend the hours of darkness in prayer, "*either up to his neck in the water*, or in the chilly air." (p. 114.) Persons who invent such tales, and those who retail them, do, most undoubtedly, cast very grave and just suspicions on the purity of their own minds. And young persons who talk and think much in this way, are in extreme danger of falling into sinful habits. As to the volumes before us, the authors have, in their fanatical panegyrics of virginity, made use of language downright profane: and they have likewise spoken of marriage in a tone too nearly approaching the sentiments of some of the vilest of the ancient heretics.

CHAPTER V.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: HOLY VIRGINITY—ST. BEGA — DISPARAGEMENT OF MARRIAGE — ST. OSWALD — ST. STEPHEN.

THE life of St. Begà presents, probably, as extraordinary specimens of this false teaching as can be found in the whole range of fanaticism. She is said to have been the daughter of an Irish king, "a Christian, and an earnest man to boot." Her father wished her to marry a Norwegian prince, but, being determined to be a nun, she ran away from her father's house, crossed the sea in a ship with some strange sailors, and settled at the place now called St. Bees.

It is in this manner the writer speaks of her—

In *very childhood* God inspired her with *an ardent love of holy virginity*, and she seems to have been *almost* preserved from the pollution of impure thoughts.—p. 137.

But did it not strike this author, that such an idea as "*holy virginity*," much more "*an ardent longing*" for it,—was utterly unnatural to the mind of "*very childhood*," and, in fact, could have no place in the mind of a child,—except one that was either preternaturally diseased, or precociously wicked and impure? He goes on,—

As a girl she avoided all public amusements, and *fearing* lest idleness should prove a source of sin, she was studious to fill up the whole of her time with some employment.—p. 137.

This conduct might be very natural and right: but it is evident the author means to imply, that this girl feared that she should fall into impurity and vice: and then the question will be, what sort of mind a young Christian girl must have, which could be constantly under the influence of such a fear. Let any Christian parent ask himself, what must be the fruits of a system which thus labours to put such shocking ideas into the heads of young girls and little children.

By and by, Bega, (if there ever was such a person) grew up to be a woman, and "offers of marriage poured in upon her from Irish and foreign princes." This, be it observed, was about the early part of the seventh century. But, says our author,—

> Her thoughts were ever running upon the excellencies of a monastic life; to be a nun was more after her heart than to be a queen, for *that sweet truth was never out of her mind*, that the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage; and she would fain be as they, if so be it would please God to give her the peerless gift; and who that heartily covets it is not assisted thereto?—pp. 138, 139.

But with what reason can any one desire to be *as the angels*, in the sense of our Redeemer's words, in this state of being? And is it possible to pervert the meaning of Holy Scripture in this way without very great irreverence? To proceed:—

> This *panting after holy virginity*, for which many of the saints have been so conspicuous *almost from their cradles*,

seems unreal to the children of the world. Of course it does: they cannot even put themselves for a moment in the position of those who so feel. It would require a transposing of all their affections quite out of the question in their case, even in imagination; a new nomenclature, both for things earthly, and things heavenly; a new measure and a new balance, which even they who fall, and by God's grace rise again, do but handle clumsily for a long while.—p. 139.

It is very easy to sneer at those who hesitate to run headlong into the extreme fanaticism of popish monkery, as "children of the world." One gets callous to this mode of argument: and these authors deal in it so constantly on all occasions, that it ceases to have any effect. But, seriously, is the author of this melancholy nonsense a sane person? And is it possible that Mr. Newman has fallen so low, even in the scale of human intellect, as to lend his sanction to such miserable rubbish? Unhappily, his Sermons on Subjects of the Day but too clearly prove, how much acceptance any fanaticism of the sort is likely to receive from him. Saints, then, it now appears, are *panting after holy virginity, almost from their cradles.* The idea may well be thought "unreal." It is worse, it is unnatural. And, how it ever could occur to a sane mind of any ordinary degree of purity, seems very hard to imagine, and harder still to believe. But the author having thus referred to the case of penitents, proceeds:—

How do all graces seem, even to such penitents, as nothing, because they can never attain that one so fair, so

bright, so beautiful! What is there in penance so productive of humility as the keen, rankling thought that the virgin's crown is lost? And if they are blessed who so learn to humble and to afflict themselves, if they are blessed who are the least in the kingdom of heaven, is it too much *to kneel with lowliest veneration and a supplicating spirit before the altars of the virgin saints*, where God is honoured in his servants, praying him *to quicken their prevailing* prayers, that we may have *nerve to bring our penance to a safe issue*, and so attain unto our rest?—p. 139.

This may pass for piety among the admirers of popery. But, bad and shocking as it is, it will be felt to be moderate compared with the profanity of what follows.

The case being so with the most sweet gift of virginity, Bega, says her biographer, in his TOUCHING way, "studied to hear *the bleating of the heavenly Lamb*, with the ear of hearing; and *to weave herself a nuptial robe from its fleece*, that she might be able to go forth to its nuptials, like a bride ornamented with her jewels, to see her betrothed decorated with a crown, and to be clothed by him with the garment of salvation, and that she might deserve to be surrounded by the robe of eternal gladness."—pp. 139, 140.

Now, what St. Bega may have said or thought (that is, if there ever was such a person) may in her case have been nothing worse than ignorant folly and superstition; and even of the anilities of the monkish legend from which Mr. Newman or his fellow-labourer has borrowed this account, I feel no disposition to speak with greater harshness. But what shall we say of such profaneness and

blasphemy being collected, for the benefit of what Mr. Newman calls in his prospectus, "most erring and most unfortunate England"? It is needless to insult the understanding or piety of the reader by such a question.

The author, however, goes on thus:—

Despising thus all the allurements of this impure world, its vanities, and false delusions, the venerable virgin, offering up her virginity one day to God, bound herself by a vow that she would not contract nor experience the bonds of marriage with any one, by her own will, that* *not knowing the marriage-bed in sin*, she might have fruit in respect of holy souls.—p. 140.

One would feel reluctant to believe that, by adopting such language, the author intended to give countenance to the heretical notion of there being anything sinful or impure in the marriage state; although the patrons of monasticism and clerical celibacy have been but too apt to use language and arguments that would give room for such a suspicion. Yet, comparing this passage with one that occurs a few pages after, it seems very difficult to understand him otherwise; for, in describing the establishment of the monastery at Hartlepool, he says, it

was not only thronged with world-renouncing virgins, but it was the cause of an *outbreak of zeal and holy love*, like the zeal of "Shecaniah, the son of Jehiel, one of the sons of Elam," in the days of Ezra, who proposed the

* On this word is the following note: "This is the third Antiphon in the Commune Virginum."

putting away of strange wives; for Bega's biographer tells us, that "not only many virgins were brought after her to the Heavenly King, invited and stirred up by her exhortation and example, but also many converts, *repenting of their married state* and secular conversation, were offered in joy and exultation in the temple to the Divine King, and subjected to his service.—p. 161.

It is certainly very important to be informed—that Mr. Newman's school regards such a transaction, as a number of married people violating their vows, and going into monasteries, as an "*outbreak of zeal and holy love.*" The Bible, to be sure, would teach us that the Lord hateth putting away, and that it is the duty of Christian men and women to abide in their married state, even in the case of a Christian married to a heathen. And there was a time, before Christianity had been developed into the contradictory of itself, when putting away one's wife under the pretence of piety would not have been regarded as "*an outbreak of zeal and holy love,*" or anything else of a respectable character. But all is changed. And the "*married state*" is now to be considered as something sinful, which, whenever *zeal and holy love* come to *an outbreak*, people will *repent of* and be *converted* from. And to prop up this wicked heresy, this author,—after the common practice of his school,—presumes to quote the word of God—as if the putting away of strange wives, practised under the Mosaic law, was lawful in the Christian dispensation; or,—whether it were lawful or not,—

could give any countenance to Christian men and women "repenting of their *married state*," or could by any possibility be tortured into a justification of the putting asunder, under the pretence of religion, of those whom God had joined together.

And this is not the only place where these authors have recommended this unchristian practice and the heretical doctrine on which it really rests. Thus, in the Life of St. Oswald, we are told, that

> Feeling how intimately allied the grace of chastity was with this blissful communion with the world of spirit, he prevailed upon his queen to consent to their living a life of continence, that so they might more resemble those happy spirits who neither marry nor are given in marriage, and might the rather become to them an object of special love, ministry and protection.—p. 61.

The use of the word "chastity" in this passage demonstrates the heretical nature of the doctrine taught.

This point is so important, that it seems advisable to quote here one or two passages of a similar character from another of these volumes. They occur in the life of St. Stephen, where the author is relating the manner in which St. Bernard persuaded his brothers to enter the monastery of Citeaux along with him. The author is speaking of St. Bernard's eldest brother, Guy:—

> He was a married man, and his young wife loved him tenderly, besides which he had more than one daughter, with whom it was hard indeed to part in the age of their childhood; and even after he had yielded to his brother's

persuasions, and had broken through all these ties, a greater difficulty than all remained behind.—p. 109.

One might have thought, that to one who had made up his mind to act in such direct violation of the laws of God and nature, "a *greater difficulty*" could scarcely remain behind. But such has ever been the way in which the votaries of superstition have exalted human traditions, above the authority of conscience and the holy scripture. We shall see what was the *greater difficulty*, and how it was got over.

It was a *law of the church*, that neither of a married pair could enter a cloister without the consent of the other; and how was it possible that a delicate and highborn woman could consent to part with her husband and enter into a monastery?—Ibid.

The difficulty, too, in this case, was increased by what the author does not think fit to repeat here—namely, that this "young wife loved" her husband "tenderly," and that she was required by these fanatics, (if the story be true,) not only to forsake her husband, but to desert her little daughters. However, a way was found to get rid of the difficulty occasioned by the law of the church, even though,—according to Mr. Newman's school,—*that* difficulty was a greater one than any created by the commandments of God, the vows of marriage, the voice of conscience, or the duties of nature.

Bernard, however, declared to Guy, that *if she did not consent, God would smite her with a deadly disease;* and so it

turned out. She soon after fell ill, and "*finding*," says William of St. Thierry, "*that it was hard for her to kick against the pricks*, she sent for Bernard," and gave her consent.—Ibid.

What was the value of a *consent*, extorted in this way, is a matter of concern only to those who are inconvenienced by these clashings of their laws and superstitions. But this is the real secret of the getting up of,—what the author of the life of St. Bega calls—*an outbreak of zeal and holy love*; and thus it is, that Mr. Newman's school is teaching men to make void the commandments of God by their traditions.

And this was a very considerable *outbreak*; for, of the thirty noble companions of St. Bernard, our author tells us, that "as *many of them were married men*, their wives also *had to give up* the world."—p. 111.

And so, again, he asks—

What shall we say when young mothers *quit their husbands and their families*, to bury themselves in a cloister?—p. 112.

What shall we say? Why, what could any Christian say,—except this,—that, unless they were the victims of threats and persecutions,—such as this author ascribes to St. Bernard,—or were besotted with superstition and fanaticism, to such a degree of fatuity as not to be accountable for their actions,—these unhappy creatures were guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty, and a plain violation of the will

and word of God. Is this the answer suggested by our author, or anything like it? We shall see.

One word suffices to silence all these murmurers; Ecce Homo, Behold the Man. The wonders of the incarnation are an answer to all *cavils*. Why, it may as well be asked, did our blessed Lord choose to be a poor man, instead of being clothed in purple and fine linen? Why was His mother a poor virgin? Why was He born in an inn and laid in a manger? Why did He leave His blessed mother, and almost repulse her, when she would speak to Him? Why was that mother's soul pierced with agony at the sufferings of her divine Son? Why, when one drop of His precious blood would have healed the whole creation, did He pour it all out for us? In a word, why, when He might have died (if it be not wrong to say so) what the world calls a glorious death, did He choose out the most shameful, besides heaping to Himself every form of insult, and pain of body and soul? He did all this to shew us, that suffering was now to be the natural state of the new man, just as pleasure is the natural state of the old.—pp. 112, 113.

Really, I know not what to say or think of such writing, except this, that—considering all this has been brought forward to justify the violation of marriage vows, husbands deserting their wives, and wives being terrified into giving up their husbands and their infant children, and the branding of the married state as a sin to be repented of—it does seem a very needless expenditure of profaneness and irreverence. And, to speak plainly, the church must be in a most deplorable state, if persons who propagate such notions are tolerated in Christian society.

A little farther on, our author says:—

After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder *how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family*, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility! But does it not, at first sight, require proof that heaven *can be won by a life spent in this quiet way*, [as easily, perhaps, as by a life spent in the restless propagation of error, superstition, and revolutionary schemes.] Again, let us consider the dreadful nature of sin, even of what are called the least sins, and would not any one wish to cast in his lot with Stephen, and *wash them away by continual penance?*—p. 113.

The author subjoins that "miracles were really wrought to beckon them on; at least they were firmly convinced of the truth of those miracles, which is enough for our purpose," &c. And having fortunately recollected the awkwardness of pleading miracles as a reason for "reversing the commands of the Decalogue," he is driven at last to resort to the maxims of the Jesuits and Puritans:—"We may surely *excuse* St. Bernard and his brothers for conduct *which was so amply justified by the event.*" —p. 114. Surely we may;—that is, if we only grant that *any event* can *justify* the doing of what God has expressly forbidden in his written word, or that the violation of God's commandments can be the path of perfection, and the atonement by which a penitent is to *wash away his sins.*

There is a good deal more in what follows, deserving of notice, as explanatory of Mr. Newman's teaching, but, for the present, it seems as well to return to St. Bega.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. BEGA—HOLY VIRGINITY—DISREGARD OF PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

We left St. Bega taking a vow of virginity by herself—not a very canonical mode of proceeding,—but this the author of her life leaves untouched; as he says elsewhere,—"Of course one would deprecate anything like an apologetic tone or a patronizing explanation when speaking of the blessed saints, whom the catholic church holds up to our affectionate reverence;" (p. 146;) which notion of the saints doing no wrong is by no means novel,—being at least as old as the age of Oliver Cromwell and the puritans.

The Prince of Norway, it seems, sought St. Bega in marriage, and gained her father's consent, and on the next day they were to be married. It does not appear that she had any personal dislike to the prince, or any reason whatever for refusing to comply with her father's wishes, except her determination to continue unmarried. This is the language of the author:—

Alas! she knew too well the purport of the prince's visit; she knew the ambition of her father; she knew that to all appearance the secret wish of her heart, her holy covetousness, was not to be satisfied. As her biographer says, she was exceedingly troubled within herself, fearing and imagining that the lily of her secluded garden was

about to be immediately plucked and defiled, and that her precious treasure, preserved with great care and much labour in an earthen vessel, yea, if I may so say, in a vase of glass, was about to be snatched away.—p. 142.

The author then describes how desperate her situation was; how the palace gates were locked, and, —to say nothing of watchmen and sentinels,—there were "the bravest men in Ireland on their accustomed guard, round the bedside of the king, and in all the passages of his dwelling, with a dagger on their thighs, a battle-axe on their shoulders, and a javelin in their hands:"—from which it would appear that Ireland must have been in rather a disturbed state just then. However, the story,—or fable,—for really one would be sorry to suppose it true—assumes a graver character just at this point. For St. Bega, it seems, in her distress, "poured out her heart like water, offering up her prayer with the choice offering of holy tears." Her prayer is given at length, and is really too painful to transcribe, were it not a plain duty to set fairly before the reader the sort of piety which Mr. Newman's party are labouring to recommend. Here it follows:—

O Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and of the Virgin, the author and lover, inspirer and consecrator, preserver and crowner of virginity, as Thou knowest how, as it pleaseth Thee, and as Thou art able to do, preserve in me untouched the resolution I have taken, that I may dedicate it to Thee in the heart, and in the flesh of integrity. For Thou, author of nature, didst, in the time of the natural law, bedeck thy shepherd Abel with a double

wreath, namely, *of virginity* and of martyrdom; Thou, under the written law, didst snatch away to the heavens Elijah, clothed in the whiteness of integrity; Thou didst send before Thee, Thy Baptist and precursor, John, ignorant of stain, and of snowy chastity. Thou also didst set forth *the main hope of the world, our Lady*, as a most beautiful and special mirror for grace and honour among virgins, out of whose womb, taking upon Thyself *the failings* of our nature, like a bridegroom going forth from his nuptial couch, Thou didst appear a Saviour to the world. Thou also, calling Thy beloved John from the nuptials to the wedding feast of the Lamb, hast preserved him for ever, blooming in the unfading flower of virginity, and hast delivered to him to be guarded, *the box of Thy ointments, the propitiation of human reconciliation.* Thou hast crowned Agnes, Agatha, Lucia and Catherine, and very many others wrestling in the faith of Thy name for their chastity, and hast magnified Thy blessed name by these triumphant signs. Therefore I pray, by the grace of these, that I, Thine handmaid, may find favour in Thine eyes, that Thou mayest be a helper to me in what I ought to do in my trouble; that Thou being my Benefactor, Leader, Ruler and Protector, I may render to Thee the vow which my lips have pronounced.—pp. 143, 144.

Such a prayer, it is sincerely hoped, no one ever yet did dare to offer. That, however, is not the question at present. The very existence of St. Bega is wholly uncertain. But this is the sort of prayer which Mr. Newman's school thinks befitting the sanctity of a perfect character. This is the piety it is endeavouring to substitute for the truth and simplicity of our worship. This is a sample of the "catholic temper," "to recal" which, as this author informs us, is "one great object in writing

the lives of the saints." Whether the party may not have miscalculated the weight and extent of their influence, and gone too fast and too far for their admirers to keep pace with them, time will tell.

St. Bega's prayer was followed by a miracle. In the night came a sounding voice desiring her to remove to "Britain, which is called England, and there," says the speaker,

> thy days being ended in good, *I* will take thee into the fellowship of angels. Arise, therefore, and take the bracelet *by which thou art pledged to Me*, and descending to the sea, thou shalt find a ship ready prepared, which will transport thee into Britain.—p. 145.

Yet, although the author here ascribes the flight of St. Bega to the express command of Christ, and says that "every step was smoothed by miracles," he thinks it necessary to defend her conduct against the charge of a breach of the fifth commandment,—especially "as the objection which may be raised against this single act will apply to the whole monastic system, and the teaching of monastic writers." "Admitting, then, that the actions of the saints are not always imitable," he says, "we would contend that Bega was justified in this act of flying from her father's house to fulfil her vow of virginity." The argument by which he attempts to prove this is too long for transcription. Nor is it necessary. It consists of but two points; first, the necessity of sacramental confession, and the direction of a spiritual superior; and secondly, the duty and force of

election—that is, "of electing one rather than another line of life or conduct, and making that election a solemn ritual act, under the spiritual guidance of another, and according to systematic rules." His arguments are avowedly taken from Ignatius Loyola, Suarez and Rodriguez the Jesuits—Alphonso Liguori, and Thomas Aquinas, and his conclusion is,

> that, in the election of our state, God's vocation, conscientiously ascertained so far as we can, [namely—since miracles are not to be pleaded against the Decalogue—by the direction of a spiritual superior in confession,] is to *supersede the claims even of our parents to control our choice.*—p. 150.

This, then, is the "catholic temper" which, it is avowed, these lives have been written to recal. There is no secret or concealment in the matter. And certainly, if such barefaced and undisguised Jesuitism is propagated in the University,—if every silly enthusiastic young man and woman is taught, that it is a catholic temper—to set the will of God and their parents at defiance, to talk about "panting after holy virginity," and sneer at the married state as something sinful and to be repented of—if the church is thrown into confusion and public morals deteriorated by the advocates of these fanatical superstitions—it never can be fairly said, that Mr. Newman and his friends have not given sufficiently intelligible warning of the nature of their object and designs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROMANIZING TENDENCIES OF MR. NEWMAN'S PARTY.

THE passages which I have already transcribed from the Lives of the English Saints, must, I should think, have satisfied every unprejudiced reader, as to the real object and tendency of the movement of which Mr. Newman is the leader. To do that party justice, they have latterly taken but little pains to conceal their designs. For a considerable period, indeed, persons, whose charity led them to put the most hopeful construction on their language and conduct, did persuade themselves, that what Mr. Newman and his friends called Church Principles and Catholicity, differed in nothing *substantial* from the old-fashioned orthodoxy of the Church of England. Whether such close and jealous attention as the importance of the movement demanded, was paid to the gradual developments and disclosures by which the movement has at last reached its present form and attitude,—whether even the principles on which it was avowedly based, were as narrowly scrutinized as they should have been—are questions that do not come within the purpose of the present inquiry. But, of the fact itself there can be no doubt whatever—that persons utterly opposed to any Romeward tendencies, did think thus charitably and hopefully, and were even will-

ing to ascribe several overt acts of a sectarian and Romanizing aspect to the injudicious rashness of youthful ardour and indiscretion, and not to any formed purpose in the leaders and originators of the party. Every vestige of this hope, however, has long been at an end. The tone assumed by the British Critic was not to be mistaken. And, that the British Critic was, to the last, virtually in Mr. Newman's hands—that he and those who acted with him in his unhappy movement, could, at any moment have corrected its tone—or have stopped the publication of it altogether—are facts notorious to every one at all acquainted with what has been going on in the theological world. And, further, when the British Critic was about to be discontinued, what could any one suppose, from the language of the prospectus of his Lives of the English Saints, except that Mr. Newman was determined to persevere, and to make further and more unequivocal advances, in his fanatical attempt to Romanize the English Church? Any one, indeed, who had even looked over the *names* of the "Saints," whose lives Mr. Newman proposed to publish for the benefit of what he pleases to call "most erring and most unfortunate England," must have seen at once that his design could be nothing else.

The quotations I have already given from these Lives of the English Saints, however, place the matter beyond possibility of question. In saying

this, I do not mean merely that Mr. Newman and his party are endeavouring to propagate mischievous and erroneous notions regarding the atonement, penance, virginity, marriage — and other points which will appear hereafter — but that the ultimate object and aim to which all their labours are directed is, to effect such a total change in all our habits of religious thought and feeling as will, sooner or later, bring England once more into subjection to Rome. They may not, *perhaps*, (for even this is by no means certain,) choose to describe their object in these very terms—that is, they may not choose to describe the position to which they are labouring to bring the church, as *subjection*,—or the dominion of "the Apostolic See" as *a yoke*—but that this is the real object of their hearts' desire —to recover these countries to the obedience of the Roman See—they manifest no inclination to conceal; and, in fact, are rather proud than otherwise to avow it as the aim to which their efforts are directed. When men like these,—men who for years have been urging forward this movement under a leader so sharpsighted as Mr. Newman—and Mr. Newman is not just the sort of person to forget, that what appears under his name or sanction at such a crisis, is sure to be subjected to no ordinary scrutiny,—when such writers talk of the Jesuits as "the *most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*," and tell us that, "*next to the visible church*"

the Jesuits "may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world;*" when they talk of "*Protestants and other heretics*" "vilifying *the Holy Roman Church,*" it is plain that something more serious than chasubles, and coronals, and rood-lofts, and the superstitious puerilities of the Ecclesiologists, is preparing for "most erring and most unfortunate England." And when one reads, also, that the absence of the peculiarities of Romish discipline "is perhaps not of paramount importance to a community which has *a duty nearer at home and more at hand*—that is, *reconciliation with the present Catholic church,*" dull indeed must he be who is unable to perceive what it is which Mr. Newman proposes to effect. But, in truth, he makes no attempt to conceal his purpose.

Few are likely to forget the tone and language of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. And, all through this series of the Lives of the English Saints, the pope and Rome are spoken of in terms wholly incompatible with any other feelings than those of a Romanist, or of one who is labouring to Romanize the country. The pope is spoken of as "the keeper of the keys,"—"the universal bishop,"—"the holy father."

. . . . he [Gregory I.] had many under him, but *none above him here on earth;* he was chief among Bishops and a Bishop over kings; *throughout the Christian world his wish was motive, and his word, authority.*—Augustine, pp. 81, 82.

And thus, too, when the king refused to let Archbishop Theobald attend the summons of Pope Eugenius to the Council of Rheims, the author of St. William's life says, with sufficient profaneness,—

Inasmuch however *as he feared God more than the king*, he started, and with very great difficulty arrived in France. —p. 35.

The popedom, the biographer of St. Augustine tells us, is—

the one only Dynasty which is without limit and without end; the Empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadows.—pp. 49, 50.

This is tolerably plain speaking; and no less intelligible is the manner in which the author of the Life of St. Paulinus, having stated that "Pope Boniface was not unmindful of *his office of universal bishop*," but wrote "letters to Edwin and Ethelburga, both of them noble compositions, and well deserving a place in *that magnificent collection of Christian documents, the pontifical epistles*," bursts out into the following strain, which he professes to adopt from Alford:—

It was not therefore Gaul, it was not Spain, it was not Germany, it was not the nearer inhabitants of Italy, who were anxious for the salvation of the Northumbrians, [an odd idea of the charity of a Catholic age,] for they had not the bowels of a parent; [yet one would have thought they might have felt some love for human souls notwithstanding;] but it was *Rome, to whom Christ had given the prefecture of His sheep in Peter the chief*. She, though more remote in place, yet *by the privilege of her dignity, by the necessity of her office*, and finally by the excellency

of her love, was nearer to us in this kind of affection. Hence the reader may clearly understand *who is the genuine mother of this island*, and to whom it owes the birth of faith, to eastern Asia, or to western Rome. Truly, if she only, in Solomon's judgment, was the mother, whose bowels were moved, then this pious care lest Britain should perish shews that, not of Asia or of Greece, but *of Rome only ought we to say*, "*She is the mother thereof.*"—p. 9.

Now, if Mr. Newman and his party believe, that Rome only ought to be deemed our mother, that she interferes in the affairs of this church "by *the privilege of her dignity*," and by "*the necessity of her office*," that to her Christ has "given *the prefecture of His sheep* in Peter the chief;" that the pope is "the universal bishop;" that there is "none above him here on earth;" that "throughout the Christian world his wish" is, or should be "motive, and his word, authority;" in a word, that the popedom is "the one only dynasty which is without limit and without end; the empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadow;"—if this be their belief, it is evident, that they must regard it as their highest and paramount duty,—not perhaps to secede to Rome, or to persuade others to secede,—but to labour, by every means in their power, to prepare the public mind for a full and complete return to that connexion which England had with Rome before the Reformation: as Mr. Newman has expressed it in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day, "men must undo their sins *in*

*the order in which they committed them."** Nothing short of this could satisfy any honest man, holding such views of Rome and the papacy as these writers avow. And, in truth, they do not pretend that they will ever be contented with anything less. Return to Rome—"reconciliation to the present Catholic church"—this is *the* object of the movement: this *the* end to which all their teaching is but preparative and subsidiary. They have avowed it as clearly as the friends of our church could have desired.

* The passage occurs in the twenty-fourth sermon, "Elijah the Prophet of the Latter Days," which, with some others in the volume, Mr. Newman states, was intended "to satisfy persons inclined to leave the church" "on the safety of continuance in our communion." His words are as follows:—

"The kingdom of Israel had been set up in idolatry; the ten tribes had become idolatrous by leaving the temple, and they would have ceased to be idolatrous by returning again to it. The real removal of error is the exhibition of the truth. Truth *supplants* error; make sure of truth; and error is at an end: yet Elijah acted otherwise; he suffered the people to remain where they were; he tried to reform them *in* that state.

"Now why this was so ordered we do not know; whether it be that, *when once a people goes wrong, it cannot retrace its steps*; or whether there was *so much evil at that time in Judah also*, that to have attempted a reunion would have been putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, and had it been effected, would have been a hollow unreal triumph; or whether SUCH GOOD WORKS HAVE A SORT OF NATURAL MARCH, AND THE NEARER WORK MUST FIRST BE DONE, AND THEN THAT WHICH IS FURTHER REMOVED, AND MEN MUST UNDO THEIR SINS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY COMMITTED THEM, and thus, as neglect of the Temple was the sin of Jeroboam, and Baal-worship the sin of Ahab, so they must ascend back again from Ahab to Jeroboam; but, whatever was the reason, so it was, that Elijah and Elisha kept the people shut up under that system, if it might so be called, in which they found them, and sought rather to teach them their duty, than *to restore to them their privileges.*"—pp. 422, 423.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING ROMEWARD—ST. WILFRID.

THE passages which I have now laid before the reader are all taken out of the first seven volumes of the Lives of the English Saints. After the preceding pages had appeared in the British Magazine, an eighth volume was published—the life of St. Wilfrid—and certainly Mr. Newman neither retracted nor qualified in it anything which had been objected to in the former seven. This eighth volume does not, indeed, contain any doctrine which had not been taught in the earlier volumes. It furnishes no new development: but, on this particular point of Romanizing it speaks as distinctly as any of them—and rather more frequently. Of the mode in which it treats this subject the reader shall judge for himself:—

TO LOOK ROMEWARD IS A CATHOLIC INSTINCT, seemingly *implanted in us for the safety of the faith.*—p. 4.

Again:

THE PROCESS MAY BE LONGER OR SHORTER, BUT CATHOLICS GET TO ROME AT LAST, IN SPITE OF WIND AND TIDE. —p. 5.

This, no doubt, is what observing people have been expecting as the destination of those whom Mr. Newman calls "catholics," and the fruits of what he calls "a catholic instinct." And, truly, when people have been so long and so anxiously

looking "Romeward," it would be somewhat surprising if any moderate contrariety of "wind and tide" should deter them from loosing from their ancient moorings. Their object is plain enough:

> "Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
> Tendere;"

and there appears every probability of their arriving there in due time; (at least nothing which one can understand by the terms "wind and tide" seems threatening to retard their course;) though it may not be quite so certain, that even Rome shall prove the end of their peregrinations. For the same spirit of puritanical self-will and Mar-Prelacy, which made them discontented, restless revolutionizers in England, will, ten to one, accompany them on their voyage. Rome itself admits of development. The pope is, after all, a bishop. Possibly he may prove but a *high and dry* one: high and holy as he now appears, when viewed through the mists and fogs of our remoter regions, or coloured with the roseate hues of catholic instincts, and Romeward imaginations.

But to proceed with the life of St. Wilfrid. The ancient Irish and British church, the author admits, "in its temper was vehemently opposed to that of Rome," (p. 25,) and of course it finds but little favour at his hands: though it serves conveniently enough as a text for introducing his opinions regarding Rome itself.

For example:—

With much that was high and holy, there was a fierceness, an opinionated temper, an almost unconscious attitude of irritable defence—in the theological language, *a dislike of Rome, which is quite fatal to the formation of a catholic temper either in a community or in an individual.*—St. Wilfred, p. 22.

No one can mistake the meaning of this language: no more than one can misunderstand what he says elsewhere:—

England in the seventh century had not come to *the wicked boldness of setting Rome at nought.*—p. 121.

But—be this true or not—so much could not be said for *Ireland;* and therefore he tells us, of Alfrid, king of Northumberland, that,

in the famous schools of Ireland, the head quarters of Celtic literature, he had lost some of his former *reverence for Rome;* and *that is always a moral loss, as well as an error in opinion.*—p. 149.

These extracts are quite sufficient to prove what has been said regarding the Romanizing tendency of the movement. But this life of St. Wilfrid seems evidently to have been put out just now, as an indication of what Mr. Newman and his friends consider to be their *present* duty. It is, in truth, a sort of *Catholicopædia*, or, *An Anglo-Catholic's Guide to the art of Romanizing the Church.* In that view, it is really a very curious and instructive volume. Perhaps, on this account, it may not be undesirable to follow the course of the narrative a little more regularly.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. WILFRID'S PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

WILFRID — who, it seems, "was a clear-sighted youth"—had somehow or other,

made a discovery, and that discovery gave the colour to his whole life. Whether he had fallen upon some old books, or from whatever cause, he began to suspect that there was a more perfect way of serving God; that there were ancient traditions of Catholic customs which it was most dangerous to slight, and yet which were utterly neglected. When once he had got this into his mind, he seized upon it and followed it out in that prescient way in which men who have a work to do are gifted to detect and pursue their master idea, without wasting themselves on collateral objects. Wilfrid pondered and pondered this discovery in his solitude, and he saw that *the one thing to do was to go to Rome, and learn under the shadow of St. Peter's chair the more perfect way.*—p. 4.

How he came so readily to see that going to Rome was "*the one thing to do*" would not have been so easy to discover, if the author had not immediately proceeded to inform us, in the words already quoted—

TO LOOK ROMEWARD IS A CATHOLIC INSTINCT, seemingly *implanted in us for the safety of the faith.*—Ibid.

In his Romeward journey, Wilfrid took Kent by the way. As St. Honorius was at the time archbishop, and,—as our author says,—"peculiarly well skilled in ecclesiastical matters," one might have imagined, "the keen-eyed Wilfrid" could have

learned at Canterbury all he desired to know, without indulging his catholic instincts with so long a journey.

But it was short of Rome. THE PROCESS MAY BE LONGER OR SHORTER, BUT CATHOLICS GET TO ROME AT LAST, IN SPITE OF WIND AND TIDE.—pp. 4, 5.

To Rome, then, he determined to go;—not a very common journey at that time,—"a road untrodden by the English youth,"—catholic though the instinct be "to look Romeward." Just then, it is to be supposed, catholicity began to develop itself in pilgrimages and Romeward aspirations.

Wilfrid was singular in *looking on such a pilgrimage as meritorious, and hoping to win pardon for the sins and ignorances of his youth in such a holy vicinity as the threshold of the Apostles.* . . . Indeed, Wilfrid must have had a versatile mind, and certainly *hesitated at nothing which enabled him to realize to himself communion with Rome.* This strong feeling seems to be *the key to almost everything he did.*—Ibid.

Very possible. That is to say, if the story be true. But,—what is much more interesting to English churchmen in the *nineteenth* century,—"this strong feeling," that has "hesitated at nothing which enables him to realise to himself communion with Rome," "seems to be the key to almost everything" which our own "keen-eyed Wilfrid" is doing, and has been doing for a considerable time. However, to proceed: Wilfrid having found out, at Canterbury, that Jerome's version of the Psalter was not in fashion at Rome;—

this was enough for Wilfrid. He made all the haste he could to forget St. Jerome's version, and learn the old one. What a task it must have been! . . . But *it was a labour of love:* it brought Wilfrid *more into contact with Roman things.* This was *the Roman feeling in a little matter;* but it was the same feeling and no other, which was the life of his actions afterwards.—pp. 5, 6.

There has of late been in many quarters a strong feeling, that the laity would be materially benefited by a more close attention on the part of the clergy to the rules set by the Book of Common Prayer for the performance of divine service. And a very short time ago, there were few who would not have respected a clergyman for his conscientiousness and zeal, should he have set about a more exact and careful observance of these wise and well-considered regulations. Not that serious and sensible people were likely at any time to regard with indifference any symptoms in their minister of a love of needless alteration; but, provided he could have justified the change by an appeal to the rubric, few,—even of the small number who might have felt disposed to call him to account,—would have been dissatisfied. But this state of things no longer exists. And in a church, where one may still see an inscription to commemorate the piety and munificence of a former rector, who had presented the parish with a pair of splendid candlesticks for the communion-table, no one now could dare to make the very slightest deviation from existing and established laxity. The

laity would instantly become alarmed; and if their fears were not as quickly deferred to, it is not impossible that the church would be deserted, and their displeasure manifested by such proceedings as devout men mourn over now, and earnest men will recollect by-and-by with anything but complacency. At present, any change, however unimportant, is dreaded as "*the Roman feeling*," though "*in a little matter*."

Now, no person can feel less disposed than I do to blame the laity for their present sensitiveness: no one less disposed to treat their fears with inconsideration. But how came this change in the temper of the laity? Whence originated the alarm? The blame may not rest *wholly*, perhaps, on Mr. Newman's party. Those who dislike the rules and ritual of the church have in several instances taken advantage of the public fears, and, in some cases, it may be feared, have even endeavoured to excite them, in order to justify their own nonconformity. But this is far from being a sufficient explanation of the facts of the case; since beyond all question, many wise and calm-judging people have of late been found to resist changes, which a little while ago such men would have silently acquiesced in, or even admired. Nor can there be any doubt, either that this resistance is mainly to be attributed to the fears excited by the proceedings of Mr. Newman and his party, or that the Romanizing tendency and

spirit of the movement are the real causes of the laity's regarding with such jealousy and suspicion every and any alteration,—however trivial and in itself unimportant,—as "*the Roman feeling*," though "*in a little matter*:"—as the same *feeling*, and no other, which every one, who is not short-sighted indeed, must see, has become so completely "the life of his actions," that everything seems to Mr. Newman "a labour of love," if only it bring him "more into contact with Roman things."

CHAPTER X.

ST. WILFRID AT ROME—COUNCIL OF WHITBY.

BUT we are forgetting Wilfrid, who by this time has reached Rome, and has friends there.

Truly Rome was always a kind-hearted city; the very hearth and home of catholic hospitality; even in these days, if considerate kindness could do so *at Rome*, the very aliens are made to forget that they are aliens, and dream for that little while that they are sons. Is this craftiness? Yes; goodness *was ever crafty, ever had a wily way* of alluring what came near it.—pp. 9, 10.

Of which "wily way of alluring" aliens, the Dutch minister at Turin is said to have had some experience lately. But, surely, one need not be surprised that they who avow themselves the admirers of the Jesuits should write in this way; nor is it wonderful that the crafty wiliness of Rome should be eulogized by an author, who glories in the thought, (and, probably, as far as the present prospects of the Jesuits are concerned, this author *knows* what he is saying to be true,) that though "prudent state-craft has been some centuries hard at work to strangle the spirit St. Ignatius Loyola left on earth," "it only *grows more vital every day*, because TRUTH IS ON ITS SIDE, and noble-mindedness, and heavenly principle, and marvellous sanctity."—pp. 149, 150.

But this is a digression. Wilfrid is now in

Rome, and his visit gives the author an opportunity for making some very curious observations:—

> His lot in Rome was the same which befals most travellers who go there for religious ends and spend their time in a religious way. Will it be thought superstitious to say that to such persons it almost invariably happens that there is something or other of a mysterious kind in the occurrences which befal them there, something new, strange, unaccountable, provided only they are searching after heavenly things?—p. 10.

Which "searching after heavenly things" in this author's style, probably means hesitating at nothing which enables one to realize to oneself communion with Rome;—being "obstinately bent on Romanizing," as he says elsewhere (p. 13);—and if so, why should it seem very "mysterious"—or even surprising—that "something new, strange," and "unaccountable," should befal any one visiting Rome in such a temper? The author's method of accounting for the phenomena he fancies to exist is quite characteristic of the British Critic school,—not only in the reference to Luther, but, still more remarkably, in the allusion to the miraculous virtue which proceeded from the Lord's body—an allusion, which, however it may be deemed consistent with a reverential spirit by Mr. Newman's party, will most likely be regarded by the generality of Christians as little short of blasphemy—unless they should be charitable enough to pass it by as simple nonsense. The passage is as follows:—

As if that city were instinct with a sort of preternatural energy, and that *virtue went from it, either to heal or hurt, according to the faith of him who touched*, we read, that Rome made Petrarch almost an infidel; and Luther, to say the best, had his infidelity corroborated by his visit to the catholic capital, because of the sins, the pride, luxury, and corruption there.—Ibid.

So that, if those who visit "the holy city" should be so disgusted with "the sins, the pride, luxury, and corruption" they see there, as to make shipwreck of the faith, or become confirmed in infidelity, Mr. Newman and his friends see nothing in these effects of the depravity and licentiousness of "the catholic capital," except that Rome is "instinct with a sort of preternatural energy," and that "*virtue went from it* (it is really shocking to transcribe such language) *either to heal or hurt, according to the faith of him who touched.*" "This," the author adds,

This is the dark side of the picture. But, to say nothing of other *shrines where relics repose and spots where holy influences abide*, who shall reach even by conjecture to the number and extent of visions seen, prayers answered, vows suggested, lives changed, great ends dreamed, endeavoured after, accomplished, inspirations, or something very like them, given to the listening heart—who shall imagine the number and extent of these things vouchsafed at one place only, the low bannisters, with their coronal of starry lights round the confession of St. Peter and St. Paul, where rich and poor kneel and say Augustine's prayer, or breathe their own secret wants and wishes? It cannot be too strong a thing to say that no one ever went to Rome without leaving it a better or a worse man than he was, with a higher or a harder heart. However this may be, it

is certain that *something strange* occurred to Wilfrid at Rome, something just of the same sort that we hear of so frequently in these days, or which *some of us may have actually experienced.*—p. 11.

What was the "*something strange,*" which Mr. Newman or his friends "actually experienced" at Rome—what were the "visions" they saw—whether, for instance, they bore any resemblance to Samson's foxes let loose among the standing corn with firebrands to their tails,—these are points on which the author maintains a mysterious silence. But, truly, if they went to Rome with anything like the views they ascribe to Wilfrid, it needed no prophetic eye to foresee the state of mind in which they should leave it, or the consequences their visits were likely to entail on "most erring, and most unfortunate England."

He approached Rome, his biographer tells us, in the *same spirit* in which St. Paul approached Jerusalem,—

St. Paul states that he went up to Jerusalem "*by revelation;*" but this is a specimen of the manner in which this party is continually endeavouring to give an air of sacredness to its Romanism, by profane and deeply irreverent applications of Holy Scripture—

full of a diffident anxiety *lest he should have run in vain.* He sought it *as the legitimate fountain of catholic teaching, desiring to measure and compare his English faith with it, and prepared to abandon whatever was opposed to the doctrine, spirit, or usage of Rome.*—Ibid.

Which may 'serve for an explanation of what is meant by the "catholic instinct" "to look Romeward."

How it has happened that England has been at all periods so peculiarly apt to be "most erring and most unfortunate," is explained in the author's account of the council of Whitby," at which Wilfrid prevailed on Oswy to "conform to the Roman practice" of observing Easter.

This judgment of the council of Whitby was a great step towards the consummation of Wilfrid's hopes. In his speech he had laid open the true disease of England, the disease which was then drawing it onward to the brink of schism, which clung to it more or less, succouring the evil and baffling the good, even up to the primacy of Archbishop Warham; which plunged it into that *depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism, in which it has lain since the time of Henry VIII.*, and has hitherto retarded its penitence and self-abasement.—p. 36.

From this it appears that England had never yet reached to Mr. Newman's *beau ideal* of catholicity, even before its plunge into that "*depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism,*" that altogether make up the doctrine and discipline of the church of which Mr. Newman is a minister.

But to return to Wilfrid's exposition of the "disease" of England:—

He referred the *stubborn nonconformity* of his times to that narrow temper of self-praise fostered by our insular position, leading the great mass of common minds to overlook with a bigoted superciliousness almost the very existence of the universal church, and to disesteem the

privileges of communion with it. A *particular* church, priding itself upon its separate rights and independent jurisdiction, must end at last in arrogating to itself an inward purity, a liberty of change, [such, for instance, as is claimed in the preface of the Book of Common Prayer,] and an empire over the individual conscience far more stringent and tyrannous than was ever claimed by the Universal Church. [meaning, of course, by "the universal church," the pope and church of Rome, and those subject to their dominion.] In other words, nationalism must result in the meanest form of bigotry, and, as being essentially demoralizing, must be a fearful heresy in theology.—Ibid.

Perhaps it may be questioned, whether Mr. Newman and his friends are quite so good judges of what is either demoralizing or heretical, as they imagine themselves to be. Persons who have obtained their orders in the church of England, on the faith of their abjuration of Romanism, *name and thing*, must have their moral perceptions in a preternatural state of confusion, if, while continuing members and ministers of this church, they are labouring, as the very end and aim of their existence, to poison the public mind with Roman superstitions, and enslave their country with the yoke of a foreign domination. The beam in their own eye had better be extracted, before they set about their charitable operations on the eyes of others. But what infinite ignorance—or what scandalously dishonest suppression—of the most notorious facts in the history of the church, is involved in this tirade against the church of England! The ancient British Christians

did not choose to give up their mode of calculating the time of Easter, and adopt the Roman computation. This was "nationalism," "essentially demoralizing," "a fearful heresy in theology." And is Mr. Newman ignorant of what our divines (Bishop Lloyd, for instance) have written on this subject? Or, if the writers of a church plunged in a "depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism," meet but little respect at his hands—has he never read of Irenæus, and what he thought and wrote of Victor?

If the church of Rome is so wicked as to require her subjects in these countries to erect schismatical altars, rather than allow them to worship God in a liturgy constructed with so divine a spirit of charity and moderation, that it does not compel them to use a single word which can violate their conscientious scruples—if she is so essentially cruel and schismatical as to construct her own offices in such a manner that a member of our church, travelling in foreign countries, cannot communicate with her without being forced to commit idolatry—if these facts be as certain as any facts can be, what is to be thought or said of those, who make the squabbles in the eighth century about the paschal term a text, on which to found a charge of demoralizing heresy, against the church in which they have received their baptism and their orders?—the church, of which, to this hour, they choose to be considered members? No right-minded person can have a second opinion on the

subject. Let Mr. Newman, if he please, continue, like his model saint, to exert "*all his influence to bring about conformity with the Holy Roman Church*"*—let him labour, if he please, to drag back his country to that state of things, when, as this writer triumphantly describes it, "*crowned cowards* quailed before the eye of the old man in his white cassock on the Vatican"†—or if the mercy of Heaven should protect us from the machinations of internal treachery, let him and his "little band" migrate to what their idolatrous fanaticism reveres as "THE FOUNTAIN OF HOPE, STRENGTH, AND JUSTICE, ST. PETER'S CHAIR;"‡—but if there be shame or decency left among them, surely it should prevent those who propagate such truly demoralizing heresy regarding virginity and marriage, as I have transcribed into these pages from the Lives of the English Saints, from presuming to constitute themselves the accusers and judges of the church of England.

* p. 38. † p. 162. ‡ p 102.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. WILFRID AND ST. THEODORE—APPEALS TO ROME—ST. WILFRID A PLURALIST.

IT would occupy too much space, and, I fear, weary the reader, to go through all the particulars of this life of Wilfrid; and yet, it is in the course of observations on matters otherwise of little moment or interest, that Mr. Newman's object in projecting this series of lives is developed. For example:—from the quarrel between St. Wilfrid and St. Theodore (for St. Wilfrid seems to have quarrelled with almost every saint in the circle of his acquaintance, so that our author tells us of one council where were present "five canonized saints, at that time enemies;"* but this, by the way,) he takes the opportunity to make the following remarks:—

We can understand modern writers blaming Wilfrid for having brought the Church of his country more and more *into subjection to Rome*. Certainly, it is true that he materially aided *the blessed work of rivetting more tightly the happy chains* which held England to St. Peter's chair, —*chains never snapped, as sad experience tells us, without the loss of many precious Christian things*. Wilfrid did *betray*, to use modern language, *the liberty of the national Church*: that is, translated into *catholic* phraseology, he rescued England, even in the seventh century, from *the wretched and debasing formality of nationalism*. Such charges, however ungraceful in themselves, and perhaps

* Page 178.

downright heretical, are, at least, intelligible in the mouths of Protestant historians; but it is obvious that Theodore could have no objection to Wilfrid on the score of his *romanizing*, for the holy archbishop was himself the very presence of great Rome in this island of ours.—pp. 84, 85.

"Modern writers" may blame Wilfrid for endeavouring to bring the church of England "*into subjection to Rome.*" "Protestant historians" may charge him with betraying the liberty of the national church. But such charges are "perhaps downright heretical":—and the "chains" of Roman tyranny are "*happy chains*"—"*chains never snapped, as sad experience tells us, without the loss of many precious Christian things*" and "*rivetting more tightly*" these "*happy chains*" is "*a blessed work*"—and "betraying the liberty" of our church, and bringing it "more and more into subjection to Rome," and "*Romanizing*" are—when "translated into catholic phraseology,"—nothing more than rescuing England "from the wretched and degrading formality of nationalism." Really this is too shocking! There is an air of quiet effrontery in this passage rarely equalled—certainly not surpassed—in the lowest class of Romish controversialists. Another specimen of this style occurs a little after, in the rhapsody in which the author indulges on occasion of Wilfrid's appeal to Rome.

O blessed see of Rome! was never charm spoken over the tossings of a troubled world like that potent name of thine! What storms has it not allayed! What gather-

ing evils has it not dissipated, what consummated evils has it not punished and undone, what slaveries has it not ended, what tyrannies, local or world-wide, has it not broken down, what smooth highways has it not made for the poor and the oppressed, even through the thrones of kings, and the rights of nobles, and the treasure-chambers of narrow-hearted commonwealths!—p. 87.

Making "smooth highways through the thrones of kings and the rights of nobles!" Truly it does remind one of the feat of driving a coach and six through an act of parliament, which a celebrated Romanizer in the sister island piques himself on his dexterity in performing. And he, too, will perhaps be remembered hereafter by "Protestant historians," —if any such should survive,—as one who "materially aided the blessed work of rivetting more tightly the happy chains," which hold his wretched country "to St. Peter's chair." But the author proceeds in his eulogy.

Rome's name, spoken by the widow, or the orphan, or the unjustly divorced wife, or the tortured serf, or the persecuted monk, or the weak bishop, or the timid virgin, —have there not been ages when *emperors and kings, and knights and peers, trembled to hear it* in their far off strongholds? All things in the world have promised more than they have done, save only *the little, soon-spoken name of Rome*, and it has ever gone beyond its promise in the mightiness of its deeds; and *is not then that word from God?*—pp. 87, 88.

Perhaps, in most minds, the feeling left by the reading of this passage will be simple horror at its profaneness. Nor is this the first instance of the sort I have had to notice. Indeed, this is so re-

markable a feature in the writings of this school, that it would require a separate consideration. The following extract, meantime, will be felt to have somewhat of the same character; while,—in connexion with the catholic instinct of looking Romeward,—the allusion to the Inquisition—doubtless one of those "happy chains" which Mr. Newman's party hope to rivet, and that "tightly," on "most erring and most unfortunate England," in the progress of their "blessed work,"—is really both curious and instructive.

It would be edifying to trace *the spirit of the Roman court* through all ages and in all departments, and see how *a most unworldly, dispassionate moderation has distinguished it.* It is *quite solemn and overawing.* The *local inquisition* was *milder at Rome than elsewhere.* The hesitation before approving of a reform in a degenerate order is painful to a reader at first, but on consideration it appears admirably wise and *providentially ordered.* Surely, when evil has most mingled there, there has been something about that court which *earthly measures cannot mete.* In truth *they who do not see God there, may well suspect Antichrist.*—p. 114, note.

What hope can one entertain of writers, who are every now and then trying to impart an air of solemnity to their errors and superstitions, by means of such fearful trifling with names and subjects the most sacred? For, as I have already observed, this irreverence amounts to such a habit in the works of Mr. Newman and his school, that it would require a separate notice to itself. But, while on the subject of Romeward tendencies, another passage occurs

to me in this life of St. Wilfrid, which will furnish such an illustration of this profane way of writing as makes it desirable to quote it here.

Never was there upon earth a tribunal so august as that of Rome! While in the local Churches, party spirit and factious tumult, the wrath of kings and the strife of prelates, keep all things in effervescence, the patient discernment, the devout tranquillity of deliberation, the unimpassioned disentanglement of truth from falsehood, the kindly suspense, the saintly moderation without respect of persons, the clear-voiced utterance of the decree at last, —how wonderful were all these things in the court of Rome!—p. 172.

Really this might pass for a very pretty example of the figure called Irony, if one had met it anywhere else, and it were not quite certain, that Mr. Newman and his friends scrupulously abstain from the use of ridicule in writing on religious subjects, and particularly from sneering—except when they have occasion to refer to "Protestants and other heretics." But this falsification, almost incredible though it be, is tame and insignificant compared with the profaneness, which, in not very unnatural conjunction, immediately succeeds it.

With profoundest reverence be it spoken, did not this tribunal faintly shadow forth the imperturbed peace, long-suffering, merciful delay yet loving promptitude of the divine judgments? *Earth trembled and was still:* for many a century was this true of Rome; surely it was *the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*—pp. 172, 173.

Can the reader need to be reminded of the awful

meaning and intention of the words of Holy Scripture here (no words that human language can supply will be too strong) profanely and blasphemously misapplied?*

But the author must be suffered to proceed.

Seventy councils held to sift, to balance, to compare, to adjust what might seem a petty strife in a far off diocese of a little island! Wilfrid might well have faith in Rome, might well go through all he did to *teach his Saxon countrymen the like consoling and reverential trust.*—Ibid.

Well he might, indeed! For, I rather think, Wilfrid's love for Rome was not quite so mysterious, in its origin, or so disinterested in its progress, as this author finds it convenient to represent it. Archbishop Bramhall (an authority once deemed not ineffective in a catena) would assign a very different cause than catholic instinct for the "long and bitter

* In a subsequent part of the volume occurs another most startling misapplication of Holy Scripture. Speaking of the relics of Wilfrid, the author says, "They rest now hard by the bones of that gentle-mannered and meek-hearted prelate, Reginald Pole, the *last primate of catholic England.* Si conversi in corde suo, in terra ad quam captivi ducti fuerant, egerint pœnitentiam, et deprecati Te fuerint in terra captivitatis suæ, dicentes: Peccavimus, inique fecimus, injuste egimus; et reversi fuerint ad Te in toto corde suo, et in tota anima sua, in terra captivitatis suæ ad quam ducti sunt, adorabunt Te contra viam *terræ suæ quam dedisti patribus eorum*, et *urbis quam elegisti*, et domus quam ædificavi nomini Tuo: Tu exaudies de cœlo, hoc est, de firmo habitaculo Tuo, preces eorum, et facias judicium, et dimittas populo Tuo, quamvis peccatori."—Ibid. p. 202. Of course, the application of this passage to the return of England to popery is too plain to be mistaken. But how any man who believes the Bible to be the word of God, or possesses a shadow of reverence for sacred things, can dare to abuse the Holy Scripture in such a manner, is wholly incomprehensible.

contention" which produced these appeals to Rome. Wilfrid, he would tell us, "was become a great pluralist, and had engrossed into his hands too many ecclesiastical dignities. The king and the church of England thought fit to deprive him of some of them, and to confer them upon others."* Hence the appeals to Rome. Hence the desire of Wilfrid to rivet more and more tightly the happy chains which held his country to St. Peter's chair. He "was become a great pluralist," and he hoped to find Rome willing to abet him in his resistance to the laws and the sovereign of his native country. Nor was he disappointed. Rome had learned from her heathen predecessor the art of enlarging her dominions, by receiving appeals and meddling in the domestic feuds of independent states and churches. And if we believe this biographer, Wilfrid found the Roman bishop no ineffective ally. Having stated that Alfrid died, (his death, as this author would persuade us, being a judgment for his disregard of the papal authority,) he says,—

So Alfrid died. Had he thrown his wisdom upon the side of God's church, what might not this royal scholar have done for the north; as it was, his reign left no trace behind. He squandered his talents in persecuting a bishop, in order to free the state from the salutary restraints of the church, [a pleasing version of an attempt to correct a pluralist,] and the *bishop outwitted the scholar in his craft*,

* Bramhall's Works in the Anglo-Catholic Library, vol. i. p. 134.

called in Rome, and Rome beat the king to the ground. The same edifying drama has been enacted over and over again for the instruction of the world: yet states are slow learners; they die before their nonage is past; while the Church remains old in years and wisdom, young in power and freshness.—pp. 177, 178.

The Jesuitical hatred of "crowned cowards" is but thinly concealed in this strange piece of misrepresentation: and it is this Jesuitism, and the servile flattery of Rome, which so naturally accompanies it, that alone makes the passage worth the trouble of transcription.

For, really, it seems a useless waste of time to expose such miserable falsifications of history, as few readers can fail to detect for themselves. It is more to the purpose to quote another passage, which, while it has a more distinct reference to the present condition of our church, is altogether extremely characteristic of Mr. Newman's catholicism. But this I must keep for the following chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. WILFRID EXPERIMENTALIZING—MODERATE MEN.

THE writer of Wilfrid's life, speaking of his restoration to the throne of York, states (whether truly or not is immaterial at present) that although "saints, canonized saints, filled the sees," yet while Wilfrid, the Romanizer, was kept out of his diocese, "we cannot find that the church in the north was making way." Of course this is said merely to introduce another hint of the necessity of our "happy chains" being rivetted more tightly. However, having (by way of illustration) named St. Cuthbert, as one of those who, without Rome, was insufficient to do much for the church, he says,—

Doubtless *his merits were amassing treasures* for the northern Church in years to come. Blessed ascetic that he was! who shall count the debt the men of Durham owe to him? Forgotten, as many catholic things are, the poor of that seven-hilled city in the north have yet an affectionate remembrance of the wonder-working Cuthbert, and *his strange wandering relics*. Still the church does not seem just then to have made any real advances; the monastic system does not seem to have spread or gained strength or fresh spirituality; and, after all, *the flourishing state of monkery is the safest test of real church reform*. Was it that the blessing was suspended, and that even the saintly intruders into St. Wilfrid's see worked at a disadvantage, as *working against Rome, and without the Apo-*

*stolic benediction?** The later history of this insular church would seem to show that *the absence of that benediction is almost a blight:* it *stunts all growths*, though it may not cause absolute sterility; it is thus that *catholic churches decay and are transformed into pusillanimous communities.* If it were that *the loss of Rome's blessing was really keeping back the northern Church*, then we may understand how it was that the church *did* make way in one place, and in one place only,—at the abbeys of Wearmouth and of Jarrow: for there was the presence of St. Benedict Biscop, who so honoured Rome, and with such tender devotion loved that sacred place, that in spite of all the perils both by land and sea, five weary pilgrimages hardly satisfied his ardent feelings towards the *Holy City.*—pp. 151, 152.

So, notwithstanding the treasures amassed for us by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and the blessings he bequeathed us in his "strange wandering relics," still monkery is not in so flourishing a state as Mr. Newman could desire. And why so? Why, truly we are working "at a disadvantage, as working against Rome, and without the Apostolic benediction," and so, we must be content to remain but "pusillanimous communities;" whatever that may mean. Nay, even the presence of our modern Wilfrid, with all his ardent longings towards the Holy City, are insufficient to infuse vigour into

* The reader will hardly fail to observe the similarity of this language with that of Mr. Newman,—if, indeed, this author be not Mr. Newman himself:—

"We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, *unless, like them, we go forth with the apostolical benediction.*"—Sermons on Subjects of the Day, p. 150.

our blighted and stunted growth. "The loss of Rome's blessing" is "keeping back" our church; and Mr. Newman's efforts to restore us to the arms of his mother are appreciated with every feeling but that of gratitude. Indeed, in the following passage a very graphic description of him and his position is given under the name of Wilfrid, in what might fairly be called a fancy sketch: for, really, as far as history is concerned, it is just about as correct a portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley as of Wilfrid.

> In men's eyes *he was experimentalizing;* he was *breaking down that which had obviously much good about it. Moderate men* would not know what to think, what to make, of his work: they could not tell where it would end; so their impulse would be to hold back, and in holding back they would get frightened. Wilfrid *made no secret at all of what his work was; it was the thorough romanizing* of the Northumbrian Church; and *there is really something so very awful about Rome, either for good or ill,* that we cannot wonder at men becoming timorous, when the hardier zeal of others drags them reluctantly into the presence of such an exciting change.—p. 203.

Why "moderate men" should find any difficulty in telling where such a work will end, does not appear. Their *moderation,* surely, can have nothing to do with either creating or increasing any difficulty of the sort. Mr. Newman makes "no secret of what his work is." It is plainly and undisguisedly the "*thorough Romanizing,*" of the Church of England. He is "*experimentalizing.*" He is "*breaking down that which has obviously much good*

about it." This is the work he conceives it his duty to do. His want of secresy or reserve can be no other than a matter of thankfulness to all who retain love or loyalty to the church. But, most assuredly, if any who desire to be called *moderate* men keep silent, while he is "experimentalizing" in this fashion, they must be prepared to be counted responsible for no small portion of the mischief he is doing, and to forfeit the influence which their moderation ought to give them, and does actually give them with the respectable part of the community.

Whatever may be said of the past, Mr. Newman cannot *now* be charged with concealment. It is evident that he and his party imagine him, like his prototype, Wilfrid,—

> raised up to do some special work in the world;—the idea of it seems completely to master his whole life;—every detail of it looks one way and has but one only meaning.

And the world will probably be told hereafter,—

> with what distinctness *he perceived that devotion to Rome was the sole remedy for the ailing times*, and with what promptness he *gave himself up to the cultivation of that feeling in himself, and the propagation of it amongst others.* —p. 49.

This is what will be said of Mr. Newman hereafter. Every one sees how truly it may be said of him now. To a higher tribunal, indeed, than public opinion, he is accountable for his principles

and conduct. But if the interests of truth are damaged, if the real principles of the Church of England become so mixed up in men's minds with Mr. Newman's experimentalizings and superstitions, as to bring orthodoxy and the Common Prayer-book itself into suspicion, then, most assuredly, "moderate men,"—men who deserve to be described by a name expressive of wisdom and calm-judging discretion, should take care, before it be too late, that none of the blame shall rest at their doors.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOVEMENT—PALMERS AND PILGRIMS.

But what do Mr. Newman and his party propose to do next? Can they remain much longer in communion with the church? Can they feel satisfied with the validity or legitimacy of their orders? As far as these questions lead to personalities and the discussion of the morality of Mr. Newman's conduct, I wish to avoid them altogether. It has long been my fixed persuasion, that nothing has involved the character of the Oxford movement in more confusion, than the propensity both its friends and opposers have had for making it a personal question. Mr. Newman has a Master, and to Him he must give account for what he has done and is doing. But, in considering the object and character of the movement, these questions—namely, what step will be taken next? and what is Mr. Newman's view respecting the validity and regularity of his orders? —are questions of importance, and deserve an answer, if an answer can be given to them. I pretend to no secret intelligence. I disclaim any such sagacity as could enable me to predict what step shall next be taken, much less in what latitude of sectarianism a movement will end, where everything of faith and worship is in a transition state,—where restlessness amounts to an incurable disease,—and the

one only symptom which is fixed and chronic, is an incessant change of posture,—and the whole frame is convulsed with the twitchings and contortions of spiritual fidgets. In truth, the party have set about—

> "A godly thorough reformation,
> Which always must be carried on,
> And still be doing, never done."

Starting on an inclined plane—notwithstanding the "Catholic instinct" which in the first instance propels them "Romeward,"—Rome itself seems destined to be but the next station in a never-ending whirl of locomotion. If they stay long enough to take in a fresh supply of moving power, it is quite as much as their friends in the Eternal City (and none can estimate more correctly the evanescent character of such flying visitors) should venture to reckon on. Their pilgrimage seems destined to the fate which Milton tells of.

> "St. Peter at heaven's wicket seems
> To wait them with his keys . . . .
> . . . . . when lo!
> A violent cross wind from either coast
> Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
> Into the devious air."

Or rather, they remind one of Mr. Newman's description of "St. Willibald's party," in the second volume of these lives. They are—

> Palmers and not pilgrims;—for a *palmer* and a *pilgrim*, according to some, differ in this; a *pilgrim* has a home, to

which he returns when his vow is performed, a *palmer* has none; a *pilgrim* goes to a certain place in particular, a *palmer* goes to all.—St. Richard, p. 54.

When Mr. Newman and the rest of the "Palmers" intend to make the *next* move, however, may naturally be inquired by those who feel concerned in the effects of their peregrinations on the church,—especially as he seems to describe their present feelings in what he says of St. Willibald and "his companions:" they have "broken all the bands which tied them to England, left all what are called prospects in life, and renounced their home for ever."

Now, although one may be mistaken in supposing it to be intended to satisfy a reasonable anxiety on this point, there is a passage in this life of St. Wilfrid which may almost be regarded in the light of a bulletin;—especially as the book has been so very lately published, and in truth, is a sort of myth or parable—a story founded on fact—in which the history of Wilfrid seems to have been wrought up into a portraiture of Mr. Newman and an embodiment of his teaching. The writer had been stating that Wilfrid declined receiving consecration from the English bishops, as, among other reasons,—

it was quite open to a question whether the Scottish non-conformity did not amount to schism, when Rome had spoken so plainly about the matter; and lastly, there was a gross, and open, and unresisted Erastianism throughout the island, most grievous to a pious mind, and full of perplexity.—St. Wilfrid, p. 42.

where the allusion to present times and circumstances is too plain to be mistaken.—He then proceeds in the following manner:—

To many persons in our days these scruples [*scil.* regarding the validity of English orders] will seem so unreal as to be unintelligible; while to others, and *those not a few*, they will have a distressing reality.—Ibid. p. 43.

From which it seems plain, that *not a few* of Mr. Newman's party are dissatisfied with their orders in the church of England. If Mr. Newman himself be so, his scruples will afford the most satisfactory explanation of his resignation of his preferment which has yet been suggested. But the author proceeds,—

Of course those who do not believe in the divine institution of the Visible Church and the mysteriousness of her privileges, will perceive in St. Wilfrid's hesitation nothing but a superstitious and judaizing spirit; more especially when, through long disesteem of apostolic order, they have learned to look on jealousy for catholic doctrines and the high-minded anathemas of Holy Church as bigotry, ignorance, or at best, great uncharitableness.—Ibid.

As if this author had any right to assume, that no one believes "in the divine institution of the visible church, and the mysteriousness of her privileges," except those, who, by "the visible church" mean Rome, and by "her privileges" mean sacramental confession, and expiatory penance, and purgatory, and relics, and monkery, and holy virginity, and "the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius." And yet this is precisely the danger of

the present crisis. In the course of his "experimentalizing" and "Romanizing," Mr. Newman's party have practised such sleights of theological legerdemain with the terms *church* and *catholic*, that there is deep reason to apprehend the public are rapidly coming to the conclusion, that such terms stand for nothing but popery, and that the idea of *church* or *catholic*, except in a popish sense, is a chimera,—fantastical and unreal,—the ravings of a crazy enthusiast,—

> "cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
> Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
> Reddatur formæ."

This is THE danger. If moderate men take care, at once, and before it be too late, to detach themselves, openly and unequivocally, from all suspicion of collusion or confederacy with Mr. Newman and his band of "Palmers;" if they boldly and distinctly make known their adhesion to the Church-of-England notions of "the visible church" and "her privileges,"—the church may yet be saved. But if not,—either some unforeseen conjuncture will precipitate the church into the hands of Rome, or else—and of the two this latter seems rather the more likely at present—the public will settle down into latitudinarianism, and the influence of truth and common sense receive a shock which it will not speedily recover.

CHAPTER XIV.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINES—DIFFICULTIES OF THE MOVEMENT—A DILEMMA.

WHAT Mr. Newman means by "catholic doctrines" has long ceased to be matter of doubt. But the use of the term in the passage just quoted is plain from what immediately follows:—

> It is quite impossible for any one to sustain for long an affectionate jealousy about the doctrines which concern the Divine Person and Two Natures of our Lord, who is not likewise exceedingly jealous for the divine forms, unity, ritual and succession of the Visible Church. The preservation of true saving doctrine is tied to the formal constitution of the Visible Church just as much, and with as infrequent exceptions, as the gift of regeneration is tied to the form of Baptism, or *the Justifying Presence of Christ consigned to the sacrifice of the Altar.*—Ibid.

These latter words speak for themselves. But is the former sentence of this quotation true? Errors are, no doubt linked together;—and truths have a mutual connexion, and are not adequately received, when received in severance from this connexion,—when some portions of truth are received, and some rejected or unknown. But this attempt to fasten a charge of heresy,—Nestorianism, Sabellianism, Socinianism, or Arianism,—on every one who hesitates to assent to such catholic doctrines as "*the justifying presence of Christ* being *consigned to the sacrifice of the altar,*" is just one of the worn-out artifices of "the

most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius," and can frighten no one but very silly and ill-informed people. To say, that every one, who rejects the papal supremacy and the peculiar doctrines and practices of Rome, entertains heretical notions regarding the Trinity and the Incarnation, or is destitute of "an affectionate jealousy about the doctrines which concern the Divine person and two natures of our Lord," is to betray great ignorance or greater dishonesty. Those who bring such charges against the members of the church of England are saying what is untrue; and those who bring them against Protestant dissenters, merely because they are in error respecting the government and structure of the church, can have but little acquaintance with their opinions or feelings on such subjects. But to resume our quotations.

The world *assumes* the divine forms of the Church to be mere externals, and, arguing from its own unwarrantable premiss, condemns the Saints as verbal disputants and sticklers for empty ceremonial. No wonder, then, that in these days, St. Wilfrid's scruples should be matter of derision.—Ibid.

"*The world*," of course, signifies in this passage those who do not agree with Mr. Newman, and then the proposition is untrue in both particulars. For, no orthodox member of our church looks on the succession and validity of orders, as matters of indifference. And no respectable and learned Romanist would tolerate the notion on which this sophism

rests—that validity depends on peculiarities of ritual and ceremonial. So that, if Wilfrid's "scruples" had any rational foundation, no orthodox churchman would feel any inclination to treat them with "derision."

But *there are others* who find the present state of things only too fruitful in *similar perplexities*, and *the danger is not slight of their putting themselves into a false position in consequence of their distress*. Under any circumstances, the office of ecclesiastical rulers, teachers and priests, is full of difficulty from its double nature. They who bear it have not only the government and discipline of themselves to look to, their growth, mutations, lapses, as lay Christians have, but to this they superadd another entire second life, through their solemn and sacramental relations to others. Is it not then a very fearful thing for them to have *a doubt cast on the efficacy of their priesthood*, the *reality of those tremendous acts* which they have performed *in the name of priests*, and *the truthfulness of their absolutions and consecrations?* and if we further assume the possible cases of ailing health and broken spirits, what a burden must it be for reason to bear, and not give way? Indeed, it is hardly right to go on dwelling upon it. Enough has been said to suggest more: there is *some* support in seeing that so great a Saint as Wilfrid keenly felt a somewhat similar position, and *did not hesitate to act at much cost upon these feelings*.—pp. 43, 44.

Now, according to this historian, the way Wilfrid acted was simply this: he repudiated the orders of the British church, and sought consecration elsewhere. And therefore, one might at first suppose, that a similar conduct is here recommended to those, in whose minds Mr. Newman has succeeded in

raising doubts and scruples, as to the *efficacy* of their priesthood, and the *reality* and *truthfulness* of the acts they have performed as priests. Secession, and an immediate reconciliation with Rome, would seem to be the only path,—if St. Wilfrid's example is to be followed. But this does not appear to be what is recommended by Mr. Newman: at least, not just yet. On the contrary, he seems to dread any step of the sort being taken at present. And, indeed, this is also the tone of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day; and since that, of Mr. Ward's book.* The church is to be thoroughly Romanized, by those who remain in her ministry and communion *for that purpose.* Seceders, therefore, not only put themselves into a false position, but retard "the blessed work of rivetting more and more tightly the happy chains" which, in the dreams of Mr. Newman's catholicism, hold "England to St. Peter's chair." In spirit and purpose, Mr. Newman and his company of "Palmers" seem to have "broken all the bands which tied them to England," and appear ready at an hour's warning to start for the Holy City. But nothing must be done prematurely; nothing to retard the general work of Romanizing. They must bide their time:—contenting themselves meanwhile with the consoling thought, that *the pro-*

* This was written a year ago, and before Mr. Ward's Ideal had been fully developed in practice, by the extraordinary course he has since taken.

cess may be longer or shorter, but CATHOLICS GET TO ROME AT LAST, *in spite of wind and tide.* That such is the present state of the party may be gathered from what immediately follows the words last quoted.

But, further than this, is there not almost incalculable comfort in reflecting on the actual history? Wilfrid stood, as all men stand in their generation, amidst the blinding battle which the present always is: *he was oppressed with doubts about the system of his Church, because of the relation in which it stood to the chief bishop:* he was able at once, though with some pains, to clear up his position. *This latter mercy may be denied to us;* but we, looking at Wilfrid's days as part of the past, are permitted to see the Church whose system he doubted of recognised as an integral part of the Body Catholic, the prelates whose consecration he distrusted canonized as Saints, his own rival, whose ordination was indisputably uncanonical, *now revered* as one of our holiest English bishops. When we naturally couple together, almost without thought, St. Wilfrid and St. Chad, we read ourselves a lesson, which, if we would only receive it, is full of deepest consolation and most effectual incentives to strictness and holiness of life, and *a quiet occupying of ourselves with present duties.* —Ibid. pp. 44, 45.

It is obvious, that Wilfrid's example could give but little encouragement or direction to Mr. Newman and his friends, unless their doubts and perplexities bore some affinity to his. But, indeed, this is admitted. Wilfrid, it seems, "was oppressed with doubts about the system of his church, because of the relation in which it stood to the chief bishop;" that is (as is plain from the story), he doubted the validity of English orders, because this church did

not choose to subject itself to the dominion of Rome. Mr. Newman's doubts are avowedly the same. He and "not a few" of his party have doubts of—

the *efficacy* of their priesthood, the *reality* of those tremendous acts which they have performed *in the name of priests*, and the *truthfulness* of their absolutions and consecrations.

Plainly, they represent Wilfrid's doubts and their own as substantially the same. Wilfrid, indeed, relieved his scruples and cleared up his position at once, by rejecting English orders and seeking consecration in France. "This latter mercy," says the author, "may be denied to us:" in other words, there seems, on account of the state of Christendom, no way at present of clearing up the position in which Mr. Newman and his party find themselves, or improving the relation in which they stand to the chief bishop, except by actual secession from the church of England, and reconciliation with Rome; and this they feel would put them "into a false position." The meaning of all this is sufficiently obvious. For, if Mr. Newman determine on that decisive step, to whom shall he bequeath the blessed work of rivetting the happy chains of Roman power on England, when he and his friends have gone a palmering? Here lies the double difficulty. If they stay where they are,—how are they to improve their relation to the chief bishop? If they depart, who is to complete "the thorough Roman-

izing" of "most erring and most unfortunate England"? For a while, then, they must endeavour to endure, as best they may, their doubts, and perplexities, and distress, and content them with what, by a considerable latitude of Euphemism, they call "a quiet occupying of ourselves with present duties;" their "*present duties*" consisting in their using all the interest they personally possess, or derive from their position in a Protestant church and university, for the propagation of Romish errors and superstitions; and their quietness, in a never-ceasing employment of the press,—newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, tracts, books for children, poems, sermons, translations of the Fathers, Lives of English Saints, Mr. Newman's Translation of Fleury, Mr. Oakeley's adaptation of Bonaventure, and, lastly, Dr. Pusey's adaptation of the work of Surin the insane Jesuit, &c.,—being all at once poured out upon the public.

Of all the features of this movement, none is more revolting, than the manner in which its originators have always talked of their retiring and unobtrusive quietness. If men are satisfied of the truth of their opinions, and of their duty to advocate them, who can blame them for exerting themselves to bring others to the same views? But, for a party, which has taken more pains to revolutionize the church than any other party (if we should not except John Wesley) since the days of the Puritans—a party

which, since the hour its leaders combined as a party, have been keeping themselves in all possible ways before the public, and have made more constant, persevering, and systematic use of the press, with all its variety of appliances, than any other set of men within the present century—for such a party to be continually talking of their quietness and shrinking love of retirement, and wearying one with endless lamentations at being dragged before the public,—really I should not like even to think with harshness, but such amazing inconsistency between the language and proceedings of men professing to act on principles so high and holy, does leave an exceedingly painful impression on my mind.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROMANIZING PARTY—THE ECCLESIOLOGISTS.

THE object of the movement, then, is to bring the English church once more into subjection to Rome. The means by which this "blessed work" is to be effected is—the gradual, but "thorough Romanizing" of all our habits of thinking and devotion. Sacramental confession, monasticism, the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist and the atonement, and relics, and purgatory, and holy virginity;—the propagation of these and similar errors and superstitions is the *quiet* occupation of themselves with present duties, recommended to Mr. Newman's friends. Everything must proceed in an orderly and settled method. Nothing is to be done hastily; no one putting himself or the party into a false position, and thus, by following Mr. Newman's very original recipe for repentance,—*undoing sins in the order in which they have been committed*,—it will be found that "*Catholics get to Rome at last, in spite of wind and tide.*"

Just now, however, the Ecclesiologists seem to give Mr. Newman some trouble, and he appears to apprehend that his youthful disciples are in danger of stopping short in their Romeward progress, and resting satisfied with the symbolism of chasubles and encaustic tiles, instead of submitting to sacra-

mental confession and "the *pursuit* of holy virginity." The passage here alluded to occurs towards the conclusion of the Life of St. Wilfrid, and, besides the exposition it gives of "present duties," its spirit and temper are so remarkable, that, although it is rather long, I think it will be desirable to transcribe it, and I hope the reader will ponder over its contents, which deserve to be seriously considered on more accounts than one.

What do men mean, when they call the thousand and one vestiges of better times, visible in England, lingering relics of catholicism? What lingers in them or about them? What truth, what helpfulness, what holiness? If they be relics, where is their virtue? Whom have they healed? What have they wrought? When will people understand how unreal all such language is? Poetry is not catholicism, though catholicism is deeply and essentially poetical; and when a thing has become beautiful in the eyes of an antiquary it has ceased to be useful: its beauty consists in its being something which men cannot work with. A broken choir in a woody dell,—if it be sweet to the eyes and not bitter in the thoughts,—if it soothes, but humbles not, what is it but a mischievous thing over which it were well to invoke a railroad, or any other devastating change. Let us be men, and not dreamers: one cannot dream in religion without profaning it. When men strive about the decorations of the altar, and the lights, and the rood-screen, and the credence, and the piscina, and the sedilia, and the postures here and the postures there, and the people are not first diligently instructed in the holy mysteries, or *brought to realize the Presence and the Sacrifice*, no less than the commemorative Sacrament,—what is it all but puerility, raised into the wretched dignity of profaneness by the awfulness of the

subject matter? Is there not already very visible mischief in the architectural pedantry displayed here and there, and the grotesque earnestness about petty trivialities, and the stupid reverence for the *formal* past? *Altars* are the play-things of nineteenth century societies, and we are taught *that the church cannot change, modify, or amplify her worship:* she is, so we learn, a thing of a past century, not a life of all centuries; and there is abusive wrangling and peevish sarcasm, while men are striving to force some favourite antiquated clothing of their own over the majestic figure of true, solid, abiding catholicism. It is downright wickedness to be going thus *a-mumming* (a buffoonery, doubtless correct enough out of some mediæval costume book) when we should be doing plain work for our age, and our neighbours. But *sentiment* is easier than *action*, and an embroidered frontal a prettier thing than an ill-furnished house and a spare table, yet, after all, *it is not so striking: and a wan face gives more force to a sacred rite*, than an accurately clipped stole, or a handsomely swelling chasuble. The world was once taught by a holy man that there was nothing merely external in Christianity; the value of its forms consists in their being the truthful expressions of inwardly existing convictions; and what convictions of the English poor, who come *unconfessed to the Blessed Sacrifice*, does all this modern ancientness of vestment and adorning express? Children are fond of *playing at funerals;* it is touching to see nature's fears so working at that innocent age: whereas to see grown-up children, book in hand, *playing at mass*, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in catholic sentiment instead of offering *the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity*,—this is a fearful, indeed a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a master-piece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become Catholic again; it

is only a *profaner kind of Protestantism* than any we have seen hitherto. Austerity is the mother of beauty; only so is beauty legitimately born. A hard life—that is *the impressive thing* when *its secrets escape here and there, at this time and at that time, as they are sure to do*, however humble and given to concealment the penitent may be. A gentle yet manly inroad into modern effeminacies, simplicity of furniture, plainness of living, largeness of alms, a mingling with the poor, something of monastic discipline in households, the self-denying observance of seasons, somewhat of seclusion, silence, and *spiritual retreat:*—these should come first. When they have wrought their proper miracles, then will come the beauty and the poetry of catholic ages; and that will be soon enough for them to come. It sounds poetical when we hear of the Saint's sackcloth beneath his regal or pontifical attire: do we find it hard to be fully possessed with catholic truth when we worship in a square chapel, with sash-windows and a plastered ceiling? If it be so, what manner of catholics are we? Verily not such as wore sackcloth in times of old, and went bravely through trouble confessing Christ. While the regulated fast, and the morning meditation, and the systematic examinations of conscience are irksome restraints, under which men fret and grow restive; it is dangerous, indeed, that they should be indulging in the gorgeous chancel and the dim aisle, the storied window and the chequered floor, or even the subdued and helpful excitement of the holy chant. Let us not travel too quickly on this road, though it be a very good road to be travelling, so long as it runs parallel with improved practice,—or *rather some little behind it*, so as to be safer *for self-regulated penitents, which most of us seem wilfully determined to remain.* And there is yet another more excellent way of *advancing the catholic cause*, which the young would do well to look to who require some field for their zeal, and are turning it into the poetry of religion.

What poetry more sweet, and yet withal more awfully real —indeed, hourly realized *by the sensible cuttings of the very Cross*—than *the pursuit of Holy Virginity?* What is the building of a cathedral to the consecration of a living body? What is the sacrifice of money to the oblation of an undivided heart? What are the troubles and the pains of life to the struggles of the sealed affections, struggles which come never to the surface, plaints which have no audience, sorrows which cannot ask for sympathy, and haply joys of which it is but a weak thing to say that they are not fathomable? What, *O young men and maidens!* what is more like *an actual, protracted, life-long Crucifixion, than the preservation of Holy Virginity*, while every action of your gentle lives sings, like our sweet Lady, a perpetual Magnificat?—Ibid. 205—208.

There is one thought that has oppressed my mind, while considering the tone of this and similar passages, which, I fear, it is by no means easy to convey to my reader, without greater length of explanation than can be attempted here. I refer particularly to the latter part of this extract, where the author has indulged in such extravagant and scarcely intelligible language regarding virginity. And what I mean is this—that besides the plain and obvious danger to be apprehended from such fanatical language, and generally from setting young people talking, or employing their imaginations *continually* on such a subject—besides this danger, there is another to be dreaded, scarcely less injurious to the church. And that is, the great probability that Mr. Newman's extravagancies will bring into suspicion and discredit a class of persons which has always

been regarded with affectionate reverence in the church. For there are, and ever have been, persons who, in their own particular case, have felt it right to remain single, and to deny themselves the endearments and consolations of the married state. This feeling of duty may be presented to the mind on very different grounds, and with different objects. But such persons, whether lay or clerical, have, at all times, been found in the church, and have been honoured and respected. Mr. Newman and his party, however, are not content with this sober and Christian view. According to their doctrine, there is something of impurity in the married state, and the state itself is something to be repented of. Virginity is a thing in itself meritorious, and a mode of expiating sin; and celibates, and monks, and nuns, with "calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames," are the only persons deserving to be called "Bible Christians;"* and, in fact,—as

* The term is so applied by Mr. Newman in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day—in the Sermon called, "The Apostolical Christian." The passage is as follows:—

"Study what *a Bible Christian is;* be silent over it; pray for grace to comprehend it, to accept it. And next ask yourselves this question, and be honest in your answer. This model of a Christian, though not commanding your literal imitation, still is it not the very model which has been fulfilled in others *in every age* since the New Testament was written? You will ask me in whom? *I am loth to say:* I have reason to ask you to be honest and candid; for so it is, as if from consciousness of the fact, and dislike to have it urged upon us, we and our forefathers have been accustomed to scorn and ridicule these faithful obedient persons, and, in our Saviour's very words, to 'cast out their *name* as evil, for the

we see in this passage,—Holy Virginity is represented as a state, which no one can fill, who is not naturally a person of such violent passions, as render the single life "an actual, protracted, life-long crucifixion." Such teaching is not merely erroneous, and heretical: it tends to drive men into the opposite extreme, and to bring sober, self-denying, and truly heavenly-minded piety into suspicion and contempt.

Son of Man's sake.' But, if the truth must be spoken, *what are the humble monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars, as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture?* What have they done but this,—continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible? Did our Saviour come on earth suddenly, as He will one day visit, *in whom* would He see the features of the Christians He and His Apostles left behind them, *but in them? Who but these give up home and friends, wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the kingdom of heaven? Where shall we find* the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, or of Mary the mother of Mark, or of Philip's daughters, *but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion, or are sent over the earth, have calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners,* and hearts weaned from the world, and wills subdued; and for their meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander, and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage with cruelty; yet meet with Christ every where,—Christ, their all-sufficient, everlasting portion, to make up to them, both here and hereafter, all they suffer, all they dare, for His Name's sake?"—pp. 328, 329.

CHAPTER XVI.

CELIBACY—ST. CUTHBERT AND ST. EBBA—ST. WILFRID.

THE justice of the observation with which the preceding chapter concluded—namely, that the fanatical language used by Mr. Newman and his party regarding celibacy and marriage, is likely to bring into contempt and suspicion a class of persons every way to be respected and loved,—must, I should suppose, be sufficiently obvious to every one who has thought attentively on the subject. On the other hand, when young people are set a talking about holy virginity, when they are taught to speak of "*ardent longing*" for it, "*panting after*" it, "*pursuit* of" it;—and further, to talk of the state of religious celibacy as "the sensible cuttings of the very cross,"—and "the preservation of holy Virginity" as like nothing less than "an actual, protracted, life-long crucifixion,"—it is impossible to avoid asking one's self, what sort of ideas of purity and chastity they are likely to acquire. But, in effect, what is to be thought of Mr. Newman's notion of *sanctity*?—that state, which we are told is a totally distinct and different sort of thing from the mediocrity to which the holiness of ordinary Christians aspires. A *saint*, according to Mr. Newman's teaching, is, plainly, a person of no ordinary degree of natural viciousness, and of unusual, and

almost preternatural violence of animal passions. His sanctity consists mainly, in the curious and far-fetched ingenuity of the torments by which he contrives to keep himself within the bounds of decency. The story of St. Cuthbert and St. Ebba has already been alluded to. It is related in these words:—

We are told that the whole kingdom regarded Ebba as a spiritual mother, and that the reputation of her sanctity was spread far and wide. And one fact is recorded which of itself speaks volumes. It is well known that St. Cuthbert carried the jealousy of intercourse with women, characteristic of all the saints, to a very extraordinary pitch. It appeared as though he could say with the patriarch Job, "I made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think upon a maid?" [Just as if Job, who was a married man and had twenty children, meant by these words that he had taken a vow of celibacy!] And for many ages after females were not admitted into his sanctuary. Yet such was the reputation of St. Ebba's sanctity, and the spiritual wisdom of her discourse, that St. Bede informs us that when she sent messengers to the man of God, desiring him to come to her monastery, he went and stopped several days, in conversation with her, going out of the gates at nightfall and spending the hours of darkness in prayer, *either up to his neck in the water*, or in the chilly air.—St. Ebba, pp. 113, 114.

What an extraordinary idea of religious intercourse between two canonized saints—a bishop and an abbess! And what notions of sanctity Mr. Newman's party must entertain! Nor is this the only passage of this character. In the life of St. Wilfrid we are informed that—

He watched over his chastity as his main treasure, and

was by an unusual grace preserved from pollution; and *to this end* he chiefly mortified his thirst, and even in the heats of summer and during his long pedestrian visitations, he drank only a little phial of liquid daily. So through the day *he kept down evil thoughts*, and when night came on, *to tame nature and to intimidate the dark angels*, no matter how cold the winter, he washed his body all over with holy water, till this great austerity was forbidden him by Pope John. Thus, year after year, never desisting from his vigilance, did Wilfrid keep his virginity to the Lord. In vigil and in prayer, says Eddi the precentor, in reading and in fasting, who was ever like to him? Such was the private life of that busy bishop: so words sum up years, and cannot be realized unless they are dwelt upon, any more than that eternity by which they are repaid.—pp. 64, 65.

Here, then, is a bishop going on visitation; and not only a bishop, but a saint; one whose virtues soar into the heights of heroicity—one who worked miracles when living, and whose relics wrought miracles after his death. And yet, during the progress of his episcopal visitations, this bishop and saint is obliged, in order to preserve his chastity and keep down evil thoughts, to punish himself by day with the tortures of thirst, and at night to wash his body all over with holy water, in order "to tame nature and intimidate the dark angels." If such be Mr. Newman's notions of the purity of saints, what must be his standard for ordinary Christians!

What follows in this story is rather an interruption to this part of my subject, but I may as well transcribe it here, since it will serve as an additional

illustration of the spirit of Mar-Prelacy, one has so continually to notice in the writers of this school.

A bishop of York traversing his huge diocese on foot! *Surely this in itself was preaching the gospel.* Fasting and footsore, shivering in the winter's cold, yet bathing himself in chilly water when he came to his resting place at night;

which "fasting," "shivering," and "bathing," it is to be supposed, were performed in public; otherwise they could hardly amount to "preaching the gospel;" —but this is a point which will require further notice as we proceed—

fainting beneath the sun of midsummer, yet almost grudging to himself the little phial of liquid;—

"*the* little phial," as being "in itself" "preaching the gospel," it may be supposed was solemnly carried before Wilfrid by a serving man, or by Eddi the precentor,—

preaching in market-place, or on village green, or some central field amid a cluster of Saxon farms, *behold the Bishop of York* move about these northern shires. *He was not a peer of parliament, he had no fine linen, no purple save at a Lenten mass, no glittering equipage,* [surprising! —and in the eighth century, too!] *no liveried retainers:* [what? not even one to carry *the* phial,] would it then be possible for those rude men of the north to respect him? Yes; in their rude way: they had faith, and haply they bowed more readily before him in that poor monkish guise than if he had *played the palatine* amongst them.—Ibid.

Ah, Martin, Martin! thou wilt be at thy old pranks still. For, true it is, the movement did

spring from the Low Church party. And no less true is it, that the majority of its most active adherents have all along been collected from the same quarter. And this, perhaps, may go far to account for the Mar-Prelacy they are so prone to indulge in. Old associations are not easily got rid of. Early obliquities are not easily overcome. They would be churchmen; but, unfortunately, they can scarcely think or speak of a bishop, but, presently, their old propensities will steal upon them. If they could only be induced to try Wilfrid's cold-water regimen for a while, who knows but it might help them to "tame nature" and keep "down evil thoughts"? and by and by, they might even be able to see a real living bishop—to say nothing of the "purple," the "glittering equipage," or the "liveried retainers"—without having their natural organs of destructiveness excited. As it is, they furnish a melancholy, but instructive illustration, of the weakness of a theory to overcome the violence of nature. The voice of instinct will make itself heard;—the force of pristine habits will break out, and mar the finest flights of high and holy churchmanship;—they will be "*playing*" the Mar-Prelate still. Perfect as the transformation seems, the first mouse that runs across the floor will suffice to revive the forgotten appetite, and remind one, that, after all, the lady,—gentle as she looks,—is only a cat in masquerade. But this, I fear, my reader will consider a digression.

And yet the context is so very characteristic, that it seems better to go on with the quotation here, although it may not seem to bear directly on the point under consideration at present. The mixture of puerility and Romanizing in what follows is not more striking, than that pharisaical spirit of display which one sees here, and all through these Lives of the English Saints. What the man *is*, is of little importance, unless he is *seen*. The penitents are, to be sure, most humble and given to concealment—at least, they are perpetually telling the public that they are. But, with all this talk of humility and concealment, nothing is more manifest than that *they do really mean to be seen*—and to allow their austerities to peep out through holes and rents in their humility, so as to be effective, and to produce an impression. Hear this author in a passage already quoted:—

> A hard life—that is the impressive thing, when its secrets escape here and there, at this time and at that time, as they are sure to do, however humble and given to concealment the penitent may be.—St. Wilfrid, p. 207.

Yes; just so. "That is the impressive thing"—and, of course, as it is the plain duty of a saint to make an impression, and his "hard life" is, in fact, "*preaching the gospel*," the penitent must not let his humility and love of concealment go too far; but leave some chinks and crannies in his concealment, —through which the secrets may escape, and the

bystanders and passers-by may peep in, and see his "hard life."

Thus,—though these writers tell us that St. Cuthbert's hermitage was so contrived, that *he* could see nothing but the sky and clouds,—yet they afterwards mention that there was a window in it, through which the hermit might be seen and touched by those without. Of course, the building of this window so very near the ground, and so very convenient for the passers-by to take a peep, was only an accidental oversight—and the humble lover of concealment had no suspicion—not he!—that any one was peering in while he was engaged in his self-torments and austerities![*]

Thus, too, Wilfrid. An ordinary Christian, indeed, might have found ordinary and unsuspected methods of taming nature and keeping down evil thoughts; and when he fasted, he would most probably recollect that a high authority has commanded us when we fast, not to be like the hypocrites, who disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast, but to anoint the head, and wash the face, that we appear not unto men to fast. But what have ordinary Christians in common with saints, who are a sort of theatrical personages—always speaking and acting for effect, and so as to make an impression? And Wilfrid was a saint, and it was necessary the world should know

* St. Edelwald, pp. 49, 52, and 54.

it; so,—in a delicate sort of a way,—the secret must be suffered to escape, and the "hard life" be guessed and whispered about and talked of. "That is the impressive thing." So he must walk on foot, and footsore, from one end of his diocese to the other. He must have "no glittering equipage;" no coach and four, not even a quiet cabriolet. And then, too, if the weather should be ever so intolerably hot, not one drop must cool his lips, except what was to be got in "*the* phial." For, no doubt, people heard so everlastingly of this phial, that at last it came to be called "*the* phial." And one can imagine, how anxiously poor Eddi used to peep into *the* phial, to see if he could find a last, last drop, and how he would turn it upside down, while Wilfrid was fainting with thirst at some river's side: and then one can fancy, how whole congregations had to be dismissed, because Wilfrid was so parched, and husky, and exhausted, that he really could not preach—and the wearisome phial would be empty, just at the critical moment when every body wanted it to be full: and then one can picture to one's self, how grievously disappointed the poor people were who came for miles around to hear him, and how Eddi would comfort the favoured few, and send them home content with a sight of "*the* phial;"—just like the man that went to hear Whitfield preach, and returned satisfied; for though he could not get near enough to hear what he said, he saw "his blessed

wig." And then, again, at night, in the depth of winter, the ice in the wells and ponds had to be broken, and the water blessed and turned into holy water; and whole pailfuls had to be taken to his bedchamber, and then such a splashing would be carried on, that folks could not refrain from asking Eddi what all this could mean? And then, of course, *the secret would escape*, and Eddi could not avoid giving them a hint, that the good bishop was always obliged to perform these *shiverings* and *bathings* when going on visitation, just in order to "keep down evil thoughts," and "tame nature," and "intimidate the dark angels." And this was the "impressive thing!"

CHAPTER XVII.

PHARISEEISM—ST. WILFRID ON FOOT, AND ST. WILFRID RIDING.

BUT I must not forget, that all this time the author is waiting to go on with the next sentence.

Surely if we have half a heart we can put before our eyes as if it were a reality, *Wilfrid on foot*, Wilfrid preaching, Wilfrid confirming, Wilfrid sitting on a wrought stone watching his cœmentarii, as Dante sat upon his stone and watched the superb duomo of Florence rise like an enchanted thing; [or as people now-a-days watch the building of the new houses of Parliament;] Wilfrid listening to a new and awkward choir trying the Gregorian tones and keeping his patience even when Eddi and Eona lost theirs, Wilfrid marching at the head of his clergy up the new aisles of Ripon, Wilfrid receiving the confession of St. Etheldreda, and what was THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL, Wilfrid *kneeling with the pope's hands resting on his head* and the archdeacon Boniface standing by.—pp. 65, 66.

No doubt of it. This was "*the fountain of all:*"—at least, if we are not convinced of it yet, Mr. Newman and his friends are not to blame. They have done what they can.

But as to their notion of a saint;—it is quite plain that these people imagine themselves of so much importance, that they think of little else, and really seem to believe that other people have nothing better to employ their minds. Nothing but Wilfrid here and Wilfrid there. And yet these men talk of their humility. And in this way Dr. Pusey,—in

the preface to one of the works he is editing just now, as his share in the process of Romanizing England,—holds up as models of humility the example of St. Dominic, "who ever prayed that his sins might not bring the vengeance of God on the towns where he preached;" and St. Catherine of Sienna, who thought "all the chastisements of divine justice, which desolated the provinces in her time, to be the miserable effects of her unfaithfulness."* As if such ideas could ever find entertainment in the mind of any mortal, that was not puffed up with conceit and self-importance.

Even Wilfrid's going on foot was theatrical; it was for an effect; it was part of the "hard life," and "that is the impressive thing."—For, surely, with such an enormous diocese to look after, this peripatetic fancy must have caused great delay, and waste of time, and useless expenditure of strength.—And then, possibly, Eddi would sometimes venture to recommend a horse; and folks would say to Eddi, "Good gracious, how fond the bishop is of walking!" And so, the "secret" would escape, that this walking system was part of Wilfrid's plan for taming nature and keeping down evil thoughts. In the end, however, Wilfrid did get a horse. The reader shall see in what way. The author proceeds—

But we must think of another thing also,—*Wilfrid riding*, riding up and down his diocese; for this walking

* Surin, Preface, p. xix.

of Wilfrid's did not quite please St. Theodore; not that it was too simple, but that it was too austere, and the life of such a man needed husbanding for the church's sake. Would that St. Theodore had always thought so! But he was a simple man as well as a wise one, and he too, strange that it should be so, mistook Wilfrid, knew not what he was, and so lost him for a while.—Ibid.

Strange"—Why "strange?" Is it not obvious from this history, that St. Wilfrid was all his life quarrelling with all the canonized saints of his acquaintance? In one council this author reckons up five, all "enemies;" and sums up his account of the matter by saying—

by whose helpful intercession may we be aided now in the forlornness of our fight!—p. 179.

Forlorn, indeed! if we are reduced to the necessity of applying for such assistance. But to proceed with St. Theodore.

However, at this time he thought nothing but what was true and good of Wilfrid, and he insisted—for he was archbishop of Canterbury—that his brother of York, who was but a bishop then, should have a horse to ride on during his longer journeys and more distant visitations. He knew this luxury pained Wilfrid; [i. e., Wilfrid lost some degree of celebrity and impressiveness by being mounted; and impressiveness was, of course, the principal end of his "hard life,"] so he made it up to him in the best way he could, for, to show his veneration for the saint, he insisted upon lifting him upon horseback whenever he was near him to do so.—Ibid.

From which we may gather, that St. Theodore was the stouter of the two. The author, however,

seems to wish, that this proceeding of Theodore had been established as a precedent:—

It would have been well for England if archbishops of Canterbury had always been of such a mind towards those who filled the throne of York. However we now behold Wilfrid making his visitation on horseback; for obedience is a greater thing to a saint than even his much-loved austerities.—Ibid.

One would be thankful to see some proofs of it.

Taking a hardship away from a saint is like depriving a mother of one of her children, [or a pharisee of his phylacteries,] yet for holy obedience' sake, or the edification of a neighbour, a saint will postpone even a hardship. —pp. 66, 67.

And then he goes on to tell how Wilfrid rode along on his new horse;—

A word here and a word there, a benediction and a prayer, the signed cross and the holy look, a confession heard, and a mass said, and a sermon preached, and that endless accompaniment of Gregorian tones; verily *the gospel went out from him* as he rode.—Ibid.

There is something in the style and wording of these passages so infinitely burlesque and preposterous, that really if I did not know them to have been actually and honestly extracted from Mr. Newman's Lives of the English Saints, I should have thought it wholly incredible that they could have been written except for the purpose of turning his system into ridicule. Yet, amidst all this wretched childishness, there is a method, a purpose, a deep design to Romanize the church, and by these picturesque descriptions, to recommend a miserable

superstition,—where humility is but the veil to adorn pharisaical display,—where everything is done in order to be seen of men,—where the fundamental notions of Christian piety are so utterly perverted and reversed, that a Saint is one whose inward imaginations and habitual propensities would be intolerable, even to a well-regulated heathen.

Though Wilfrid, however, had "no glittering equipage" just then, his austerities gradually brought him both power and riches, and the author tells us how jealous Queen Ermenburga was—

> when she saw how the good bishop was courted by high and low, how the nobles sought to him for counsel, how a court of abbots did obeisance to him, how the sons of princes and peers stood round him proud to serve in such a service.—Ibid. p. 75.

All which, I should have thought, was not very desirable to a truly mortified mind. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the writers of these Lives do constantly speak of admiration, and homage, and popularity, as the fruit and reward of asceticism, in such a manner as to demonstrate what is the real spirit of their moral and religious system, however unconscious they may be of it themselves. Observe how this writer speaks, and how clearly he confesses that mortifications and self-inflictions are a source of power to the ascetic.

> "Look at his riches," said she [Ermenburga] "look at his retainers of high birth, his gorgeous vestments, his jewelled plate, his multitude of obedient monasteries, the

towers and spires and swelling roofs of all his stately buildings; why, your kingdom is but his bishopric.—pp. 75, 76.

Which might be supposed, from the former description of his walking and riding, to be a slander on Wilfrid. The author does not treat it as such. He says,—

Ermenburga was like the world: to the world's eye *this was what a churchman looked like in catholic ages:* yet the world's eye sees untruly. The gorgeous vestments, the jewelled plate—these are in the church of God, the sanctuary of the pious poor: outside [*sic*] of that is *the hair shirt, and then the iron girdles, and the secret (?) spikes corroding the flesh, and the horny knees, and the craving thirst, and the gnawing hunger, and the stone pillow, and the cold vigil.* Yet does the world exaggerate the churchman's power? Nay, it cannot take half its altitude; his power is immeasurably greater: but it does not reside, not a whit of it, in the vestments or the plate, in the lordly ministers or the monkish chivalry, but *in the mystery of all that apparel of mortification* just enumerated, that broken will and poverty of spirit to which earth is given as a present possession, no less than Heaven pledged as a future heritage. The church is a kingdom, and ascetics are veritable kings.—p. 76.

No words can more clearly express the pharisaical nature of the system Mr. Newman is endeavouring to propagate. The ascetic is powerful and popular:—so powerful and popular—that princes become jealous and alarmed. Do they overrate his power or popularity? They do not. They only mistake its source. The real secret of his power and in-

fluence is his austerities; and the mode by which he uses them to obtain power is, by *letting them be seen*—concealing them just enough to invest himself with mystery—to excite interest, and awaken curiosity;—and now and then letting the secret escape so as to secure that power and popularity which, in his estimation, is the heritage a pure and holy God has promised to the poor in spirit. This is plainly the meaning of the passage. It is capable of no other. For, if these Christian fakeers did not *take care* to let the world know of *the hair shirt, and the iron girdles, and the secret spikes corroding the flesh, and the long weals of the heavy discipline, and the horny knees, and the craving thirst, and the gnawing hunger, and the stone pillow, and the cold vigil,* how could their power reside "in the mystery of all that apparel of mortification?"—how could such arts of pious suicide give them any power or influence at all?

One's heart dies within one, at such a disgusting picture of selfish worldliness making religion the tool to advance its ambitious designs. Is it possible to imagine the love of the world to exist in more consuming intensity, than in the bosom of that man, who can subject himself to such tortures as these, merely that his fellow-sinners may do obeisance to him, and bow down before his power? And yet these are the men who talk of high and holy catholicity! These are the men who sneer at

the "high and dry," and scoff at the antiquated piety of the church of England! Surely it is the divine mercy that has permitted them to go to such lengths of fanaticism, in order that their folly should be manifest to all men.

I do not mean by this, that I believe persons who do such things *must* be guilty of a deliberate attempt to impose on mankind. Self-deception, I have no doubt, is far more prevalent than hypocrisy. And he who habitually imposes on himself has his notions of truth and falsehood confused, and,—without being very distinctly conscious of what he is about,—does a thousand things which, if practised by a man of another temper, could be attributed to nothing short of dishonesty and fraud. Some men have such a propensity for effect, that they are acting even when alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHARISAICAL AUSTERITIES—ST. GERMAN.

In reading these lives, it will, I hope, be remembered, that it is rather the author's notion of what a Saint should be which they convey, than an exact account of what he really was. The pretensions of these books to be regarded as anything better than fables would need a separate consideration. But my reason for making the observation at present is, to remind my reader, that it is quite possible the persons depicted were not guilty of such practices of pharisaical display, as these authors lead one to suppose. However, it is not just now a question of real moment what sort of persons they were, or, in fact, whether they ever existed at all. *The* question is, what are the notions of sanctity and Christian morality which Mr. Newman and his party are, through these popular fictions, endeavouring to propagate? Let any one of common understanding read the following picture of St. German's austerities, and ask himself,—how it is possible for any human being to regulate his life in such a manner, and ***honestly*** covet concealment. I say,—***honestly***,—for whether his purpose, in endeavouring to attract attention to his mortifications, be a bad and selfish one, or not,—a purpose of one kind or other he must have. He must intend to make an impression of some sort.

Some of the particular modes of austerity in this description are such as it was not possible to conceal, and (to speak very plainly) such as no person would have dreamt of adopting as his dietary, unless he wished to make a display,—whatever end he might hope ultimately to gain by attracting notice. I do not mean that a love of display may not be part of mere fanaticism—nor do I deny,—on the other hand—that, even where religion does not come into question, a man may have a natural taste for acting and for scenes, and all the while he really may scarcely, if at all, be aware of it himself. But the question here is not, what German did, nor why he did it—but what his biographer is recommending to the members of the English Church;—and—viewing this picture of German in this, its true light—I cannot but think, that to hold up for veneration a life so regulated, as that such concealment of mortification as is expressly commanded by Christ is simply impracticable, is a very sufficient proof, indeed, of the fundamentally false and unchristian character of the system which it is the object of these lives, and of Mr. Newman's other labours, to substitute for the faith and piety of the church of England. The passage I allude to, in the life of St. German, is as follows. And the reader will not fail to notice, how, in the very first sentence, the author betrays his consciousness of the objection to which such conduct as he is recommending is open.

With regard to his austerities, much of course was concealed from the public gaze, as is remarked of our own George Herbert; but though he ever strove to avoid observation, yet as a city built on a hill cannot remain hid, so the brightness of his sanctity shone through all reserve, and spread a glow over his least actions. *What was ascertained* may be briefly summed up as follows: From the day on which he began his ministry to the end of his life, that is, for the space of thirty years, he was so spare in his diet, that he never eat wheaten bread, never touched wine, vinegar, oil or vegetables, nor ever made use of salt to season his food. On the nativity and resurrection of our Lord alone, he allowed himself one draught of wine diluted with water, so as to preserve little of its flavour. Meat was out of the question; he lived more rigorously than any monk, and in those early times no meat was allowed to monks in France, except in the most urgent cases of debility and sickness. What he did take was mere barley bread, *which he had winnowed and ground himself. First however he took some ashes, and, by way of humiliation, tasted them.* Severe as was this diet, it appears almost miraculous when we are told that *he never eat at all but twice a-week*, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, *and in the evening* of those days; nay that *generally he abstained entirely till the seventh day.*—St. German, pp. 52, 53.

Why he ate even then, does not appear. To have lived without food altogether, would have given a greater air of piquancy to the miracle, without materially increasing its improbability. But then the "hard life" would not have been quite so "impressive;" it must have been so edifying to see his periodical winnowings and grindings. And then, too, only think of the ashes to be tasted before every meal—"*by way of humiliation.*" Of course, *this* practice

was "concealed from the public gaze,"—at least it is to be hoped so;—and a pan of ashes would be kept in a privy chamber, to which he might retire to take a taste of them before dinner,—as folks now-a-days go to make their toilet. But somehow the "secret" escaped. Perhaps the servant whose business it would be to keep the pan supplied with ashes, might tell the secret, and so it would get to be talked of, and people, to be sure, would be edified.

But St. German's clothes and bedchamber were not less "impressive" than his diet. Summer and winter, we are told, he wore nothing but a shirt without sleeves, (tunic,) and a hood, (cuculla.) Under this shirt he "wore the badge of the religious profession, the hair-cloth, (cilicium,) which never left him." As this hair-cloth was a "badge," of course there could be no concealment there; and as it is *known* that it "never left him," no concealment seems to have been attempted. In truth, (as this author chooses to describe him,) he seems to have been a person of nasty habits, and to have made a merit of being so.

He seldom bought a new dress, but wore the old till it was nearly in rags, unless perchance he parted with it for some person in distress, whom he had no other means of relieving.—pp. 53, 54.

Though really one would have thought that a bishop, whose diet for thirty years consisted of a refection once or twice a-week of barley-bread of

his own manufacture, seasoned with a little ashes, could have afforded a poor man a few shillings, instead of giving him his only shirt, and that one, as appears by the sequel, not over and above clean. But then it would be so affecting, so very impressive, to see the good bishop taking off his only shirt, and giving it to some person in distress, and going about in his hood and hair-cloth till next quarter day came round, or a renewal fine dropt in, and enabled him to buy another for himself.

His bed was even more uninviting than his dress. Four planks, in the form of an oblong, contained *a bed of ashes*, which they prevented from being dispersed. By the continual pressure of the body, they had become hard, and presented a surface as rough as stone. On this he lay with his hair-cloth alone, and another coarse cloth for a coverlet. No pillow supported his head, his whole body lay flat on the painful couch. He did not take off his garment to sleep, and seldom even loosened the girdle, or took off his shoes.—p. 54.

Altogether, he must have been a most filthy and disagreeable person. One would suppose that a regard for his neighbour's comfort would have prevented his sleeping in the same clothes as he wore by day,—and that, on a bed of ashes; especially, as, —for anything that appears to the contrary,—he never took off the same suit of hair-cloth as long as it kept together. Even the cold-water system would have been preferable to this—at least, in moderation;—but, unfortunately, the Saints of this school, whatever else is known of them, do not let

their *moderation* be known to all men. In fact, they are always in one extreme or another;—either spending the best part of the day, or the whole of the night, up to their necks in a well or a fish-pond,—or else they labour under a spiritual hydrophobia, and are nuisances to all about them. The most delicate instance of consideration for the comforts of other people, that I can remember to have noticed in these Lives of the English Saints, is in the life of St. Bartholomew, the hermit, whom his biographer introduces to us by saying—

> We may feel startled and disgusted that such a figure with an ill smell of goat skins should come betwixt the wind and our nobility; but, turn away as we will, there he still stands to reproach our sloth and luxury, the genuine product of an age of faith.—Hermit Saints, pp. 132, 133.

Whence it may be concluded, that, in "an age of faith," *cleanliness* was not considered to be so near akin to *godliness*, as it has been deemed in the degenerate days of "most erring and most unfortunate England." However, even in "an age of faith," men had noses: and therefore, though one must believe it part of the heroicity of sanctity to have an ill smell, the saints did sometimes condescend to forego that virtue,—or at least to restrain it by a sort of a sumptuary law of cleanliness,—in condescension to their brethren's infirmities. So when Prior Thomas was deposed from Durham, and nothing would please him but, of all places in the world, to take up his abode with Bartholomew and

his goat skins — but I had better let the author tell his story in his own way—

> The coming of this new inmate was a trial to Bartholomew; he had as yet been uncontrolled in his *religious exercises*, he had now to consult the comfort of another. It was now to be proved whether he was so wedded to his austerities as not to give up as many of them as were shown to be against the will of God. He began well, for *he threw off the hair shirt which he had now worn for five years, because from long usage it had become foul and fetid*, and would disgust his companion. An unhappy cause of discussion however occurred, which marred the harmony even of this small society. Thomas could not bear the long fasts to which Bartholomew was accustomed, and Bartholomew would not remain at his meals as long as Thomas wished. The ex-prior, though the brother in every respect gave up to his will, grew angry, and called him a hypocrite.—pp. 148, 149.

Which really, I must say, was hardly fair, considering that Bartholomew had relinquished his old friend, the shirt, to please him. But will it not be rather a new idea to most people to be told, that wearing the same shirt for five years till it has become a downright nuisance, is a *religious exercise?* The heathens had more refined notions. With them a delicious perfume was one of the signs of deity.

> "Mansit odor; posses scire fuisse deam."

It remained for the advocates of "a deeper and more poetical religion," to reckon ill smells and nasty habits among the notes of sanctity, and the heroicities of virtue.

Not that these authors consider nastiness as absolutely conclusive of sanctity. There is a curious passage in the life of St. Walburga, (that legend to which Mr. Newman has thought fit to affix an especial imprimatur,) which looks as if the saints are not the only persons who annoy their neighbours in this way. On the contrary, they seem to have been sometimes annoyed in a similar manner themselves.

It is said of the holy Sturme, a disciple and companion of Winfrid, that in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in a stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them, that he nearly fainted away.—St. Walburga, p. 77.

Very remarkable. Yet, if these gambolling Germans had been converted, and become disciples of St. Bartholomew or St. German, it may be doubted whether the case would have been much mended.

CHAPTER XIX.

AQUATIC SAINTS.

BUT all this has led me away from St. German and his bed of ashes. The reader may be curious to know how he slept. This part of the fable, however, assumes rather a serious aspect, as it runs at once into that profaneness of which there is such frequent reason to complain.

His sleep was such as might be expected from these austerities; it was neither long, nor uninterrupted. Frequently *after the example of our Lord* he would pass the whole night in prayer; and it should seem that these holy vigils had a peculiar efficacy in his case, which manifested itself in the following mornings by miracles and extraordinary deeds. These midnight watchings were divided between the tears and groans of penitence and hymns of praise and intercession. In this manner, says his biographer, as we have before remarked, did the blessed German *expiate any past errors into which* human infirmity may have led him, and *set the example* of a sudden and transcendent holiness.—pp. 54, 55.

There are some who seem to think *an example is something which nobody is expected to imitate*, and thus the laity are fond of calling the clergy "*exemplary* characters." Really one would have hoped that something of this sort was meant by calling German an "*example*" of "a sudden and transcendent holiness," were it not, perhaps, better, on the whole, that it is otherwise. False doctrine is de-

prived of some of its danger when it is made repulsive. If people are taught, that they can "expiate" their sins by self-torments and a lingering suicide, it is just as well that they should be recommended also to eat ashes, and lie in dirt, and wear filthy clothes. The nastiness of one part of the prescription may prove an antidote to the poison of the other. Children have been cured of pilfering sweetmeats, by leaving some within their reach seasoned with aloes. Some young persons will, of course, be found to adopt any eccentricity that promises to make them "impressive;" and, now a days, many a one takes up with catholic usages and genuflexions, who but lately would have traded on moustaches or a Byron tie. St. German, however, can never find many imitators. The majority are likely to prefer more gentlemanlike modes of producing an effect; and few of those who are simply enthusiasts, will be found to persevere in following an "example" of "transcendent holiness" of this unclean description. To speak seriously: we may well be thankful that Mr Newman and his party have taken to make their errors ridiculous and disgusting. As long as penance consists in cold water, there may be something in it of romance and poetry. There is nothing poetical in nastiness—there is nothing romantic in an ill smell.

The notions which these writers are propagating regarding austerities are really most extraordinary.

For example, St. Gundleus, the Welsh hermit, built a church,

and there he began an abstinent and saintly life; his dress a hair cloth; his drink water; his bread of barley mixed with wood ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water; and by day he laboured for his livelihood. —p. 7.

St. Gundleus seems to have indulged himself in *clean* water for his drink. Not so St. Guthlake and St. Bettelin, of whom we are told that—

knowing that *the kingdom of God is not meat and drink*, they lived on barley bread and *muddy water*, with great abstinence.—p. 65.

However, whether it was the food or the drink, was of little moment. The barley bread mixed with ashes was fully as "impressive" as the muddy water;—namely, whenever the secret was suffered to escape.

But these are trifling compared with St. Neot's performances, who almost lived in a well that was near his hermitage.

In the monastery of Glastonbury he had learnt the mode of self-discipline by which St. Patrick had attained his saintly eminence, and now in his hermitage he almost rivalled him in austerities. Every morning St. Patrick repeated the Psalter through from end to end, with the hymns and canticles, and two hundred prayers. Every day he celebrated mass, and every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times; in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cockcrow he stood in water, until he said his prayers. Similarly each morn-

ing went St. Neot's orisons to heaven *from out of his holy well;* alike in summer and in the deep winter's cold, bare to his waist, he too each day repeated the Psalter through. —St. Neot, p. 101.

Which must have taken, at a very moderate computation, above four hours—to say nothing of the hymns, canticles, and the two hundred prayers. Why persons should compel themselves to repeat the whole psalter every day, one fails to discover in these books. The authors evidently wish to encourage the Romish notion, that there is something meritorious and expiatory in repeating the same words, crossings, or genuflexions, a certain number of times. Thus they tell of St. Wulstan, that—

Every day at each verse of the Seven Psalms, he bent the knee, and the same at the 119th Psalm at night. . . . . Every day he visited the eighteen altars that were in the old Church, bowing seven times before each.—p. 11.

No doubt, this everlasting system of bowing must have been very effective and impressive. For truly it was a "hard life," to say nothing of his bed; which we are told, "was the church floor or a narrow board—a book or the altar steps, his pillow.* Rather a strange example for a saint to set,—going deliberately to sleep in church—and one which "ordinary Christians" would not think it creditable to imitate.

But is it not wonderful these authors do not perceive, how utterly worthless all such performances

* Ibid.

must be, when they are thus made matters of exhibition and display? In the extraordinary specimen of aquatic piety, which they describe in the course of a story told in support of the doctrine of purgatory, it is plain that concealment was not even attempted.

He had a more private place of residence assigned him in that monastery, where he might apply himself to the service of his Creator in continual prayer. And as that place lay on the bank of the river, he was wont often to go into the same to do penance in his body, and many times *to dip quite under the water*, and *to continue saying psalms or prayers in the same* [what? while he was dipt "quite under the water"?] *as long as he could endure it*, standing still *sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes to the neck in water;* and when he went out from thence ashore, he *never took off his cold and frozen garments till they grew warm and dry on his body.* And when in the winter the half-broken pieces of ice were swimming about him, which he had himself broken to make room to stand or dip himself in the river, *those who beheld it* would say, "It is wonderful, brother Drithelm, (for so he was called,) that you are able to endure such violent cold;" he simply answered, for he was a man of much simplicity and indifferent wit, "I have seen greater cold," (referring to his vision of Purgatory.) And when they said, "It is strange that you will endure such austerity;" he replied, "I have seen more austerity." Thus he continued, through an indefatigable desire of heavenly bliss, to subdue his aged body with daily fasting, till the day of his being called away; and he forwarded the salvation of many by his words and *example*.—St. Wilfrid, p. 187.

In this instance, then, these cold water devotions were performed in public. People stood at the

water-side to behold him, and carried on conversations with brother Drithelm on the subject of his penances—and what he did, is said to have been an example—something seen, and intended to be seen.

However, with whatever motives such mortifications are practised—the question is,—are they Christian? Is it right for people to commit a protracted suicide? Is God honoured—is the soul benefited—by repeating the whole Psalter every day up to one's neck in water? This is the question. Is it right to turn devotion into a process of torture and self-murder, under the notion of being able by such cruelties to please our heavenly Father, and to expiate our sins? As to the by-ends and selfish motives such penitents may have,—it is a question of secondary importance, whether men are led to adopt these austerities, by love of singularity,—or pure fanaticism,—or a wish to gain influence, popularity, or power,—or to attract notice,—or without any very clearly defined motive at all.

The present inquiry has to do, not with the *motives* by which men may be induced to embrace Mr. Newman's system, but with the *system* itself.

CHAPTER XX.

MONASTICISM—ST. GILBERT'S NUNS—ST. EBBA—ST. GERMAN.

To recall our steps from this rambling digression,—again and again, I would ask,—what must be the effects of Mr. Newman's teaching on the subject of Holy Virginity? It is impossible to read such a passage as the following, without feelings of bewilderment almost approaching to disgust:—

> sometimes in the same place persons of both sexes, men and virgins, under the government of one spiritual father, or one spiritual mother, armed with the sword of the Spirit, did *exercise the combats of chastity* against the powers of darkness, enemies thereto.—St. Ebba, p. 108.

One would be sorry, indeed, to believe such writing as this to be any worse than fanaticism. But what good or Christian meaning it can have, is inexplicable. Surely, if persons of both sexes congregate together to "*exercise the combats of chastity*," a man must be very enthusiastic indeed who expects anything but mischief to come of it. And that mischief did come of it, is admitted by these authors themselves. They talk, indeed, of "the holy and beautiful theology of monastic vows," (St. Bega, p. 169,) and if we are to believe them,

> *Monastic orders are the very life's blood of a church*, monuments of true apostolic Christianity, the refuges of spirituality in the worst times, the nurseries of heroic bishops, the mothers of rough-handed and great-hearted

missionaries. *A Church without monasteries is a body with its right arm paralyzed.*—St. Wilfrid, pp. 62, 63.

This is glowing language; still they are obliged to own that now and then unpleasantnesses did occur.

some of the nuns of Watton, it is true, did become *savage old maids* instead of virgins of Christ.—St. Gilbert, p. 131.

And from what St. Adamnan told St. Ebba, of the state in which he found her monastery, "the holy and beautiful theology of monastic vows" seems to have had but little practical effect there.

You and many have need *to redeem your sins by good works*, and when they cease from the labors of temporal things, then to toil the more readily through the appetite of eternal goods; but very few indeed do so: I have but now visited and examined *the whole monastery in order*, I have inspected the cells and the beds, and I have found *none out of the whole number, except yourself*, occupied about the health of his soul; but all, men and women alike, are either slothfully asleep in bed, *or watch in order to sin.* Nay, the very cells that were built for praying or reading are now turned into resorts for eating, drinking, talking, and other enticements. The virgins, too, dedicated to God, put off the reverence of their profession, and whenever they have time, take pains in weaving fine robes either to adorn themselves as brides, to the great peril of their monastic state, or to win the admiration of strangers.—St. Adamnan, p. 131.

This, too, is stated to have occurred in the seventh century, in a monastery of which a canonized saint was the head. And yet the restoration of monkery is one of the most favourite projects of this school.

But, besides the tendency to evil of this sort, the

superstitious exaltation of virginity tends to destroy right notions on other subjects likewise. On charity, for instance.

the youthful Ebba was not allowed quietly to *satisfy her thirst for holy virginity;* the dazzling offers of the world must come and try her strength; the snare of seeking what is now-a-days called a more extended sphere of usefulness must tempt the simplicity of her self-renunciation. Alas! what a miserable, dwarfish standard of religious practice do these smooth words bring about among us now! The highest notion we are allowed to have of rank, wealth and mental powers is that they should be exercised to the full as means of influence for good ends. The world understands this and does not quarrel with the doctrine. But where is there about this teaching that foolishness in men's eyes which must ever mark the science of the Cross? Self-abjection surely is the highest of all oblations: *to forget the world or to hate it are far better than to work for it.* One is the taste of *ordinary Christians:* the other the object of *the Saints.*—St. Ebba, p. 109.

Just as if any one who had ever read the New Testament could be persuaded, that to labour to save human souls and relieve human misery is an inferior description of Christianity, unworthy of any but "ordinary Christians;"—and that if men will be *saints*, they must close their eyes and ears against the sufferings and ignorance of the world, and either bury themselves in some solitary nook, far from the call of charity, or else congregate men and women together in some monastery to "exercise the combats of chastity." But, really, it is useless to appeal to the Bible. Mr. Newman's theory of development makes novelty rather the proof of Catholicity.

In his school, it is no small commendation of any form of piety, that (as George Herbert is reported to have said of the style of King James's orations) "it was utterly unknown to the ancients."

Can anything be imagined more improper, than to induce a little girl of six years of age to make a vow of virginity, or, in fact, to suggest to her imagination such a subject at all? And yet this is the conduct ascribed to St. German. Having observed in the midst of the people, "a little girl about six years old,"—without having previously known anything whatever about her, not even her name,—but merely because he was struck with her countenance, and was,—as the author profanely suggests,—endued with a prophetical spirit,—he requested her—

> to *open her mind* to him, and *confess whether she intended to adopt the holy life of a Virgin, and become one of the Spouses of Christ. She declared that such was her desire, and that she had cherished it for some time*, [being then about six years old,] and entreated him to add his sanction and benediction.—St. German, p. 140.

On this, we are told, he led her to the church, and had a very long service performed, during the whole of which he kept his hand on the child's head.

> The following day German inquired of Genevieve whether she was still mindful of her late profession.—p. 141.

On which the author adds, in a note,—without seeming in the remotest degree conscious of the monstrous nature of the conduct he is describing—

> This seems decided proof that the child was very young.

The story proceeds—

Upon which, as if *full of the Divine Spirit*, she expressed *her determination to act up to it*, and desired he would always remember her in his prayers.

Of course the fable is to be propped up by the usual quantity of profaneness. And, therefore, German acts by "a prophetical spirit," and the poor child is described "as if full of the Divine Spirit."

While they were conversing, German beheld on the ground a copper coin with the impression of the cross upon it. *The interposition of God was deemed manifest.* On this he took up the coin, and gave it to her, and desired her always to wear it round her neck: which gives the author occasion to remark, "how early the practice prevailed among Christians of carrying at their neck some token of the mysteries of their religion,"* a hint, probably, of the propriety of wearing the scapular, and other Romish charms. It is really high time for those who value the souls of their children, to consider, whether they choose to have such notions as these put into the heads of little girls of six years old.

* I cannot refrain from quoting here a passage from Mr. Maitland's translation of St. Eloy's Sermon. "Let none presume to hang amulets on the neck of man or beast; *even though they be made by the clergy, and called holy things, and contain the words of Scripture*; for they are fraught, not with the remedy of Christ, but with the poison of the devil."—Dark Ages, pp. 151, 152.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. WILFRID AND ETHELDREDA—MR. NEWMAN'S NOTION OF TRUTH.

Nor are these the only particulars, in which the piety of Littlemore differs from the notions ordinary Christians have learned from the Holy Scriptures and the Church of England. The manner in which Wilfrid's conduct regarding Etheldreda and her husband is defended, will afford a sufficiently instructive example.

It was mainly through Wilfrid's attestation that the Church came to know of the perpetual virginity of St. Etheldreda; and some little of her history must be related here, to clear up what is rather intricate in Wilfrid's life. St. Etheldreda was married to Egfrid in 660 or thereabouts, and desired to live with him a life of continence. The prince felt a scruple in denying this request; but after some time had elapsed, seeing the reverence which St. Etheldreda had for Wilfrid, to whom she had given the land for his abbey at Hexham, Egfrid determined to use the bishop's influence in persuading the holy virgin to forego her purpose. He offered Wilfrid large presents in land and money, if he should succeed. How far Wilfrid dissembled with the king, or whether he dissembled at all, we cannot now ascertain: that he practised concealment is clear, and doubtless he thought it a duty *in such a matter*, and *doubtless he was right: it would be presumptuous to apologize for his conduct; he is a canonized Saint in the Catholic Church.* Of course, it is not pretended that the lives of the Saints do not afford us warnings by their infirmities, as well as examples by their graces. Only, where a matter is doubtful, it would be surely an

awful pride not to speak reverently of those whom the discernment of the Church has canonized. The way in which the Fathers treat of the failings of the blessed Patriarchs should be our model.—Wilfrid, pp. 72, 73.

From this it appears, that the theory of "*white* lies" is not so peculiar to the Romanists of the Sister Island, as has been commonly imagined. But what will *Mr. Newman* say to such morality as this? Does he, too, think that disingenuous conduct can be justified merely by saying, the dissembler was "a canonized saint," and it would be "*an awful pride* not to speak reverently" of such an one? that "doubtless he was right," and "it would be presumptuous to apologize for his conduct?" Of course, if he disapproved of such doctrine, he would not have permitted it to see the light; though, perhaps, he might have been expected to have brought a little more ingenuity to its justification. In his volume of University Sermons, in a note on the Sermon on Development, he says,

it is not more than an hyperbole to say that, *in certain cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth.* This seems the meaning for instance of St. Clement, when he says "He [the Christian] both thinks and speaks the truth, unless when at any time, in the way of treatment, as a physician towards his patients, so for the welfare of the sick he will be false, or will tell a falsehood, as the sophists speak. For instance, the noble apostle circumcised Timothy, yet cried out and wrote 'circumcision availed not,'" &c.—Strom. vii. 9. We are told that "God is not the son of man, that he should repent," yet, It repented the Lord that he had made man.—Univ. Sermons, p. 343.

It is hard to say, whether the profaneness of the latter part of this passage, or the immorality of the principle it is brought to justify, be the more shocking. But what sort of notion can Mr. Newman have of the nature of truth and falsehood? "*A lie the nearest approach to truth!*" Really it reminds one of the old gentleman who used to say, that people complained he was always half a note out of tune; but, for his part, he was not a very good judge of music, but he thought that was coming pretty near the mark.—And to touch, in passing, on another point. Some people are exceedingly sensitive when Mr. Newman's name is irreverently handled, or his integrity questioned. I have already stated that I have always disliked allowing this discussion to assume a personal form. But really, Mr. Newman's partisans would do well to ask themselves, what they would think or say, if they should find such a deliberate attempt to justify falsehood and dishonesty in the columns of the Record.

The whole subject is in truth most painful and humiliating; and in its consequences, it is impossible to calculate the amount of mischief which the system propagated by this party is likely to effect. Nor is it merely from the revulsion produced by their extravagancies and Romanizings,—carrying the public headlong into the extremes of Latitudinarianism,—giving occasion for the enemies of Episcopacy and the Church of England to triumph,—

terrifying and disgusting serious and inquiring persons,—setting the laity against the bishops, and the clergy against their congregations:—these are not all the evils to be apprehended; but over and above all these, are the consequences resulting from the erroneous nature of their teaching regarding celibacy and mortifications. The former topic I have already touched on more than once, though not oftener than the extreme importance of the subject demands. For, certainly, it would be absurd to expect any other effects than such as one cannot bear to dwell on, if the notions advocated by this school are suffered to be instilled into the minds of children and young persons. Besides,—as I have already observed,—and a most serious consideration it is,—they are casting suspicion over persons of truly respectable character. While, at the same time, their mode of caricaturing the habits of self-denial and making them odious, by the pharisaical spirit of display with which they are connected,—on the one hand,—and the fearfully erroneous doctrine of expiatory penance they are mixed up with,—on the other,—cannot but furnish the worldly and self-indulgent with plausible excuses for closing their hearts against the true and scriptural doctrine of the cross. Hard it is at all times to induce the luxurious and extravagant to remember, that there is a real meaning in denying one's self daily, and bearing the cross of our Master,

and crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts. Men are ready enough to put from them the consideration of such duties as these—too ready to seize a plausible excuse for rejecting them *on principle*. And certainly, if Mr. Newman and his party had intended to make self-denial ridiculous and suspicious—as nothing better than popery and fanaticism,—I can hardly imagine what more effectual methods they could have taken.

CHAPTER XXII.

THESE WRITERS MISREPRESENT THE CHARACTERS OF THE SAINTS—ST. WULSTAN AND THE GOOSE.

In addition to the mischievous effects I have already noticed, as likely to result from the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Newman and his friends are dealing with the history of the English church, there is one which can hardly fail to have struck most readers, and which, to my own knowledge, several excellent persons have already felt and deplored. It is this—that, by the colouring which their own fanaticism has given to their Lives of the English Saints, these authors are associating with ridiculous and grotesque ideas, names which for ages had been regarded with affection and respect. Even among those who were wholly unacquainted with the particular circumstances of the history of the subjects of this series of biography, there was a sort of traditional veneration, a vague and undefined impression that these were good and holy men, who, in their generation, amidst more or less of error and credulity, loved God and served their fellow-creatures. And, with the majority, this feeling has outlived the memory of everything about them but their names, and weathered out the storms of civil and religious revolutions. But now, even this as-

sociation of affection with these ancient servants of God is likely soon to be destroyed; and, what with the legends these volumes contain of pharisaical devotions, fanatical austerities, and grotesque miracles, before these writers have finished their pernicious labours, many a one whom we and our fathers have thought of only as wise and holy men, will come to be considered as little better than hypocrites and fanatics—in fact, as a species of spiritual mountebanks, whose piety seemed as if contrived for the purpose of making religion ridiculous. And, when to this are added the other ill effects of these works, their erroneous notions regarding celibacy, marriage, monkery, and expiatory penance—and their constant uniform design to advance the interests of the see of Rome, it is greatly to be feared, that, by the time they have done, every remnant of what deserves to be called catholic feeling, will be in a fair way of being banished from the country.

How many, for example, are there, who,—if they were asked who St. Wulstan was, or where he lived, could tell very little, if anything, about him;—yet have a traditional feeling of respect for his memory, as one who served God and was a benefactor to his generation. And those who know a little more have probably been in the habit of clinging to the hope, that he was a wiser man than his historians. But are such feelings likely to survive the stories which disfigure his memory in this

new version of his life? Take the following specimen:—

He was not above confessing that a savoury roast goose which was preparing for his dinner had once so *taken up his thoughts*, that he could not attend to the service he was performing, *and that he had punished himself for it, and given up the use of meat in consequence.*—p. 13.

Such a story would give one the idea as if St. Wulstan was rather fond of eating:—and so, all through these works, the accounts they give of austerity and self-denial, convey, in the most painful manner, the notion, that those whom they hold up as models of these virtues, were naturally persons of gross appetites and peculiarly depraved inclinations. And then, observe the conclusion of the sentence. If a Christian clergyman was really not above the weakness of having his thoughts *so taken up* with "a savoury roast goose," that "*he could not attend to the service he was performing*," why should he speak of his infirmity? Or, if this were allowable, why should he *inform* people, "that he had punished himself for it, and given up the use of meat in consequence?" True humility would feel little inclination to speak of the infirmity—still less of the methods taken to correct it. And, very possibly, if St. Wulstan had ever put himself under such a restraint as to give up "the use of meat in consequence," he would have taken care to conceal his abstinence from the eyes of men; at least one

would rather hope so. But the notion these authors entertain of mortification is essentially pharisaical. Everything is to be done for effect—impression—and display—"to be seen of men." And so it unavoidably happens that, in describing the saints *such as they think saints ought to be*, they copy the pattern and ideal of sanctity in their own minds, and so the reputation of the saint himself is injured by the follies of his biographer.

In the present instance, it would have been as well if this biographer had given his authority for his statements, that the roast goose had "*so taken up his* (Wulstan's) *thoughts*, that he could not attend to the service he was performing"—and also, that "*he was not above confessing*" both his infirmity and the punishment he inflicted on himself in consequence. William of Malmesbury gives no sanction for either statement: and, with regard to Wulstan's talking of the matter, the historian would lead one to suppose he never did; since he expressly says, not only that he *made an excuse* at the time for not stopping to taste the goose—but that he used to affirm that he had no desire, or felt no want, of such meats—in order, as it would seem, to set any of his guests and companions at ease, who might happen to observe his customary abstemiousness. Perhaps this author has merely mistaken the historian's meaning, but the pharisaical character of his own

system has led him to give a colour to the story most injurious to Wulstan's memory.*

* . . . "die certa ad quoddam placitum exire deberet, necessitas rei omni excusationi repudium indixerat. Visum est tamen ut ante missam cantatam inediæ consuleret. Acceleratur a clientibus, ne impransus abiret dominus, apponitur auca igni. Astitit altari presbyter, et devotione, qua solet agit, cum inter secreta Missæ, quia erat Ecclesia domni vicina, nidor adustæ carnis nares ejus opplevit. Odor mentem advocavit, ut et voluptatis illecebra caperetur, *continuoque reducto animo* culpam agnoscens, luctabatur valide ut cogitationem alias averteret: sed cum id frustra esset, iratus sibi juramentum ad sacramenta, quæ tangebat, fecit, nullo se amplius pacto id genus cibi comesturum. Cantata ergo Missa cibo vacuus ad negotium discessit, *quod jam tardior hora urgeret causatus.* Occasio illa effecit, ut arduum penitus sequutus exemplum, omni in perpetuum carne et etiam unctiori cibo temperaret; non tamen comedentes rigido suspendens supercilio, *nullo se affirmabat eorum ciborum teneri desiderio*, si qua tamen esset caro delectabilis, opinari se, quod alaudæ majorem vescentibus darent voluptatem." Malmesb. De Gest. Pont. IV. Surely it is scarcely possible, that this English biographer mistook the meaning of "culpam agnoscens;" and yet there are no other words in the story which could be tortured into a foundation for his statement, that Wulstan *was not above confessing*, &c. It is quite clear, from the story, that Wulstan did no such thing, but on the contrary, took some trouble to conceal both his momentary infirmity, and the oath he had taken to avenge it. It would have been as well, also, if this biographer had observed that, whether the story of the goose be true or not, William of Malmesbury represents the circumstance as having taken place when Wulstan was a very young man—"Erat tum ille primæ lanuginis ephebus"—are the historian's words. As the story is told by the modern biographer, one might imagine it occurred after he was prior of his monastery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORE MISREPRESENTATIONS: ST. WULSTAN AND HIS CLERGY.

ANOTHER story, taken from the account of St. Wulstan's devotional habits, will serve further to illustrate the preceding remarks, and to show what injustice these writers are doing to the memory of the English Saints. After he became a bishop, it is said that he used to travel about "on horseback with his retinue of clerks and monks," and, "as they rode along, he repeated the Psalter, the Litanies, and the Office for the Dead," and compelled them to make the responses—and "his monks often thought him very tiresome"—especially as "he used often to put them out, by his habit of repeating over and over again 'the prayer verses,' 'to the weariness of his fellow-chanters.'" The narrative proceeds thus—

His biographer tells a story which shows *the trials to which he used to expose his clerics' patience*, and the way in which *they sometimes revenged themselves*. It is *characteristic of both parties*.

A curious notion of sanctity and an age of faith, this author would wish his readers to receive! As if the saints were persons who practised devotion in order to annoy and worry their neighbours and dependents.

"He always went to Church, to chant matins," says his

biographer, "however far off it might be; whether it was snowing or raining, through muddy roads or fog, to Church he must go; he cared for nothing, so that he got there: and truly he might say to Almighty God, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house.' Once, when he was staying at Marlow, on his way to court at Christmas tide, according to his wont he told his attendants that he was going early to the Church. The Church was a long way off; the deep mire of the road might have deterred a walker, even by daylight, and there was besides, a sleety drizzle falling. His clerics mentioned these inconveniences, but he was determined; he would go, even if no one went with him, only would they [why *they?* 'tantum monstraretur sibi via,' is all Malmesbury says] show him the way. The clerics were obliged to yield, and concealed their annoyance."—pp. 19, 20.

For it seems, we are to believe that, *in reality*, he was not content to go alone. He *said* indeed "he would go, even if no one went with him;" but it was very sufficiently understood by his clerics that they were expected to go along with him: at least this is the impression this author would convey.

But one of them, named Frewen, a hot-tempered fellow, to make matters worse, took hold of the bishop's hand, and guided him where the swamp was deepest, and the road roughest. The bishop sank up to his knees in the mud, and lost one of his shoes; but he said nothing, for *the object* of the clerics had been to make the bishop give up his resolution.—Ibid.

Whether this representation of a bishop and his clergy going to matins in such a temper, is likely to make the restoration of daily service seem more desirable to those who as yet are indisposed to

it, may be doubted. But this is an interruption. And we have left one, at least, of the party up to his knees in the mud.

The day was far advanced when he returned to his lodgings, his limbs half dead with the cold, and not till then did he mention his own suffering, and the cleric's offence. Yet *he* MERELY *ordered them to go and look for the shoe.*

Which shoe he had lost one knows not how far off, and that, too, in mud so deep, that he had sunk up to his knees in it. He *merely* ordered *them* to go and look for the shoe; a pleasant conclusion, truly, to their morning's devotions! and no less pleasant a mode of correcting the lukewarm piety of a company of clergymen! How fond they must have been of each other: to say nothing of Mr. Frewen, who seems the very prototype of the "*artful dodger!*"

Yet he merely ordered them to go and look for the shoe; he spoke no word of reproach to the offender, but put a cheerful face on the matter, and carried off the insult with a cheerful countenance. For the bishop was a man of great patience; nothing put him out of temper whether annoyance or impertinence; for people there were who often made game of him, even to his face.—Ibid.

Now, supposing this to be a faithful exhibition of the piety and temper of Wulstan, and of the mode in which he governed his clergy and they treated him, may it not be fairly questioned, whether any good end can be answered by putting the temper and manners of the clergy of any age before the public in so burlesque a character? It is easy

to talk of Wulstan's having a good temper, but such a person as is described by his present biographer, few would like to associate with—fewer still (of the clergy at least) would covet for their bishop. There is an odd and eccentric air of spitefulness given to his character by this author. What kind-hearted person, at the end of such an uncomfortable walk, would think of revenging a personal affront in such a manner? What Christian bishop would chastise an act, which he knew originated in the dislike of his clergy to attend the services of the church—services, by the way, which he seems (according to this description) to have studied to make as irksome and fatiguing to them as possible—by sending them back—*ordering them* back—for, according to this author, he used his episcopal authority for the purpose of revenging a childish impertinence and a personal indignity—*ordering them* back, in the cold and rain of an evening at Christmas, to look for his shoe in mud knee deep. It seems an insult to the memory of such men, to caricature them in this preposterous manner. I may as well remark, however, that Malmesbury says nothing of Wulstan's ordering *the clergy* to look for his shoe—he rather implies that he gave them no further trouble in the matter; and at all events he does not say who was sent. "Præcepit etiam, ut quæreretur calceus; et nullo convitio in contumacem insectus, sed atrocitatem facti vultus hilaritate attenuans." These are

the historian's words, and nothing can be clearer from them than that not even Frewen himself was punished, and also that this author's notion of Wulstan's punishing the clergy by *merely* ordering *them* to go and look for the shoe, has no foundation, except in his own misconception of the historian's meaning. And yet the misrepresentation of this one particular does serious injury to the character of Wulstan.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE MISREPRESENTATIONS: ST. WULSTAN AND HIS MONASTERY—ST. WULSTAN AND THE ANGLO-SAXON GALLANTS—HIS AUSTERITIES.

UNDER the rule of this saint, as these writers depict him, religious exercises were made an intolerable burden to his clergy. They describe him as one who took pleasure in annoying them:—

> he was very strict in requiring from his monks and those about him an exact performance of that regular worship for which monasteries were founded. If one of the brethren was absent from the night service, he took no notice at the time, but when the others had retired to their beds to wait for morning, he used quietly to wake the absentee, and make him go through the appointed office, himself remaining with him and making the responses. — pp. 18, 19.

How such a person must have been detested! And what good could possibly follow from devotions in which the inferior must have been in no very placid frame, while submitting to the malicious waggery of his superior!

But as the story is given here, an entirely wrong impression is conveyed: it being in reality an instance, not of Wulstan's *strictness* and annoying severity—but of his mildness in punishing, as Prior, the transgressions of his monks; and, in point of fact, sharing in the punishment himself. "Transgressiones autem suorum et tolerabat opportunè, et arguebat pro tempore." Such are the words which

Malmesbury illustrates by this example; and if this modern biographer had perceived his meaning, the character of Wulstan would have suffered less.

But this author describes Wulstan as exercising fully as much ingenuity in tormenting the laity; particularly "at King Harold's court," where—

his neighbourhood was especially dangerous to the long flowing tresses with which it was the fashion of the Anglo-Saxon gallants to adorn themselves, and to which Wulstan had taken a special dislike, as being a mark of effeminacy. Wulstan had very little notion of ceremony, where he thought that right and wrong were concerned; and *he was not without relish for a practical joke at times.* "Accordingly," says his biographer, "if any of them *placed their heads within his reach*, he would, with his own hands crop their wanton locks. He had for this a little knife, wherewith he was wont to pare his nails, and scrape dirt off books. With this he cut off the first fruits of their curls, enjoining them on their obedience, to have the rest cut even with it. If they resisted, then he loudly chode them for their softness, and openly threatened them with evil." —Ibid. pp. 20, 21.

One would have thought that those who are employed to depict the character of the saints for the benefit of "most erring and most unfortunate England," would scarcely have chosen to represent a bishop and a saint as a person who had "a relish for a practical joke." According to this biographer, Wulstan's love for "a practical joke" seems to have carried him rather beyond the bounds of propriety. He "had very little notion of ceremony," as this author tells us, and so, even in the king's court, he

must have his joke; and the absurd picture is presented to the mind, of a saint pursuing the young gallants, knife in hand, and cropping the wanton locks from any of those who were unlucky enough to have "placed their heads within his reach;" a mistake, one would have imagined, not many were likely to make who had witnessed the demolition of their companions' tresses. But what authority has this author for representing this matter in such a ludicrous light, and making Wulstan look more like a court jester and buffoon, than a grave and zealous bishop? How did he discover that the transaction took place at King Harold's court at all? For anything that appears, Wulstan did nothing inconsistent with the dignity of his station. He seems to have had no idea of a joke of any sort in the transaction, much less to have behaved with such want of decorum at the royal court, as this story would lead one to suppose. But, when persons came, seeking to have his hands laid on their heads, he took the opportunity of marking his dislike of the effeminacy of the age by cutting off some of their locks, and offering [scil: to God] the first-fruits of their hair, enjoining them by their obedience [scil: their vow of obedience] to cut the remainder to an equal length. There is nothing like a practical joke in all this; and one can hardly imagine anything more calculated to bring into contempt and derision the excellent men, who, according to their

light, served God and their fellow-creatures in an age of imperfect civilization, than representing their conduct in this grotesque and ludicrous manner.

These men may have known little of the refinements of later ages. But they knew what was due to propriety and exalted station, and it was not by playing off *practical jokes* on young courtiers that they obtained a hold so powerful and lasting on the veneration and gratitude of their country. A similar remark will apply to many of their austerities. They did things which are not to be justified by the rule of the New Testament. They practised mortifications in public, which should have been practised in private, if at all. And most probably, their monkish historians have made their conduct appear still worse in these respects than it really was. But, now, when people are no longer writing under the influences of mediæval notions and habits and superstitions, it becomes a very serious matter, to find the very least defensible points in the conduct of men of piety and wisdom selected as models of the sanctity and heroic virtues of an age of faith.

An illustration of the last observation is at hand from this same life of St. Wulstan. Aldred, Archbishop of York, was employed, along with two cardinals sent from Rome, to select a person as his successor in the see of Worcester, from which he had been translated to York. After some time spent in travelling over almost the whole of Eng-

land, they came to Worcester, and remained on a visit with Wulstan, in his monastery, "and there they spent the whole of Lent." The author proceeds,—

This time was kept by Wulstan with *special* severity. [Why *special?* One would like to see the authority for this. William of Malmesbury says nothing of Wulstan's keeping Lent one way or other.] As a courteous host, he left nothing undone which was due to his guests from English hospitality and bounty; [Aderat eis humanitas hospitis nihil prætermittentis, quo minus Anglorum dapsilem liberalitatem et liberalem dapsilitatem experirentur," says the historian. And certainly, considering he is speaking of two Cardinals, and an Archbishop keeping Lent in a monastery, his language is remarkable—] but he himself adhered rigorously to his *accustomed* rules; he omitted none of his prayers, and relaxed none of his abstinence. All night long he continued in prayer, even after the night Psalms were ended. Three times in the week he tasted nothing day or night, and during this time never broke silence; the other three days his food was bread and common vegetables, and on Sunday he added some fish and wine "out of reverence for the Festival." Every day he received and ministered to three poor men, supplying to them their daily bread and washing their feet. When Easter came, the Cardinals returned to King Edward's court, and when the question arose, who was to be the new Bishop of Worcester, they mentioned with high admiration the name of the austere and hard-working Prior, of whose way of life they had lately been daily witnesses.—pp. 13, 14.

It is not every one who can read the original of this story, without feeling his respect for Wulstan shaken, if not considerably diminished. The facts

are simply these. A clergyman of high rank, Prior of Worcester, received on a visit of some length two cardinals and the Archbishop of York, who were at the time notoriously engaged in looking out for a bishop for the vacant see of Worcester. He entertained them with hospitality and splendour befitting his own station and theirs. But during the entire time of their visit, he himself practised such a course of austerities as it would have been scarcely possible to conceal, but which were, in point of fact, made so conspicuous and remarkable, that his visitors, on their return to court, recommended him for the vacant bishopric. Now, supposing this story to be true, it is still very possible that Wulstan may have been perfectly innocent of any selfish object in these austerities. But to any one whose notions of practical piety are derived from the New Testament, and who has not sufficient acquaintance with the modes of thinking that obtained in those times to enable him to make allowances for conduct like this, the reading of such a story can have no other effect than to lower exceedingly his estimation of Wulstan's character. Indeed, it appears obvious to me that the effects of such representations—and generally—of the propagation of such notions as these writers are advocating—cannot but be most injurious in many ways. These books, not only recommend the practice of such self-inflicted tortures, as amount to a gradual suicide,—but they

also hold up to public veneration the *displaying* of these austerities, in order to make an impression, and to gain a reputation for sanctity. Supposing the foregoing story to be true, one is glad to put the most favourable construction it will bear on Wulstan's conduct: but, for those who *select* such conduct as a pattern of saintly piety, there is no other conclusion to be drawn, than that they mean to teach men to practise such display and ostentation of austerities and private devotions, as are wholly incompatible with the retirement and secrecy commanded by the Author of our religion. I must beg my reader to recollect what are the facts of the case. These men are not writing History. They are not dry Annalists. They do not profess to be so. Nor do they pretend to sift truth from falsehood, or to recover facts and characters from the disfigurement of apocryphal and preposterous traditions, or from the errors of former biographers. With very slender materials—sometimes with none which can pretend to be regarded as authentic,—they have dressed up legends, in which the reputation of venerable and venerated names is injured, as much by their mistaking and misrepresenting the meaning of the authorities they profess to follow, as by the tinge, which their own erroneous and superstitious notions give to everything they meddle with. Let them but succeed in raising up a generation of such saints as they describe, and in persuading men

to regard them as saints,—and it is perfectly clear, that they would lower the standard of Christian piety and morals in the country. This, however, they are not likely to do. But, meantime, it is impossible for plain men of common understanding to avoid seeing, that the inevitable consequence of such perversions of ecclesiastical history can be nothing else than this ; that, while, on the one hand,—all recommendations of the cultivation of mortified and self-denying habits and tempers will be received with distrust and suspicion,—on the other,—the remains of what deserves to be called Catholic feeling will be utterly destroyed;—that feeling, namely, which makes a Protestant of the nineteenth century cling to the thought, that, however the errors and superstitions of their times may have disfigured their piety, our forefathers and predecessors were men of real simplicity, earnest faith, and clear-sighted wisdom. And the loss of this feeling will be a real loss. And when these authors have succeeded in persuading the world, that those whose names have been held sacred by Englishmen for ages, were no better than fanatics, and buffoons, and practical jokers, they will have inflicted an injury on the public mind, for which their system offers nothing sufficient to compensate. This thought seems never to occur to them.

CHAPTER XXV.

PHARISAICAL AUSTERITIES: ST. WILLIAM.

Nor do these writers appear at all more conscious of the pharisaical character of the piety they are recommending. On the contrary, they seem to take it as a matter of course, that the austerities they describe were seen, and known, and public; and that power and admiration were the natural and egitimate rewards enjoyed by those who practised them. Take another example from the life of St. William:

> In those days, when the blessed effects of penance and the discipline of the church were acknowledged by all true Christians, men would be as it were on the look-out, to hear of or see those who had given themselves up to the practice of sincere repentance, as persons for whom the Lord had done great things, whom only to see was a great privilege, and a most sure means of self-improvement. Thus we may imagine *the fame* of William's life at Winchester *had reached the ears of all* earnest and religious men, and they naturally longed to see him, not as it would be in these days, to criticise or ridicule, or to pronounce him a wild enthusiast and fanatic, who knew not the spirit of the Gospel, but *to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence*, if haply they might gain somewhat of his spirit, and receive from his holy lips words of comfort and encouragement.—St. William, pp. 47, 48.

Considering the erroneous doctrine this author has broached regarding the Lord's atonement, this sneer at those who are disposed to look on such characters as he describes as ignorant of "the spirit

of the gospel," is not very becoming. The austerities of St. William he tells us were practised because "he wished to do penance for his past sins, and to extinguish, by the abundance of his tears, the avenging punishment of future fire."* And he further tells us,—and a very remarkable piece of dogmatic theology it is for a divine of the church of England to make himself responsible for,—that

> The tears which gush from the really broken and contrite heart, *unite in wonderful co-operation with the blood of the Holy Lamb, to wash*, as we may say, once more *the sinful soul*.—p. 44.

Persons who write in this way do not seem very competent judges of what "the spirit of the Gospel is." But this by the way. The sanctity of St. William—"those wonderful, unearthly, and saint-like qualities, which, in technical language, are called 'heroic virtue'"†—those actions, the *fame* of which made people anxious "to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence," were pretty much what one has found so frequently recommended in these volumes as a mode of expiating sins:—

> for five long years he continued at the peaceful monastery, steadfast in the exercise of penance; constant and unwearied in prayers, and fastings, and nightly vigils, in the holy round of fast and festival, and sacred seasons, hoping for nothing and desiring nothing, but the forgiveness of his past sins, and grace to serve his Lord faithfully for the future.—pp. 43, 44.

But how did all this get to be so universally

* Page 42. † Page 41.

known and talked of? People might be "on the look-out" as much as they pleased "to hear of or see" such a person; but all this took place in a monastery; and monks and hermits do not appear to have been in the habit of issuing a Court Circular to acquaint the world every day with St. William's doings in his cell, or how St. Neot went on in his fish-pond, or St. Bartholomew and St. German in their perennial shirts. To speak plainly, these authors seem to have no idea of any one practising austerities which are not to be *seen* or *heard of*; and the step from this to the ascetic's exhibiting himself for people "to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence," is but too short and too easy. The persons they describe may not have fallen into such a miserably low and degraded state;—a man of really catholic feeling would be sorry to learn that they ever did. But that is not a question of any pressing importance at present. Just now, it is of moment that the public should be fully aware of the system of doctrine, and piety, and morals, Mr. Newman and his party are labouring to propagate; and, looking at the question in this light, I cannot but think, it must be evident to any one who will take the trouble to make himself acquainted with their publications, that the character of the devotions and austerities they are recommending is essentially pharisaical,—in the most offensive sense of the word, short of deliberate fraud and hypocrisy.

But is any considerable number of persons at all likely to be led astray by a system of teaching so palpably erroneous and unchristian, and—what is more to the point at present—so utterly uncongenial with the habits of English piety? It is not easy to determine such a question. Nor, I suppose, will the question, in this connexion, seem of much moment, except to those who are accustomed to measure the importance of falsehood or error by the evil it produces, and by their estimate of that evil and its proximity to determine, whether it be worth while to contradict the falsehood or expose the error. However, as to the likelihood of these notions becoming popular, it may be observed,—that, whoever be the party at whose risk and charge these Lives of the English Saints are published, a considerable sum must be embarked in the speculation, and (making every allowance for the zeal and perseverance with which Mr. Newman's party have from the outset laboured to propagate their opinions) it is scarcely to be supposed they would have brought out ten* volumes within the year, in so expensive a form, unless the circulation of the work had proved extensive enough to pay its expenses, at least. Of course, in the absence of private information, which on this point I do not pretend to possess, this can be no more than conjecture. Those who supply funds for the undertaking, may be con-

* Now fourteen.

tent to lose a certain amount in the propagation of their opinions. Nor do I think it a question of much importance; because error and falsehood on such sacred subjects should be exposed, without our stopping to consider how far they are likely to become popular. If, however, this party are correctly informed, their system, in some of its most objectionable forms, is making considerable way, and the opposition to their opinions gradually diminishing. The author of the Life of St. German, the ninth volume of these Lives of the English Saints, commences the advertisement prefixed to that volume in the following manner:—

> Care has been taken in the annexed work, to avoid as far as possible all dogmatism upon disputed points of doctrine and discipline. The austerities of saints and the miracles they performed, are, in some measure, an exception; both because *the numbers of those who have ungenial feelings with regard to them, are gradually diminishing*, and because they form, as it were, the very substance of ancient Hierology.

This is a remarkable passage. The story quoted in the chapter, of St. German's persuading a child of six years old to bind herself by a vow "to adopt the holy life of a Virgin, and become one of the Spouses of Christ," may, surely, be considered to involve points of some moment, both of "doctrine and discipline," and points, it is to be hoped, which may *still* be reckoned among "*disputed* points," in this author's sense of the term. Considerable pro-

gress, it is to be feared, has been made in a wrong direction; but we are not yet arrived at an uniformity of error, even on the topic of virginity and vows. A similar observation will apply to the doctrine of expiatory mortification inculcated in the account of St. German's austerities. There is another passage also in this same volume which seems rather to touch on "disputed points of doctrine and discipline;" and the instance is the more worthy of notice, because, as in the stories of the little girl, and of the dietary of St. German, the points of doctrine and discipline are not dogmatically asserted, nor even argued, but are quietly assumed and taken for granted, as points on which all Christians are agreed. The story is as follows:—

He [German] was once travelling in winter. Oppressed with fatigue and the effects of his long fasts, he retired towards the evening with his attendants to a deserted ruin not far from his road. The place was said to be infested with evil spirits; and it was conspicuous for its wild and rugged appearance. He was not however hindered from taking up his abode there for the night. His followers on arriving began to prepare their supper, and sat down to eat. St. German abstained from all food. In the meantime, the Reader read aloud some pious work, after the manner introduced into monasteries, and which still is observed in religious houses.* As he continued his

* Meaning, no doubt, in convents and nunneries, &c. This affectation of the technical nomenclature of Romanism is one of the features of these books. Thus, we hear of children "vowed to *religion*," (St. Wulstan, p. 6;) and of a name "taken *in religion*," (St Bartholomew, p. 135.)

task, German fell into a deep sleep. Immediately a spectre appeared before the Reader, and a violent shower of stones beat against the walls of the ruin. The young man alarmed awoke the bishop, who, in the name of Christ adjured the spectre to explain the cause of the visit. The mysterious personage answered, that he, with another, had formerly been the perpetrator of great crimes, for which after death they had remained unburied, and had been deprived of the rest allowed to other departed spirits. German having ascertained the spot where the bodies of these wretched men had lain, assembled on the following morning the people of the neighbourhood, and employed them in removing the ruins. After much labour they found two corpses loaded with iron chains. "Then, we are informed, according to the Christian custom of burial, a pit was made, the chains taken off, linen garments thrown over them, and intercession offered up to obtain rest for the departed and peace for the living." Henceforth the spot was again inhabited and grew into a prosperous and flourishing abode.—St. German, pp. 88, 89.

The object of this pretty specimen of a ghost story is plainly, to inculcate the doctrine of purgatory and of prayers for the repose of the dead, and their deliverance from that place of expiation; and the mode in which this author quietly assumes the truth of these pernicious fictions, and treats them as no longer among the "*disputed* points," is not a little remarkable. But this plan of insinuating the errors of Rome in the vehicle of marvellous tales runs all through these volumes.

However, as we have seen, the biographer of St. German informs us in his advertisement, that "the austerities of saints and the miracles they

performed are points he does not consider it necessary to abstain from, and tells us, as one of his reasons, that "the numbers of those who have ungenial feelings with regard to them are gradually diminishing." He may be right. But, as far as *austerities* are concerned, the church of England must be in a strange state, if any considerable numbers can read the account of St. German's austerities with any other than most "ungenial feelings;" and alarming indeed must be the condition of the public mind, if the numbers of those who view such writings with sentiments of loathing "are gradually diminishing." I cannot but hope the author sees things through the medium of his wishes. In spite of his assurances to the contrary, I cannot but indulge in the confidence, that common sense has not yet been altogether sneered out of society, and that there are few, very few, indeed, and these persons of no weight or influence, to whom the ostentation of these austerities is not as abhorrent as their nastiness is disgusting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIRACLES: ST. GERMAN AND THE COCK.

BUT the miracles:—the public, it appears, are "gradually" getting to reckon them among the points about which there is no dispute. It may not be amiss, then, to look a little into the character of the miracles with which these Lives of the English Saints abound. We have not far to go for an illustration. The next paragraph in the Life of St. German will afford a specimen.

During the same journey he retired one evening to the dwelling of some persons of humble condition. Though he could command the attentions of the wealthy and great, yet he often avoided them, and frequented the lower ranks of life. While he was thus lodged, he passed the whole night in prayer, *as was his practice after our Lord's example.* [But, was it our Lord's *practice?*] Daylight broke in, and to his surprise the cock failed to herald in the morning. He asked the reason, and learned that an obstinate taciturnity had succeeded to the usual cry. Pleased at finding an opportunity of rewarding his hosts, German took some wheat, blessed it, and gave it to some of the birds to eat, whereby he restored their natural faculties. A deed of this kind, which might have been forgotten by the rich, was likely to remain fixed in the memory of the poor. The appreciation of any action depends generally on the degree of utility which it conveys to different people, and circumstances which appear trivial to some are important to others. *Thus could our Lord adapt His wonderful signs to the wants of men, at one time turning water into wine, at another multiplying the loaves, at another taking a fish for a piece of money which it contained.*—St. German, p. 89.

Now, supposing this story true, and a miracle to have been really worked, it is not very apparent, why it should appear more striking to a *poor* man than to a *rich*. Now-a-days, it may be of little importance to a country gentleman, whether his cock has lost his voice or not. But in the fifth century it was not quite so common for the squire to have a gold repeater in his pocket, or a French clock on the mantel-piece. Even the lumbering eight-day, or the wooden alarum, might have passed for curiosities in the days of German, and for a few years later, too. So that all this about the rich and poor is mere romancing, introduced for no imaginable purpose but to give an air of poetry and sentiment to an old wife's fable. As to the attempt to dignify the tale by comparing it with the miracles of the Lord, I really know not what language to use severe enough for its reprobation. But one thing I feel bound to say, that the perusal of these books, and the consideration of the manner in which their authors are continually bringing forward the example of Christ, and the miracles of Holy Scriptures, side by side with every absurd figment which has been invented in a credulous age to give sanctity to superstition, must compel people to ask, whether these authors do really believe the Evangelical History a whit more firmly than they believe these legends? Whether, in fact, the miracles of the Lord, and the miracles of German or Walburga, be not *in their*

faith equally probable, equally certain, equally true? This may be thought a mere personal question, with which none but these authors themselves have any concern. If I thought it were, I should feel no inclination to suggest it. But it is not so. Abundant proof is furnished in these books, and shall be fully and fairly laid before my reader, that this party do regard these stories, less as facts, than as mythic legends—that they consider it a lawful exercise of imagination to *invent*, in the absence of history,—and to relate *as facts*, not what they know or believe to have happened, but what (according to *their* notions of fitness or congruity) *might, or could, or should*, have happened;—and further, that they do think it allowable to endeavour to give a colour and sacredness to these mythic legends by alleging, and comparing with them, the miracles of Holy Scripture—and further still, that they believe, and teach it as part of their system, that one is at liberty,—nay more, that it is a high and saint-like exercise of Christian piety and devotion,—to allow the imagination a similar licence with regard to the life and actions and miracles of the Lord himself, and to use the facts recorded in the gospel as the basis of a legend and a myth. It is plainly but one step further, in this natural progress of error and disregard of truth, to represent the Gospel history itself as nothing more than a myth and a legend. For men who think at all must perceive, that if it be lawful to

take such liberties with truth *now*, it was just as lawful eighteen hundred years ago. If men may construct a myth *now*, it was as competent to the apostles and primitive Christians to do so *then*. There is, in fact, but one step, and a very brief one, between the teaching of this party and Neologianism. They themselves *may* stop at the point of error they have already reached; but, if the positions and maxims they are now propagating, be suffered to take root and spread unchecked, their disciples will, in all human probability, become Neologians, if not infidels.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MIRACLES: ST. HELIER.

THE foregoing observations are perhaps an anticipation of the conclusion which the reader is likely to come to, when the facts are fully submitted to him; but yet I think it is better to anticipate thus far, because otherwise I really might expect, that the utility of collecting such miserable rubbish would not seem very apparent to my readers. I hope, therefore, that they will recollect these stories of miracles are put before them, not merely nor principally to enable them to judge of the nature of the miracles recorded in these books, but rather as illustrations of the spirit and tendency of the system of which they form so important a part.

I find it difficult to know where to begin, but the Life of St. Helier will furnish a specimen or two sufficiently curious to deserve notice. St. Helier, it seems, was the son of a nobleman of Tongres, named Sigebert, who,—as the author observes,—"though he was a nobleman," "was not created by letters patent like our dukes and earls,"—an observation of which it is not easy to discover any intention which I should like to suggest. However, Sigebert, who was also a heathen, had no children, and, "as a last resource," he and his wife "applied to a holy man named Cunibert, who lived near them."

Cunibert, who had long wished to convert the noble Germans, and had mourned over their perverseness, promised to pray for them, if they in return agreed to give him the child who should be born, that he might offer him up to God. They agreed to these terms, and in due time the prayers of the holy man were heard, and the lady bore a beautiful child.—p. 14.

Whether Sigebert really understood the nature of the terms which this man is stated to have induced him to consent to, is not explained. However, when Cunibert required the parents to give up their child, the father, we are told, positively refused to allow him to "go about with a shaven crown, and be a poor man like Cunibert." My readers will probably have their own thoughts of this part of the story, and some, perhaps, will be disposed to think Sigebert's refusal was not so surprising in a heathen, as Cunibert's demand in a Christian. These, however, are the author's reflections, and very characteristic they are:—

Thus did they stumble at the offence of the cross, as the world has done from the first. Holy Mary went on her way to Bethlehem poorly clad; she had on a peasant's garment, and the world swept by and did not know that she was the rich casket which contained the pearl of great price, which whosoever findeth will sell all that he hath to buy.—Ibid.

Considering that Cunibert wanted to take an only son from his parents *before he was three years old*, and make a hermit of him,—which this author calls *offering him up to God*,—a less severe commentary

on their refusal might have been expected. They were heathens, and probably could not understand this notion of monkery: at all events, they were parents, and he was their only, their long-desired child. But this is not the only place where these authors advocate the practice of binding infants to a monastic life. However, by and by, when he was seven years old, the child fell sick, and begged his mother (a very natural request for a sick child of seven years old to make, no doubt) to send him away "to that holy man, by whose prayers I was born, and to whom you promised me." For it seems the child knew all about it. And his parents sent him to Cunibert, and he was healed, and lived with Cunibert,—being particularly charmed with a share of Cunibert's one meal a-day of barley bread.

There are some rather odd notions about baptism in this legend. For, though it appears he assisted in the church service—

All this while Helier was unbaptized; his spiritual guide said nothing to him about it, and Helier wondered.—p. 15.

As well he might—especially as it seems he understood a vast deal more of the nature of baptism than boys of seven generally do.

He however remained in quiet patience, trusting that God would bring him to the laver of regeneration in His own good time.—Ibid.

However, notwithstanding he was still the un-

baptized child of heathen parents, he became famous among the peasants for his "sanctity."

They brought him their sick and their blind, and thought that there was virtue in the touch of his little hand, and by the grace of God he healed them.—p. 16.

This seems to have provoked Sigebert to such a degree that he had Cunibert murdered; on which the child, instead of returning to his mother, fled, and, "*for six days*, he wandered on and on, through the depths of pathless forests," until he came to the town of Terouenne, where, being now "almost spent with fatigue"—which, by the way, considering the child's age, and his having, as far as appears, had no food for a week, cannot be thought very surprising—he was taken to her home by a poor widow. But after a fortnight spent with her—

he asked her to show him some lonely place, where he could serve God in quiet. She led him a little way out of the town, to St. Mary's church.—[which, from this it would seem was not much frequented.] The house of God was the place to which he naturally turned. His dwelling was in the porch of the church, and here he remained *for five years*, living as he had done with Cunibert. The rain and the wet formed deep pools about him, and his shoes were worn out, so that the sharp pebbles were often stained with his blood. But, notwithstanding all these hardships, *it never struck him* that he could go elsewhere, [a very remarkable specimen of absence of mind, and that "for five long years."] . . . . When he wanted food he went to the widow's house, and there too he had a wooden pallet on which he stretched himself whenever he chose.—p. 18.

Of course all these austerities were not without

their effect in procuring him admiration, and so the author tells us that—

This way of life attracted the people of the place; they saw in the youth one whom Christ had marked for His own by suffering, and who crucified his body for the Lord's sake. The sick and infirm learned to put faith in his prayers, and God was pleased to hear them as he had done at Tongres, and healed them.—p. 19.

It is to be hoped, the reader remembers that all this time Helier was still unbaptized.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HELIER'S BAPTISM—AN AGE OF FAITH.

HELIER, as I have observed, though working miracles of all sorts, was still unbaptized.

At length, at the end of five years, an incident happened *which more than ever raised his fame.*—p. 19.

This incident was nothing less than his raising a child from the dead, which he undertook to do at the command of the bishop of the place; for, as the author tells us, "obedience was natural to him;"—a trait in his character of which his parents do not seem to have had much experience. He followed in silence to the church where the corpse lay:

Then Helier *bethought himself* that this would be a sign whether the time was at hand when Christ would regenerate his soul in the holy waters of baptism.—Ibid.

On which one might have thought he would have named the subject to the bishop. But he followed another method:

So he knelt down and lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "O God, in whose hand is all power, who didst raise the child on whom the door was closed, and the son of the widow of Nain when borne on the bier, I pray thee, that *if it is Thy will that I be made a Christian*, may it be Thy will also of Thy great goodness that this child be raised to life." And when he had done praying the child began to move and to cry for his mother.—Ibid.

We might naturally have supposed that on this

he instantly applied to the bishop for baptism. No such thing:

> The night after this miracle, Christ appeared in a vision to Helier, and bade him go to Nanteuil, where a man named Marculfus would baptize him, and teach him what was to be his way of life.—p. 19.

Now, no one can have less wish than I have, to charge the author of this wretched fiction with deliberate profaneness; but the flippancy with which the name of the Almighty is every now and then introduced as one of the dramatis personæ in these legends, is a feature in the system they are intended to propagate, far too remarkable to be passed over in silence. If the miracles of Helier came down to us supported by an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence, the mere fact of such miracles being ascribed to an unbaptized heathen should make any one pause, before he ventured to state, that the Almighty did interpose, and that Christ appeared in a vision. And yet all through, the sacred name is introduced to avouch for the particulars of the tale.

> That Holy Ghost, who of old moulded the spirits of the prophets, and made St. John the Baptist to be a dweller in the wilderness and a holy eremite, dealt graciously with this child of Pagan parents and made him give up the world to live a hard and lonely life.—p. 16.

He who had much reverence for sacred things would surely have paused, before he ventured so very positively to interpret the will of the Almighty,

or to use His name in such a manner at all, even if the facts he was relating were indisputable.

Now, can any one suppose what degree of credit this author attaches to his tale? He tells us himself, in the introduction—

The story is here called a legend, because from the mistakes made by the author of the Acts, and from the distance of time at which he lived from the age of the saint, *many things which he advances rest on little authority.*—p. 9.

The Bollandists, it seems, consider that the writer of the acts of Helier lived "at least three hundred years after" his time. The author having acknowledged this, and enumerated some of the absurdities of his authority, says—

On the other hand, it is not by any means meant *to assert* that *the whole of the narrative is fiction.*—Ibid.

But then the miracles—of course there can be no doubt of the fact of their having been worked, or else no one who pretended to any, the lowest degree of reverence for religion, would dare to describe them as proofs of Divine interposition. We shall see. The author actually has the hardihood to state that—

It is however still an open question, whether the particular miracles here recorded were those worked by St. Helier; and it may here be observed that the miracles said to have occurred before his baptism [the very miracles he dares to say "God was pleased" to enable him to work] have less evidence than any of the others, ... they have not . . . the insular tradition in their favour.—p. 10.

The way in which this author treats this part of the subject, is really most instructive. The stories, it seems, have no authority whatever. The historian lived at a distance from the place, and three hundred years later than the age of Helier. There is not even local tradition for these tales. If there were, it would still remain to be proved, why tradition should give them any more credibility than the innumerable fairy tales and goblin stories which rest on the same authority, and are equally believed by the same class of persons.

In order to account for their appearance in the Acts of the Saint, it is not necessary to accuse the author of dishonesty. *In an age of faith*, when miracles were not considered as proofs of a system which required no proof, but simply as instances of God's power working through His Saints, *men were not critical about believing a little more or a little less.* Again, *there is no proof that the writers intended these stories to be believed at all.*—pp. 10, 11.

So that, in fact, as a history, the Legend of St. Helier is fairly given up. But yet the author is never on that account a whit the more afraid to tack to the absurd fables he retails the name of God, in order to give an air of sacredness to the fanaticism they are meant to recommend. "An age of faith," then, is one, in which "men are not critical about believing a little more or a little less." A very remarkable definition, truly. But are not these authors afraid lest some of their disciples may be led to apply this definition to the times of the prophets and

apostles? When men have learned to use miraculous stories as embellishments to give a romantic or a venerable air to a system,—when they have been taught to consider such tampering with truth lawful, and such profane abuse of the name of their Creator innocent—it may not be very difficult for them to proceed somewhat further, and to suppose that similar liberties were taken in the apostolic age with truth and sacred things. I have no desire to accuse this biographer of Helier of intentional irreverence; neither do I mean to say, that he *does not believe* the miracles of Christ and the apostles. I have no reason to doubt that he believes them *as firmly* as he believes those of Helier. Whether he believes them at all *more firmly*, is a point which the more any one studies these Lives (and some other works that will come under our consideration hereafter) the more difficult will he find it to determine. Nothing can appear more certain to my mind, than this—that the notions of truth and falsehood (and particularly regarding miraculous stories) disseminated by Mr. Newman and his party, tend directly to Neologianism; and I should feel unspeakably thankful, if anything I have written or shall write hereafter, might be instrumental, however indirectly, in arousing their suspicion as to the fearful character and consequences of their teaching in this particular. Between believing everything, and believing nothing, it has too often been proved,

there may be but one step. And truly those who have such infinitely erroneous and confused notions of the very first rudiments of Christianity, as to consider recklessness "about believing a little more or a little less" the characteristic of "an age of *faith*," have got rather nearer to the edge of the precipice than they seem to be aware of.

To proceed, however, with this Legend of St. Helier. After his baptism and until his death he resided in a hermitage on a barren rock, where this author tells us "now appear faint marks on the wall, as if the monks of St. Helier had done their best to adorn it with frescoes, and to turn it into a small chapel by raising an altar in it." On which he remarks, in terms which it would have been scarcely charitable to suppose any Christian would have dared to use—

Well might they be grateful to him, FOR HE SANCTIFIED THE ISLAND WITH HIS BLOOD.—p. 37.

In this place he lived for twelve years; but what he did, and how he came to die at last, must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIGRESSION—ARCHBISHOP LANGTON—THE INTERDICT—KING JOHN, AND INNOCENT III.

ST. HELIER remained in his cell, on the rock, for many a long year. But before I notice the miracles he worked there, I must take leave to digress a little; for really, there is so much of folly and absurdity in these legends, and so much of puerility in the manner in which they are told, that I cannot feel surprised if some of my readers should doubt whether they deserve a serious notice. For myself, I have no doubt at all on the subject. The evident tendency of these productions towards Neologianism, would be quite sufficient, I conceive, to render an exposure of them necessary, even if they did not derive additional importance from the fact of their throwing so much light on the views and designs of Mr. Newman's party. But, that the writers of these Lives of the English Saints are aiming at nothing less than the restoration of the Papal authority in these countries, must be apparent to any one who has considered the passages I have already transcribed. One of the later volumes of these lives seems to have been written mainly for the purpose of advocating the claims of Rome to supremacy. I refer to the life of Archbishop Langton, which is so barren of information regarding the private affairs

and transactions of that prelate, that, if it were not for the use it can be turned to in the Romanizing movement, one might wonder why it was deemed worthy of being printed as a separate volume. Indeed, the biographer of Langton states, in his first chapter, that his work is "not so much a biography of Langton, as a history of the struggle of King John against the Holy See." Of course, any one who was disposed to advocate the pretensions of the Roman pontiff, would find occasion enough in this portion of the papal history for the exercise of his ingenuity. The Interdict, the disgraceful terms of submission extorted from the wretched John, and the extravagant pretensions of Innocent to the right of disposing of the crown of England as a fief of the Roman see, are such aggressions on the liberties of our church and country, as, one might have hoped, none of the members, not to say the clergy, of the English church, would feel any disposition to defend. But, in the progress of the movement, Romanizing has, at last, been developed into Popery.

There is something so horrible, so plainly and manifestly wicked, in a Christian bishop's endeavouring to get the better of a refractory sovereign, in a struggle for power, by depriving the whole of his subjects of the rites and consolations of religion, and persisting from year to year, for six years, in reducing an entire empire,—England, Ireland, and

Wales—*to* the condition of a heathen country,—*that* it is with feelings, in which it is hard to say whether amazement or disgust predominates, one reads a laboured defence of such iniquitous and truly heartless tyranny in this extraordinary volume. I can imagine an ultra-Romanist, who was endeavouring to make the best case he could for papal infallibility, mystifying the history of such disgraceful proceedings,—I can imagine him keeping carefully out of sight the infinite contrariety between the extravagant pretensions of such a man as Innocent III., and the notions of episcopal power and the independence of particular churches, which obtained in what used to be considered the best and purest ages of catholicity, and would have passed for such ten years ago, even with those who are now extolling the papacy "as the one *only* dynasty which is without limit and without end; the empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadows."* Management like this, I say, might be tolerable from the pen of an Italian Jesuit: but from one who wears the semblance of allegiance to the English church, it is really not very easy to express the feelings which it excites. Let this writer speak for himself. Having described the Interdict as a suspension of "all visible intercourse between heaven and earth," and a withdrawal of the church from the kingdom,—having told his readers, that

* St. William, pp. 49, 50.

the daily sacrifice ceased, the doors of the church were shut, the dead were carried outside the town-gates, and buried in ditches and roadsides, without prayer or priest's offices; that religion, wont to mix with, and hallow each hour of the day, each action of life, was totally withdrawn; —the state of the country resembled the raid of the Danes, or the days of old Saxon heathendom, before Augustine had set up the Cross at Canterbury, or holy men had penetrated the forest and the fen.—St. Stephen Langton, p. 32.

he goes on to say:

An interdict, to those who read history with eyes hostile to the church, must appear the most audacious form of spiritual tyranny; but, in fact, *such persons renounce any real application of the power of binding and loosing in heaven.* But even catholic christians of this day, to whom the church's power of delivering the disobedient to Satan for the punishment of the flesh, is an article of living practical belief, yet shrink from so sweeping an application of it, and have a secret feeling against the Interdict as a harsh and cruel measure. It is, they say, to involve the innocent with the guilty—nay, rather, to let the guilty escape, and to inflict his punishment on innocent thousands. Indeed *we must go further*; for with the firm belief which those ages had in the real effect of absolution and excommunication, if the Interdict was not completely agreeable to mercy and justice, it was no less than a wanton trifling with the power they believed themselves to hold from Christ.—p. 33.

After such an admission one might have expected this author would have felt little admiration for an instrument so exceedingly liable to be abused; especially as he tells us, further on, that, notwithstanding the power of appeals to Rome, "where a cause

was sure of the most patient and thorough investigation," still the Interdict—

was, in the hands of the bad, prostituted to selfish purposes. It was a spiritual weapon *with which hostile prelates fought one another*. Instead of being limited to cases of obstinate heresy or perseverance in mortal sin, it was had recourse to *on every occasion of difference* between the church and the prince. It was *too much used* to protect the property of the church, or the persons of ecclesiastics. —pp. 37, 38.

The knowledge of facts like these I should have supposed, would have induced any one to pause before he spoke of the Interdict with approbation. Yet he gravely tells us,—as a suggestion "to the obedient Christian, who loves the church and her *ancient* ways, and is puzzled to reconcile the Interdict with her tenderness towards the little ones of Christ's flock,"—(p. 33,) that,

The Interdict, then, was a measure of mercy, an appeal, on its Divine side, to Providence; on its human side, to all the generous feelings of the heart.—p. 34.

So that, in the particular case which all this sophistry is brought to palliate,—when the Pope, in order to bring John to submit to what that prince believed to be an invasion of his prerogative, endeavoured to exasperate John's subjects to rebel against him, by depriving them of the exercise of divine worship for six years, till he had reduced the country to a state of all but heathenism—this, forsooth, was an appeal "to Providence," and "to all the generous feelings of the heart." A respectable Roman catholic would speak of such a transaction with more

modesty and less profaneness. But the real object of this writer is to make out the pope's title to a direct temporal supremacy over princes, and especially over the sovereigns of England. His argument is too remarkable to be omitted:—

Wherever a state system exists—and it must exist, except in the single case of universal empire—the establishment of the church must be very imperfect, if it is only set side by side with the civil power within each state, and not also set side by side with the external all-controlling power. It is not enough that national law admit the church as an element in the state, unless international law admit it as an element in the state system. The duties of princes towards their lieges become Christian, and so must the duties of princes towards one another. Christendom now, as then, forms one system, and acknowledges a common law. Since the beginning of the Protestant religion, international law has been *based on morality*, and enforced by public opinion; before, it was *based on the Gospel*, and enforced by the power of the keys [as if it were decent to represent the Gospel and morality as opposed to each other.] Ours is entrusted to alliances and compacts, amenable (as bodies) to public opinion alone; theirs *to a Christian Bishop*, bound in conscience and before God to act according to a well-known and well-defined ecclesiastical law. Both agree in admitting, in the last resort, the interference of an armed force to compel submission, or punish flagrant infraction of this common law. They differ *in the person* whom they constitute the judge, ours making the courts interested, such—theirs, a synod of bishops, *men who could not be interested.* As, too, that age considered it the duty of the temporal power in each state to enforce the church's sentence on the refractory individual, so it equally recognised the power of the whole of Christendom to enforce the church's sentence on the refractory prince.—pp. 35, 36.

Divested of its bewildering verbiage, the sum and substance of this extraordinary passage is this, that the supreme judge of princes should be the pope, and that he should have the power of employing the armed forces of Christendom to execute his sentence against any prince that should dare to prove refractory. And, as a preliminary measure, before preaching up a crusade against the offender as an excommunicated person, an Interdict, which may serve to goad innocent and unoffending subjects to madness, and drive them in desperation to rebel against their prince, and so compel him to succumb to Rome—this we are told is "a measure of mercy, an appeal, on its divine side, to Providence; on its human side, to all the generous feelings of the heart."

Every reader of English history, knows that Innocent III., finding the Interdict ineffectual, proceeded to depose John, and absolve his subjects from their allegiance. This author's view of that transaction, I apprehend, is rather an uncommon one for a member of the English church to take:—

> The excommunication had now been in force for three years, and John yet made light of it. There was one final measure to be tried, and Innocent had now paused long enough before having recourse to it. Let us not imagine that this was hesitation from indecision or fear. This forbearance of punishment is *a peculiar feature of the papal government*, and was never more remarkably displayed than by those popes who were most able to inflict it. They manifest a divine patience worthy of *the highest power, the representative of that righteous Judge*, who is

"strong and patient, and provoked every day." *They move as under the awful consciousness that their acts will be ratified in heaven.*—p. 66.

It would be impossible for me to enter into any exposure here of the treatment which facts have received at this author's hands. Nor, indeed, can it be very necessary. But, my object in quoting these passages at all, is to show the manner in which the most extravagant assumptions of the papal see are justified and defended by Mr. Newman's party. Having stated that John was deposed, the biographer proceeds in the following strain:

The deposition of a sovereign for misgovernment is always a violent measure; and the deposition of John, though all England concurred, and all Christian princes approved, was still a revolution. Revolutions have no rules; but this was *as far as possible effected in course of law*, and by *the only authority that could pretend to any right herein.* The pope was then held to be the executive of the law of nations. We are quite familiar with such powers as wielded by secular congresses in modern Europe; and the living generation has seen an assembly of diplomatists dispose of provinces and peoples, pronounce the *dechéance* of some monarchs, and replace them by others with lavish liberality and uncontrolled power. In the times we write of, *monarchy by right Divine had never been heard of;* nay, rather, as Gregory VII. said, "*The empire seemed to have been founded by the devil,*" while the priesthood was of God. But John had not even hereditary right to plead; he was but a successful usurper: and those who consider the necessity of the case to have justified the measure of 1688, will vindicate the right of the nation in 1213, to call to the throne a grand daughter of Henry II. in place of a prince who was overturning the laws and religion of his realm.—p. 67.

It is rather a new thing for Englishmen, lay or clerical, to endeavour to propagate the infamous doctrine of the Jesuits, that the Pope has a right to depose princes and absolve their subjects from their allegiance—a doctrine which very many Roman catholics regard with abhorrence. But is it through ignorance or a wish to mislead, that this author represents the Revolution of 1688, as a similar transaction to the deposition of John by the pope—and the pope's offering the crown of England to the French monarch, as an act of the English nation?

A little further on this author says—

Nothing is more painful to the historian than the air of apology which the necessity of commenting on acts of past times is apt to assume. It does not need that one have a Catholic bias, but only that one have not the anti-catholic bias, to see that *such acts of popes as the one in question are no far-fetched, high-flown usurpations, but only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity.* It is simply an error against the truth of history to speak of the deposition and subjection of John, as has been done, as "an extraordinary transaction." Not only had it, in practice, as much precedent as the nature of the case admitted, but *it was the legitimate and consequential application to the particular case of the general principles of the Church which all catholics allow*, and whose operation in that direction has now ceased, only because Christendom has ceased to be. Indeed, our sentiments on this matter are part of *the great moral heresy of modern times.* Power, according to the modern doctrine, is founded on the moral law. All power which spurns at, or which would emancipate itself from, the moral law, in fact abdicates—becomes noxious to a society of which morality is the rule, and must be put down by that society.—pp. 69, 70.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor,—who, whatever he was ten years ago, must now be content to pass for a modern heretic,—observes, in his "Dissuasive against Popery," that "the order of Jesuits is a great enemy to monarchy, by subjecting the dignity of princes to the pope, by making the pope the supreme monarch of Christians; but they also teach, *that it is a catholic doctrine, the doctrine of the church.*" Now is not this precisely the position which this author is endeavouring to maintain? The deposition of princes, and the absolving their subjects from their allegiance, are, it seems, "no far-fetched, high-flown usurpations, but only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity." The deposition of John "was the legitimate and consequential application to the particular case, of the general principles of the church *which all catholics allow*, and whose operation in that direction has now ceased only because Christendom has ceased to be." This I take to be simple and unmixed Jesuitism; and I must beg my reader to observe, that I do not mean to use that term *here* as an opprobrium. Indeed it is certain that the author of Langton's Life would take it as no small compliment, to be considered an admirer, if not a disciple of those whom he reckons "the flower of the church."* I use the word

* In another part of this volume, speaking of the Cistercians, he says: "As the flower of the church, they attracted the concentrated enmity of the bad. Like the Jesuits now-a-days, they bore the burden of the world's hatred."—p. 44.

Jesuitism here, simply to signify the particular school of Romish theologians under which this party must be ranged, as advocates of the seditious impieties of Sà and Mariana. And, indeed, continually through these Lives, there are passages written in such a tone of enmity against kings and royalty, as can be traced to no other source than the schools of "the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius." But, be that as it may, if Mr. Newman's party choose to maintain, that doctrines so utterly subversive of government and dangerous to society, are principles "which all catholics allow," (certainly not all *Roman* catholics,) they must not be surprised if "catholic principles" should come to signify something bordering on disloyalty to the sovereign, and disaffection to the government. How can any set of men be trusted, who speak of such conduct as Innocent the Third's, as "only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity?" And really, it is most earnestly to be hoped that some, who have too long hesitated to disclaim connexion with this party, and by their silence have led people (although they themselves may not be aware of the fact,) to reckon them among its friends, may be induced, before it be too late, to consider the character of the movement with which they have been suffering themselves to be associated in the public mind. One passage more will suffice to put the political principles of this party beyond question. The passage I refer to is that in which the author

gives his opinion of John's resigning the crown of England to the pope, and receiving it back from the legate on doing homage as a vassal and liegeman of the holy see. This is his opinion of the transaction:—

> It was an act of piety and humility, *the visible homage of temporal power to spiritual, the confession of princes that the powers that be are ordained of God*, IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THAT TEXT—self-renunciation in a princely shape. To John it was also an act of penance: as a prince he had sinned, *as a prince therefore ought he to repent*, and he thus accepted, and acknowledged the justice of, the sentence of deposition.—p. 77.

I should be sorry, indeed, to believe, that there are many English Roman catholics, who would not blush to hear such sentiments avowed by a member of their own communion. No doubt there is an inherent inconsistency and weakness in all *moderate* Romanism, and the constant tendency of all parties is, to be absorbed by ultra-montane Jesuitism. But still, as long as such writers as Delahogue continue to be used as text-books in the education of the Romish priesthood, there will be a moderate party, by whom the notion of the Pope having direct or indirect power over the temporal affairs of princes, is (in theory at least) utterly disclaimed. And such persons, so far from thinking, that the compelling of John to resign his crown, and do homage as a vassal of the holy see, can be treated in this off-hand manner, do bestow a vast deal of labour and in-

genuity for the purpose of reconciling such a transaction, in the best manner they can, with what they believe (and wish us to believe) to be the doctrine of their church.

It is vain to refer such authors as this biographer to Jeremy Taylor, or Andrews, or Bramhall, though time was, and that not very long since, when these names made no small figure in Catenas. But Bramhall, for one, would have told him what Romanists of some name have thought and said of this submission of King John, and that such men as the Archpriest Blackwell, and Sir Thomas More (no great enemy of the papal supremacy) indignantly denied that there was any truth in the story, and have distinctly stated their conviction that if it were true, John had no power whatever to make such a resignation. But it is needless to discuss such a question here. The point for the reader's consideration is the fact of such extravagant doctrine, regarding the supremacy of the pope over the English crown and kingdom, being advanced by Mr. Newman's party.

Nor shall I find it necessary to notice this life of Langton any further. It contains little of doctrinal matter; and of that little the character may be gathered from one sentence, in the account of the translation of the relics of Thomas à Becket.

For fifty years, *the channel through which God's mercy had been chiefly shown to the people of England*, had been the tomb of S. Thomas, of Canterbury.—p. 123.

The volume is chiefly remarkable for its scandalous falsification of history, and for the proof it affords of the settled design this party have formed, to propagate such notions of *the temporal supremacy of the pope in England*, as any respectable English Roman catholic, who was not educated in the principles of the Jesuits, would be anxious to disclaim, as a slander on his religion, and an imputation on his personal character as a loyal subject.

I hope the reader will forgive this digression. The point which has been suffered to interrupt the subject immediately under consideration, seemed of too great and too pressing importance in the exposition of this movement and the designs of its leaders, to admit of being postponed.

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. HELIER'S MIRACLES—THE MARKS IN THE ROCK.

It is now time to return to the subject of the miraculous stories contained in these legends. I trust my reader will recollect that the twenty-eighth chapter stopped short in the middle of St. Helier's story, and will also bear in mind what the author expressly states, that, so far from its being a matter of historical certainty, that St. Helier worked the miracles he ascribes to him, it is "an open question," and, in fact, the utmost he can venture to say is, he does not mean "to assert that *the whole* of the story is fiction." With this remark I may proceed with the story. Helier, as I have stated, took up his abode in a hermitage on a rock in the sea, off the coast of Jersey:

> The people of the island soon found out Helier; it did not require a long train of thought to make out that he was a man of God; and two cripples, one a paralytic, and the other a lame man, came to him, *and by the help of our blessed Lord* he healed them.—p. 24.

I must again entreat my reader, to remember the apocryphal character which this author is obliged to confess attaches to these miraculous stories, and to observe, how the name of God is introduced as if they were undoubted facts. In what follows, I am fairly at a loss, which to consider the more

wonderful, the hardihood of this author's attempt to give credibility to the tale, or the unspeakable confusion of his mind as to the nature of truth and falsehood:

> The simple chronicler [a pleasing term truly, to describe one who lived "at least three hundred years after" the events he is pretending to relate] who has written the acts of our Saint, has by chance here put in a few words which mark the spot of the miracle. He says that those people healed by Helier left the mark of their footsteps on the rock;—

so that, as this precious fable of the miraculous footsteps marks the spot of another miracle, we might imagine there was nothing to be done, but to cross over to Jersey and verify the fact for ourselves. If not, "the simple chronicler" might as well have omitted to record the prodigy. The author, however, does not seem to perceive this:

> now it happens that *till a few years ago*, there were *in a part of the island not far from his cell* [not even *at* his cell, it appears] some strange marks, like the print of feet upon a hard rock on the sea shore.

They are not there now, however, for the author informs us, in a note, that "the rock and the ruins of a chapel have been lately blown up, to procure stones for the building of a fort." So that, after all, I fear, "the simple chronicler" has not given us much help towards marking the spot of the miracle. But, even if the "strange marks" were still forthcoming, they do not appear ever to have been very conclusive evidence of anything:

No one could tell whether they were cut out by the hand of man, or were rude basins worked out by the sea in a fantastic form. The poor people of the island in after times told another tale about these footsteps. [Alas, for the Simple Chronicler!] They said that the blessed Virgin had once appeared there, and had left the mark of her feet upon the rock, and a small chapel was built upon the spot. Now it may be that these mysterious marks were neither left by the poor men whom Helier healed, nor yet by that holy Virgin; but still let us not despise the simple tales of the peasantry; there is very often some truth hidden beneath them.—p. 25.

And then he proceeds to conclude—

that it is very likely that this story contains traces of a real miracle *done by God* through Helier's hand.

And he sums up with the following extraordinary specimen of solemn self-mystification:—

No one need pity the poor peasants for their faith. He alone is to be pitied who thinks all truth fable and all fable truth, and thus mistakes the fantastic freaks of the tide of man's opinion for the truth itself, which is founded on that rock which bears the print of our Lord's ever blessed footsteps.—Ibid.

Bishop Burnet somewhere remarks, of a very uncommon sort of argument of his own—"This argument may seem to be too subtle, and it will require some attention of mind to observe and discover the force of it; but after we have turned it over and over again, it will be found to be a true demonstration." It may be so. The bishop may be right, though I have never had the good fortune yet to stumble on any one, who had been lucky

enough to have *turned his argument over and over* the precise number of times required for the discovery. But, certainly, if this passage of the legend of Helier be an argument, we had need to get inside it, like a squirrel in a cage, and keep turning it over and over again for a pretty considerable time, if we are ever to find it a true demonstration. Here are, first of all, a set of miracles which even their historian gives up as apocryphal. Secondly, and *notwithstanding*, the spot where they were worked is determined (and if it be, of course the miracles themselves demonstrated,) by a simple chronicler,—who had all the advantage of impartiality, at least, as he lived three hundred years after. And then, thirdly—just as some personification of Old Mortality is setting off to Jersey, to hunt up these wondrous footsteps, he is told, alas! that the said footsteps are no longer in existence! the rock in which they once were, having been blown up and turned into a fort,—which, to be sure, may be used to silence incredulous disbelievers, quite as effectually as ever the mysterious rocks could, before their integrity was tampered with by gunpowder. And then, fourthly,—it is just suggested, that those who lived later than "the simple chronicler" had another way of accounting for the marks,—which need not be further particularized; and, of course, *they* should be believed,—as the credibility of such tales is in the inverse ratio of the nearness of the historian to the

time of the event related. And, still more astonishing, after one is left but the choice of two miracles to account for these marks, it turns out, fifthly, that they were all along such strange looking marks, that it is quite uncertain (or *was*, namely, when there were any marks to be uncertain about) whether they were cut out by the hand of man, or were rude basins worked out by the sea in a fantastic form,—in other words, whether there ever could have been any miracle in the affair at all. And in fine, just as we are beginning to think, that we have at last found out the gist of this "true demonstration," we are driven to give it another turn, by the author softly whispering, that, after all, there is probably "some truth hidden beneath," and "that it is very likely this story contains traces of a real miracle."

The most remarkable part of this whole affair, perhaps, is this,—that there is not the slightest reason to suppose all this to have been written with any design of making Mr. Newman's system appear ridiculous. The book is printed and published by the same persons, who have printed and published the rest of Mr. Newman's edition of the Lives of the English Saints. No one has ventured to suggest a suspicion of this volume being spurious. In fact, no such thought could be entertained for a moment; and therefore, I cannot avoid asking the question, What conceivable object can Mr. Newman have in suffering such rubbish to be circulated

under the sanction of his name? Why does he consider such writing likely to benefit "most erring and most unfortunate England?" And—to look at the matter in another point of view—if such books find any sale, except for waste paper, why should he consider England so erring and unfortunate? For, surely, if there are people enough in the country, to make it worth a publisher's while to embark his capital in such legends as this, England may still lay claim to the possession of some portion of the spirit of those ages of faith, when "men were not critical about believing a little more or a little less," as this author pleasantly informs us.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ST. HELIER'S DEATH—HE CARRIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HAND—ST. NINIAN'S STAFF AND THE SCHOOLBOY.

I MUST hasten however to the events connected with the death of Helier:

For twelve long years after his spiritual father had left him did Helier dwell on his barren rock. His scanty history does not tell us expressly what he did, nor whether he with his companion converted the islanders to the Christian faith. *His life is hid with Christ in God.* We are however told minutely how at last he fell asleep, after his short but toilsome life. One night when he was resting on his hard couch, *our blessed Lord* for whom he had given up all things, *appeared to him in a vision, and smiling upon him, said,* "Come to me, my beloved one; three days hence, thou shalt depart from this world with the adornment of thine own blood."—p. 30.

The author, be it remembered, has so little reliance on the authority of his "simple chronicler," that he does not venture to call this life anything more than "a legend;" and the utmost he ventures to say is, that he will not go so far as "to *assert* that *the whole* of the narrative is fiction;" much less, of course, to *deny* that it may be. And yet, although he knows the sole foundation for this legend to be a tale written "*at least* three hundred years after St. Helier," and so full of palpable mistakes and anachronisms, as to be of no sort of value as an authority,—he still tells us,—with as much solemnity as if he were transcribing from the Holy

Scriptures,—that our blessed Lord appeared in a vision, and said certain words, which he is irreverent enough to recite,—all the time, as I have stated, knowing and admitting that there is no reason for believing the story to be any better than a fable;—and then, to gloss over the fact that nothing certain of any sort is known about Helier, he tells us that "his life is hid with Christ in God."

However, the legend goes on to relate that, three days after, a fleet of Saxons visited the coast, and some of them having found out his hermitage, one of the savages cut off his head:—

> Next morning his spiritual guide came down to the seashore to cross over to the hermitage; when however he came down to the beach, he saw lying on the sand the body of his young disciple. He did not know how it came there; the tide might have floated it across the narrow channel between the hermitage rock and the mainland. But the head was resting so tranquilly on the breast between the two hands, and its features still smiling so sweetly, that he thought that God, to preserve the body of the Saint from infidel hands, had endued the limbs with life to bear the head across to the shore.—pp. 31, 32.

And then the story goes on to tell of his carrying Helier's body into a little vessel which, conveniently enough, happened to be lying near—and how he fell asleep, and when he awaked, he found the vessel gliding into a harbour on a coast he had never seen, but crowded with people, gazing on what they took for a phantom vessel; and, in fine, how the bishop came down in his pontificals, and with incense and

chanting they bore the body in procession to the church. A note informs the reader that—

The acts of St. Helier are so confused, that it is impossible to make out what is the place here meant.—p. 32.

And yet, though the tale bears such unmistakeable marks of falsehood and imposture, the author says:

An invisible hand had unmoored the vessel, and angels had guided it through rapid currents and past bristling rocks; and it swam on alone over the surface of the sea, till it came safely to the harbour where the saint was to rest.—Ibid.

And this is not all; for, in the introduction, he meets the question of this particular miracle boldly and at some length. I should be sorry to speak harshly of these writers, but really I cannot but think, that any person who had a real reverence for religion, and who felt that awe which every devout mind must feel in the use he makes of the name of his Creator,—considering the manifestly fictitious character of the only authority he had to go on,—would have been willing,—if he must retail such a story at all,—to hazard any conjecture, rather than profane the name of the Almighty, by using it for the purpose of giving an air of sanctity to such a clumsy fable. And, for instance, he might have conjectured,—and it would have been anything but an improbable conjecture,—that the murderers had, out of sheer wantonness, insulted the corpse of their victim, by leaving the body on the shore with the

head between the hands. However, the reader shall see how this author treats the question :

As for St. Helier's carrying his head in his hands, it may be observed that the writer only represents the story as a conjecture of the priest who attended on the saint.

Very well; and, considering the date and the character of "the simple chronicler," this is a tolerably fair apology for *him*. But what apology is this for the author of this new life, who, knowing that it is impossible to prove the story to be true, much less, that there was anything miraculous in the transaction, deliberately ascribes the transmission of the vessel and its burden to the agency of angels, as if the facts were unquestionably true? It is with this modern biographer, and not with "the simple chronicler," we have to do just at present. He proceeds—

And it may here be mentioned that besides this of St. Helier, *only three other instances have been found by us* of similar legends, the well-known story of St. Denys, that of St. Winifred, and that of St. Liverius, martyred by the Huns at Metz, A.D. 450, and mentioned in one Martyrology, on the 25th of November. Of these four instances, that which is the best known, seems, though occurring in the Roman Breviary, to be tacitly or avowedly given up by most writers on the subject; and all, except the instance of St. Winifred, which may perhaps be considered in another place, are introduced to account for the removal of the body of a Saint from the place of his martyrdom. If there were not also a want of evidence for these stories, *this alone* would not of course authorize us to mistrust

them, for *none would presume to limit the power of Almighty God, or His favours to His Saints.* As however they are related by writers far distant from the time when the events are said to have occurred, it may be allowed to class them among *mythic legends.* Into this form threw itself the strong belief of those faithful ages in the Christian truth that the bodies of Saints, the temples of the Holy Ghost, are under the special keeping of God, and that these precious vessels are one day to be again alive, and to be glorified for ever with the saintly souls, which without these are not perfect. The bodies of saints have *without doubt* been kept incorrupt, as though life was still in them, and the belief that they had sometimes by God's power moved as though they were alive, was *only a step* beyond that fact.—pp. 11, 12.

Now, to all this laborious effort to strip falsehood of its guilt, and mystify a very plain and simple question, the reply is obvious. I have no anxiety to exaggerate the faults of the mediæval authors and compilers of legends. It seems very clear to me, however, that if "those faithful ages" had been possessed with a sufficiently "strong belief" of a "Christian truth," which some persons seem in danger of forgetting—namely, that God abhors lying, and that to couple the name of the Almighty with a falsehood is to take his name in vain—their "strong belief" would most probably have thrown itself into the form of making a bonfire of their legends, and the world would have been spared the melancholy spectacle of clergymen of the church of England making use of such palpable and disgusting fictions in order to propagate the errors of Rome.

An unsound and unhealthy state of mind it was, when men who feared God thought to honour him by going "*only* a step beyond" any "fact," in their relation of anything,—more especially, where *His* name was involved. But I have no wish to inquire too curiously into the faults of a remote age. We have to do with the present—with living men—and an energizing system, —and therefore it is I believe it absolutely necessary to speak plainly. If Christianity is to be propagated by mythic legends, and going "only a step beyond" facts, it requires but little sagacity to perceive the consequences. And, further, if people dream of being at liberty to write church history, with as little regard to truth as if they were writing a fairy tale, where a giant more or less is not a matter of much importance,—and if their disciples are taught not to be "critical about believing a little more or a little less," no one need be surprised, if the transition to Neologianism should be as rapid as it is easy.

But this is a part of the movement which will require a fuller exposure than a passing sentence can give it.

The story of the phantom ship in this Legend of St. Helier, is not without a parallel. A somewhat similar miracle,—as far as the movement of the boat is concerned,—is found in the thirteenth volume of this series, in the life of St. Ninian, of whom the biographer acknowledges, that whatever is known of him is chiefly owing to a life said to be written seven hundred years after his death, by St. Aelred;

and even of this the genuineness is "questioned by the Bollandists." According to the new legend, then, St. Ninian, when bishop in Galloway, kept a school there: and out of that circumstance grows the following story, which I think my reader will agree with me is worth transcribing. The biographer professes "to adopt or paraphrase the words of St. Aelred."

It happened on a time that one of the boys offended, and preparations were made to punish him. The boy, in alarm, ran away; but knowing the power and goodness of the Saint, and thinking he should find a solace in his flight if he did but take with him anything belonging to the good Bishop, he took off the staff on which St. Ninian used to support himself. In his eagerness to escape he looked out for a boat which might carry him away. The boats of the country St. Aelred then describes. They were of wicker work, large enough to hold three men; over this wicker work a hide was stretched, and the boat would float and be impervious to the waves. They are the same boats which Pliny and Cæsar describe, and in which the Britons would cross the sea to France or Ireland, or even go voyages of many days. They are called currachs or coracles; they were long in use in the Western Isles, and still are among the fishermen on the Wye.

There happened just then to be many large ones making ready on the shore. The wicker work was finished, but the hides not put on. He very incautiously got in, and the light boat at first kept on the top of the waves, the water not at once making its way through; soon however it did so, and there seemed no prospect but that it must fill and go down. He knew not whether to run the risk of leaping out or staying and sinking. In the moment of his distress, however, he thought of the holiness and power of St. Ninian; contrite for his fault, as though weeping at his feet, he confesses his guilt, entreats pardon, and *by the most holy merit of the Saint begs the aid of Heaven*. Trusting,

with childlike simplicity, that the staff was not without its virtue, as belonging to the Saint, he fixed it in one of the openings.—pp. 106, 107.

Why the child should imagine that fixing the staff in *one* of the openings could have any particular efficacy, is not very easily discovered.

The water retreated, and, as if in fear, presumed not to pour in. "*These*," says the saintly Aelred, "*these are the works of Christ, Who did say to His disciples, he that believeth in Me the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater things than these shall he do.*—pp. 107, 108.

Yet, considering the only authority pretended for this story is a life of St. Ninian, which, if it be genuine, is confessed to have been written seven hundred years after his death, one might have thought that most Christians would have been afraid to make such an application of the Lord's words.

A gentle wind arose and forced on the little boat, the staff *supplied the place of sail, and rudder, and anchor to stay his course*. The people crowding on the shore saw the little ship, like some bird swimming along the waves, without either oar or sail. The boy comes to shore, and *to spread more widely the fame of the holy Bishop*, he in strong faith fixed the staff in the ground, and prayed *that as a testimony to the miracle, it might take root, send forth branches, flowers, and fruit*. Presently the dry wood shot out roots, was clothed with fresh bark, produced leaves and branches, and grew into a considerable tree. Nay, *to add miracle to miracle*, at the root of the tree a spring of the clearest water burst forth, and poured out a glassy stream, which wound its way with gentle murmurs, grateful to the eye, and, *from the merits of the Saint*, useful and health-giving to the sick.

With what interest would this tale be told to the pilgrim

strangers, and the tree and fountain shown as the evidences of its truth *in those days of simple faith!* And with hearts lifted up to God, and *trusting in the aid of St. Ninian's prayers*, many a poor sick man would drink of the clear stream.

Men of this day may smile at their simplicity; but better surely is the mind which receives as no incredible thing, the unusual interposition of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will; better the spirit which views the properties of a salubrious spring as the gift of God, granted to a faithful and holy servant, than that which would habitually exclude the thought of the Great Doer of all, by resting on the Laws of Nature as something independent of Him, not, as they are, the way in which He usually works; or thanklessly, and as a matter of course receive the benefit of some mineral waters.—pp. 108, 109.

But surely there is no need (except for a particular class of people) to rush into one extreme of folly, in order to avoid another. This, however, is altogether beside the question. The question is, what authority there is for the story. This talk of simple faith, and of miracles being worked, takes the story altogether out of the class of mythic legends. It is either history or a falsehood. And, as no sane person could dream of regarding it as history, I shall beg my reader to consider, what effects are likely to be produced on the minds of the sort of people for whom these Lives of the Saints must be designed, by teaching them to apply the sacred words of our Redeemer to such preposterous fables.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ST. NEOT AND THE LOCK—THE THREE FISHES—THE FOX AND THE SHOE.

THE Legend of St. Neot contains one or two miracles at least that cannot well be passed over. The author commences his work by stating, that,

It is not pretended that every fact in the following Legend can be supported on sound historical evidence. With the materials which we have, it would not only be presumptuous, but *impossible, to attempt to determine any thing with any certainty, respecting them; how much is true, how much fiction.*

Which,—if one did not know how these books are written,—would seem designed to prepare the reader for an absence of miraculous stories in the narrative. It seems, by this author's account, there are five old lives of St. Neot extant, the earliest having been written about a hundred and fifty years after his death, and that "of these the first thing we remark, is a striking disagreement in the details of the several narratives:" and yet, that "all these facts are related with extreme minuteness and accuracy of detail," which two things being put together, will, I suppose, be thought to render the authority of the whole rather questionable. The author's reflection is curious:

Now this, if not the highest evidence in their favour, (which it may be) would seem to indicate that they

allowed themselves a latitude in their narratives, and made free use of their imagination to give poetic fulness to their compositions. In other words, their Lives are not so much strict biographies, as myths, edifying stories compiled from tradition, and designed not so much to relate facts, as to produce a religious impression on the mind of the hearer.—p. 74.

What is the value of religious impressions produced in this way, I should hope, my readers will be at no loss to conjecture; but certain it is, that these writers do consider it perfectly allowable to compose religious myths—stories, where, supposing the existence of the hero to be assumed as a fact, any quantity of imaginary sayings or doings may be attributed to him—and amongst the rest, miracles and visions, which imply the interposition of the Almighty. The mode in which this is justified will come to be considered hereafter—at present I am concerned only with the fact. And on these slender materials they do think it lawful, not only to construct history and biography, but even to make solemn acts of devotion. I must beg my reader, in perusing the following passage, to recollect that this author has nothing to go on for the facts of his story but contradictory and conflicting legends, which *he confesses* can only be regarded "as myths;"—accounts so irreconcilably contradictory, that he acknowledges that with such materials, "it would not only be presumptuous, but *impossible, to attempt to determine any thing with any certainty*, respecting

them; *how much is true, how much fiction.*" I shall also request him to bear in mind, that the fact of Athelstan and Neot being one and the same person is a matter which is not certain.

Prince Athelstan became the monk Neotus; the very meaning of his new title "the renewed," implies that his past life was to be as though it had not been; or as the life of another man. In such change is entire revolution of heart and hope and feeling. It is indeed a death; a resurrection; a change from earth on earth to heaven on earth; before he did his duty to God in and through his duty to the world; now what he does for the world is but indirect, but he is permitted a closer union, a more direct service to God. And therefore those good men who gave their labours to commemorate the life of this holy Saint, do properly commence their task at this point; and *that we too who are permitted to follow in their footsteps may labour in the same reverential spirit as they laboured; let us join with Abbot Ramsay of Croyland and say—*

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to remove that holy Saint Neotus, to the blessed company of Saints in heaven, I have undertaken to record such actions as he performed while here on earth; therefore with a deep sense of my own unworthiness for so high a task, I pray to the Fountain of all mercies, that of His infinite goodness He will deign to send me His most gracious help, that I may be enabled to make known such things as are handed down by tradition, concerning this venerable man; and *that I may have him for my protector and intercessor in all dangers.*—pp. 89, 90.

Which, considering the slender grounds on which the legend rests, is a sort of devotion that needs a higher sanction than that of Abbot Ramsay of Croyland to justify its adoption.

The first of St. Neot's miracles, which comes under our notice, is one which occurred while he was still at Glastonbury, and before he became a hermit. It is told in these words:

And as time went on, God left him not without special mark of His favour, and not only thus enabled him to scatter His benefits among the people; but *that all men might know that such a life as his did indeed raise its possessor above the weaknesses and imperfections of this mortal life*, He began to work sensible miracles by his hand.

It was the custom of the monks of the Abbey, at the hour of mid-day, to retire alone to their several cells, for private prayer and meditation. This hour was held sacred, and no communication of any sort was permitted among the brethren. Neot, whose cell was nearest to the great gate of the monastery, was disturbed in his devotions by a violent and continued knocking. On repairing to the grating to ascertain the cause he discovered a person who might not be refused, pressing in haste for admission; he immediately hurried to the door, but, to his confusion and perplexity, he found that from the smallness of his stature he was unable to reach the lock. The knocking now became more violent, and Neot, in despair of natural means of success, *prayed to God for assistance.* Immediately the lock slid gently down the door, until it reached the level of his girdle, and thus he was enabled to open it without further difficulty. This remarkable miracle is said to have been witnessed to by all the brethren, for *the lock continued in its place, and the people flocked together from all quarters to see it.*—p. 96.

This miracle, then, is not only stated by this writer to have been a permanent miracle, and one which "people flocked together from all quarters to see;" but it is also expressly asserted, that it was a

sensible interposition on the part of God *for a particular purpose*,—namely, to recommend monkery, —"that all men might know that such a life as his *did indeed raise its possessor above the weaknesses and imperfections of this mortal life*;—which, supposing the story to be true, the miracle would hardly be sufficient to prove. The author then asserts that this extraordinary and romantic miracle was worked by the Almighty, *in order* to raise the credit of the monastic life. Does he believe the story to be true? Does he believe it to possess the slightest foundation in fact, or to be supported by the lowest degree of evidence which should procure it a moment's attention from any rational person? Does he believe it to be a whit more credible (as far as testimony is concerned) than the history of Cinderella or of Jack the Giant Killer? If he does not—if he knows (and he avows it) that it is nothing better than a myth, a legend, in plain speaking, *an untruth*, what is to be thought of the system he is labouring to propagate, and of its inevitable effects on Christianity itself? To assert that God has done anything which one does not believe him to have done, is what no devout or reverent mind could do, not even in a work of fiction. No name, however high or popular, can sanction what is manifestly so improper. But to assert, not only that God has worked a miracle, but that he has worked it *for a purpose*, and to dare to pronounce what that purpose was,—all the while knowing and

avowing that the whole story is no better than a legend,—is a very high and uncommon degree of impiety indeed,—uncommon, at least, in the clergy of the church of England.

A story which occurs a few pages after the account of the migration of the lock, will serve for another example of the sort of miracles by which the church is now pretended to be edified. It is stated that "an angel was sent to St. Neot, at Glastonbury," who conducted him to an hermitage in Cornwall, where he was directed to take up his abode.

> Here, in this lonely spot, he was to spend seven years in a hermit's cell, and live by the labour of his own hands; yet was he not unsupported by Him who had sent him there. From the time of his arrival to the close of his trial, *a continuous sensible miracle declared the abiding presence of the favour of God.*—p. 99.

Can it be imagined that any one who feared God would write in such a manner, unless he wished it to be understood, that he was convinced of the truth of the story he was about to relate?

> They had spent one night there, and the Saint was in the chapel, when Barius came in haste to tell him that three fish were playing in the basin where the fountain rose. St. Neot ordered him on no account to touch them, until he should have himself enquired what this strange thing might mean. *In answer to his prayer the same angel appeared*, and told him that the fish were there for his use, and that every morning one might be taken and prepared for food; if he faithfully obeyed this command, the supply should never fail, and the same number should even continue in the fountain. And so it was, and ever

the three fish were seen to play there, and every morning one was taken and two were left, and every evening were three fish leaping and gamboling in the bubbling stream; therefore did the Saint offer nightly praise and thanksgiving, for this so wonderful preservation; and time went on, and ever more and more did St. Neot's holiness grow and expand and blossom.—pp. 99, 100.

This happy arrangement met a very serious interruption, which, however, was the occasion of a miracle more surprising than the former—

His discipline was so strict, and continued with such unrelaxing severity, that on a certain occasion he was taken ill in consequence. The faithful Barius, ever anxious to anticipate his master's smallest want, if by any means some portion of the saintly radiance might so be reflected upon him, was anxious to prepare some food, to be ready for him on his awaking from a sleep into which, after nights of watchfulness, he had at length fallen. Here, however, he was met by a difficulty: his master's illness had reduced him to a state of extreme delicacy, and he was at a loss how he ought to dress his food. Hastily and incautiously he resorted to a dangerous expedient. Instead of one fish, he took two from the basin, and roasting one and boiling the other, he presented both to St. Neot for choice, on his awaking from his sleep. In dismay and terror the Saint learnt what had been done, and springing from his couch, and ordering Barius instantly to replace both fish as they were in the water, himself *spent a night and a day in prayer and humiliation.* Then at length were brought the welcome tidings of forgiveness; and Barius joyfully reported that both fish were swimming in the water. After this, his illness left him, and the supply in the fountain continued as before.—pp. 100, 101.

Really, I do not know in what terms to speak of

such extravagant absurdities. The continual temptation is to allow the impiety and fanaticism of the author to divert our attention from that which is the only point deserving serious notice,—the character and object of the movement which these books are written for the purpose of advancing.

In the monastery of Glastonbury he had learnt the mode of self-discipline by which St. Patrick had attained his saintly eminence, and now in his hermitage he almost rivalled him in austerities. Every morning St. Patrick repeated the Psalter through from end to end, with the hymns and canticles, and two hundred prayers. Every day he celebrated mass, and every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times; in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cockcrow he stood in water, until he had said his prayers. Similarly each morning went St. Neot's orisons to heaven from out of his holy well; alike in summer and in the deep winter's cold, bare to his waist, he too each day repeated the Psalter through.—p. 101.

This passage I have referred to already; but I am obliged to transcribe it here again, as it explains the following tale:—

One day when he was thus engaged in the depth of winter, he was disturbed by suddenly hearing the noise of a hunting party riding rapidly down the glen. Unwilling that any earthly being should know of his austerities, but only the One who is over all, he sprung hastily from the water and was retiring to his home, when he dropped one of his shoes. He did not wait to pick it up, but hurried off and completed his devotions in secret.

And when he had finished his psalms, and his reading,

and his prayers, with all diligence and care, he remembered his shoe and sent his servant to fetch it. In the meantime a fox, wandering over hill and vale, and curiously prying into every nook and corner, had chanced to come to the place where the holy man had been standing, and had lighted upon the shoe and thought to carry it off. And *an angel who loved to hover in hallowed places, and to breathe an atmosphere which was sanctified by the devotions of God's Saints, was present there* invisibly and saw this thing, and he would not that such an one as St. Neot should be molested even in so small a matter, so that he had sent the sleep of death upon the fox, and Barius when he came there found him dead, arrested at the instant of his theft, yet holding the thongs of his shoe in his mouth. Then he approached in fear and wonder, and took the shoe and brought it to the holy man, and told him all that had happened.—pp. 101, 102.

Now, I hope I need not say, I have no desire to treat *any* miraculous story whatever with ridicule. The subject is too serious. The absurdity and grotesque character of these stories might provoke a smile, were it not that there is a miracle pretended, and that these miracles, whatever their character may be, are alleged for a purpose,—namely, to convey the impression, that monastic austerities are pleasing to God, and that there is some peculiar and heroic degree of sanctity in a man's banishing himself from the society of his fellow-christians, and all the year round, winter and summer, standing in a well or fish-pond every day, until he has repeated the Psalter through. This, we are now taught, is piety;—and when to this one adds the picture given

of St. Patrick, that "every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times" (nearly twice every minute in the day); "in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, (which few persons who know anything of music will deem much short of a miracle in itself,) and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cock-crow he stood in water, until he had said his prayers;" we have a portraiture and ideal of the practical piety which Mr. Newman's party are presenting to the public for the benefit of "most erring and most unfortunate England." Truly, the miracles and the piety are worthy of each other; and if men believe that such piety can be acceptable to their Creator, it is no wonder, that they should see nothing extraordinary or incongruous in the miracles by which its acceptance is said to have been signified to the world.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. NEWMAN'S NOTION OF TRUTH.

But some will ask, why persist in making Mr. Newman responsible for the follies and impieties of these pernicious books? To this I need give no other answer than that which has been given already.

Every word of the articles on Hagiology was written, as these lines are, under a full and conscientious belief that for these Lives of the English Saints Mr. Newman, and Mr. Newman *alone*, is responsible. There may be anonymous persons, whose responsibility is devolved on him; but this is done by his permission, and with a full consciousness on his part, that while he thus voluntarily places himself between them and the public, all the praise or blame is exclusively his own.

Nor am I aware of any doctrine advocated in these books, which may not be fully justified by passages to be found in works to which Mr. Newman has put his name,—to say nothing of the articles in the British Critic, which he has recommended to the public. And, on this point, of primary and eternal moment, namely, the right these authors claim of trifling with truth,—the words I have already quoted from Mr. Newman's sermon on Development, are a distinct avowal, that he considers the use of falsehood in religion may be justified by circumstances. I quote the words

again, lest any one should think I am misrepresenting Mr. Newman's meaning:

It is not more than an hyperbole to say that, IN CERTAIN CASES A LIE IS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO TRUTH. This seems the meaning for instance of St. Clement, when he says "He [the Christian] both thinks and speaks the truth, unless when at any time, in the way of treatment, as a physician towards his patients, so for the welfare of the sick he will be false, or will tell a falsehood, as the sophists speak. For instance, the noble apostle circumcised Timothy, yet cried out and wrote 'circumcision availed not, &c.'"—Strom. vii. 9. We are told that "God is not the son of man that he should repent," yet, It repented the Lord that he had made man. —Univ. Sermons, p. 343.

This is Mr. Newman's own statement of his views regarding the lawfulness of tampering with truth. And, with regard also to the particular species of falsehood which forms the subject of our consideration at present,—namely, the falsification of history and the manufacturing of legends and miracles to serve a pious purpose, Mr. Newman has thus expressed himself in this same sermon on Development:—

Mythical representations, at least in their better form, may be considered facts or narratives, untrue, but like the truth, intended to bring out the action of some principle, point of character, and the like. For instance, the tradition that St. Ignatius was the child whom our Lord took in his arms, may be unfounded; but it realizes to us His special relation to Christ and His apostles, with a keenness peculiar to itself. The same remark may be made upon certain narratives of martyrdoms, or of the details of such

narratives, or of *certain alleged miracles*, or heroic acts, or speeches, all which are the spontaneous produce of religious feeling under imperfect knowledge. If the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred, (if I may so speak;) they are such as might have occurred, and would have occurred, under circumstances; and they belong to the parties to whom they are attributed, potentially, if not actually; or the like of them did occur; or occur to others similarly circumstanced, though not to those very persons.—p. 345.

Such are Mr. Newman's avowed opinions, and how they can be distinguished from the principles and maxims of the Jesuits, it is not easy to discover. But if this be lawful *now*, it was just as lawful *eighteen hundred years ago;* and those who wrote the Gospels,—with reverence be it spoken,—were just as much at liberty to construct "mythical representations," and call them history, as any others can be: unless, indeed, truth itself also admits of development. Mr. Newman has here expressly mentioned "*miracles*" among the matters which may lawfully be ascribed to the hero of a legend, though they had no foundation in fact,—because, "if the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred." But, how can any one say a miracle *ought* to have occurred, without implying that the Almighty ought to have worked it? And to relate a miracle as matter of fact, merely to embellish a narrative, and give dignity to a hero, is neither more nor less than to state, that the Almighty has done a certain

act, without having any reason for believing that he has—and whether such liberties can be taken with that sacred name without the guilt of profaneness in him who does it, and without undermining his own belief, and the belief of others, in the truths of Christianity, and even in the existence of a deity,—appears to me to be a matter deserving of rather more serious consideration than Mr. Newman or his party seem yet to have given it. But, be this as it may,—it is saying what is untrue;—and why any one should wish to claim a right to use falsehood for the promotion of piety, is not very apparent. In the second number of these Lives of the Saints—the very number in the advertisement to which Mr. Newman states, that these lives are portions of the series "promised under his editorship"—is a preface written by himself, and signed with his initials, in which he says, speaking of the preposterous and goblin-like miracles of St. Walburga,—who, the reader is probably aware, is a sort of ecclesiastical Robin Good-fellow among the German peasantry—

> The question will naturally suggest itself to the reader, whether the miracles recorded in these narratives, especially those contained in the Life of St. Walburga, are to be received as matters of fact; and in this day, and under our present circumstances we can only reply, that there is no reason why they should not be. They are the kind of facts proper to ecclesiastical history, just as instances of sagacity and daring, personal prowess or crime, are the facts proper to secular history.

So that this notion, that it is lawful to ascribe miracles to the saints, on any, the slightest foundation, or on none whatever, merely because "they are the kind of facts proper to ecclesiastical history," and if they "did not occur, yet they ought to have occurred," and "belong to the parties to whom they are attributed, potentially, if not actually,"—this notion,—as destructive to piety and religion, as it is incompatible with correct notions of truth and falsehood,—has been distinctly avowed and justified by Mr. Newman himself, and that, not only in a Sermon preached before the University, but in the prefatory matter which he has prefixed to one of the volumes of this series of the Lives of the English Saints. It is Mr. Newman, therefore, who has made himself responsible for these errors and impieties, and not I, nor any other person whatever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE EVIL OF THE SYSTEM, DISREGARD OF TRUTH—MR. NEWMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

I SUPPOSE that few unprejudiced persons, who have had the patience to accompany me thus far, can have much doubt of the tendency of Mr. Newman's system, not merely to Romanism, but to Neologianism. And yet, to speak candidly, I do not believe that its tendency to either or both of these particular forms of error, is that which constitutes its chief danger. Nor am I at all sure that many of my readers have either perceived as yet where that danger really lies, or are sufficiently alive to its magnitude if they have. There is no practical error more prevalent, than the measurement of error or untruth by the mischief it *seems* likely to create. Few, very few persons indeed, have any love for truth *for its own sake*, or any abhorrence of falsehood or error, *except for the mischief it is likely to do*,—or rather which they *see* it is likely to do;—for, if the evil effect be not very apparent, or even if it do not threaten to result very speedily, there are not many who have so disinterested an attachment to truth, as to give themselves much concern or trouble in exposing error or contradicting falsehood. The worst error in the world is this—that so few persons love truth and detest falsehood on purely moral and religious grounds. But, how is it

possible to preserve the church from error, as long as this indifference to the existence of error prevails? Experience proves, that every now and then, errors are introduced, not in solitary and repulsive deformity, but mixed up with truths,—perhaps with truths which appear calculated to promote valuable ends. And so it happens, that those who look at truth and error rather as a question of expediency than of morality, do but too readily suffer themselves to become patrons of error,—or if not patrons, at least to connive at it,—until, under their auspices and connivance, it has gained strength, and access, and currency, and the time for crushing and extinguishing it is lost for ever.

The Romish and Neologian tendencies of Mr. Newman's system must be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to examine it in his own writings, or in those of his coadjutors. But this tendency is rather the operation of the system and its results in a particular direction—than the system itself. The real evil of the system is not that it tends to this particular error or the other—but, that it lays the foundation for error of every sort, by habituating those who embrace it to trifle with truth—and, whether the fruits of this evil habit be found, in explaining away of formularies and in non-natural subscriptions, —or in figurative and mystic interpretations of Holy Scripture,—or in the suppressing of facts that oppose their theory,—or in the manufacture of

catenas, and the garbling and misquoting of authorities,—or in the retailing of absurd and preposterous fables as part of the history of the Almighty's dealing with the church,—or in throwing the reins on a licentious imagination, and dressing up the facts of the gospel narrative as a mythic legend, and calling such irreverence and presumption, meditation, and an act of faith;—in whichever of these ways this disregard of truth is manifested, it is *the disregard of truth*, and not any one or all of its results, which constitutes the real evil. For truth is of God,—and falsehood is of the wicked one. And he who teaches men to undervalue truth, and to tamper with it, and to play with falsehood, is,—in whatever guise he may appear, or however he may delude himself,—undermining the kingdom of God, and promoting the power and dominion of the kingdom of darkness.

Nor is this evil at all diminished, but the contrary, by the absence of an intention to deceive. For, in point of fact, little mischief is done by wilful and designed falsehood, compared with the injury done by self-mystification—and by that confusion of truth and falsehood in the mind, which, unfortunately, is as contagious as disease or pestilence, and which spreads all the more rapidly and effectually, because men are not on their guard against it. Now, this is precisely what I am *most* anxious my readers should bear in mind. The

Lives of the English Saints are no doubt very gross instances of folly and profaneness—but if a line of them had never been written, my own estimation of the evil of Mr. Newman's system would have remained the same. And that, not because there is no error in them which cannot be traced to Mr. Newman's teaching and paralleled in his writings—but because Mr. Newman has, by the mode in which he has dealt with Holy Scripture, in his figurative and mystic interpretations, taught men to trifle and play with truth, and that in precisely the most mischievous way in which it can be trifled with. For the grammatical sense of the Holy Scripture is the foundation and only security of truth in religion. And he who by any methods of interpretation or accommodation, teaches men to explain away the grammatical meaning of the Word of God, does not only lay the axe to the root of all sound theology, but does likewise sow the seeds of positive error and heresy of every sort and kind, and of irreverence for the sacred name of the Almighty. Mr. Newman's Lives of the Saints but too plainly prove these to be the legitimate consequences of such teaching. But they are only the consequences; and little benefit will be done by these pages, if my readers suffer themselves to be so occupied with the consequences as to forget their cause.

But besides this, I feel that I should have done

real injury to the cause of truth, if my readers were led by anything I had said to regard these legends as something wholly new. New they are, in one sense,—as being a development, in a particular direction, of a false principle and an erroneous system,—and, in some respects, a disclosure of objects and intentions and ulterior views, of which the world had not previously been so distinctly informed. But they are no more than a development and a disclosure of what already existed; just as Mr. Ward, in his Ideal, spoke a little more plainly than his more cautious leader. But,—as the non-natural subscription of Mr. Ward is, in point of fact, the identical theory of No. 90, in a more homely and matter-of-fact fashion than it had assumed in Mr. Newman's hands,—so the Romanism and Neologianism of the Lives of the Saints are nothing whatever beyond the theology and ethics inculcated in Mr. Newman's own writings, and in those of which he has avowed himself the patron—only they are thrown into a legendary form. Any one who doubts the justice of this observation, can satisfy himself by reading Mr. Newman's University Sermons, his Sermons on the Subjects of the Day, and those articles in the British Critic which he has recommended to the public. I think it infinitely important to keep this fact steadily and constantly before my readers.

Nor, should I conceive it anything short of doing my readers a serious mischief, were I to lead them to

imagine, that an erroneous system is less injurious, when presented in a calm and moderate form. It is plainly the reverse. Error is never so little likely to do mischief, as when it makes itself ridiculous and disgusting. If such works as the Lives of the English Saints had appeared a few years ago, they might have been safely left in that obscurity to which the good sense, and good feeling, and piety of a Christian community would have speedily consigned them. It is because things are altered, that these books require to be exposed now;—because an erroneous and false system has already predisposed (it is to be feared) too many to read such books with pleasure;—because it has already, and to a very fearful amount, blunted men's moral and spiritual perceptions, and prepared them for admiring things from which, a few years ago, they would have turned with abhorrence;—and further, because these legends by discovering so clearly and plainly the real spirit and the legitimate effects of that system, are calculated to put those on their guard, who required to be forewarned against errors which make their first advances in a less repulsive form, and to awaken those, who are still incredulous, and still willing to suppose (if there be any such remaining) that the movement was harmless in its original principle and design, and is only dangerous in the extravagancies of its younger and more undisciplined admirers.

Here is a series of books, containing doctrines, not only contrary to what the Church of England receives, as the teaching of Holy Scripture and the primitive church,—but plainly subversive of truth, of reverence for sacred things, of purity. It is difficult even to expose their pernicious character, without transcribing matter offensive to piety, and unfit to be placed before the eyes of modesty. Who is the originator of these books?—who is the editor? Has Mr. Newman ever, even by one single line, come forward, to renounce his connexion with their authors, much less to express even a shadow of regret at his having originated and edited a work, which, from its very first number, displayed a spirit utterly irreconcileable with the good faith of an English clergyman? The world has not forgotten, and it never can, how promptly Mr. Newman responded, on another and very different occasion, even to a private remonstrance, and how readily he came forward to retract publicly the language in which he had spoken with severity of Rome and Romanism;—the very language to which his friends had so frequently appealed, whenever his system was charged with a leaning towards the errors of Rome. With regard to the propriety of Mr. Newman's conduct, either then or now, I offer no opinion whatever. It is not to me he is responsible. Nor can anything but confusion and misconception arise from making this in any way a personal question,

or allowing feelings either of partiality or dislike to be mixed up with it. Again and again have I laboured to impress this on my reader's mind. The facts of the case are simply these. Mr. Newman did publicly announce himself as the originator and editor of this series of lives; he has never since come forward to disclaim his connexion with it, or in any way whatever to free himself from the guilt and responsibility which attaches to every one engaged in the publication. These are the facts, which no one pretends to be able to deny. And the question I would ask, is simply this,—Would any man act in this manner, if he believed that the authors of these books were giving the public a false view of the nature of his system, and of the object of the movement of which he is the head and leader, and were thus defeating and counteracting that design, to the accomplishment of which his whole existence is devoted? This is the point really deserving of consideration. For, however thankful I should be to awaken any of the persons connected with this movement to the true character and the lamentable consequences of their unhappy projects, my immediate object is to make the nature of these projects known, and to put the public fully on their guard against the system and the teaching by which these projects are attempted to be accomplished.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONFUSED NOTIONS THESE AUTHORS HAVE OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD—THEIR DEFENCE OF THE THEORY OF MEDITATION.

If, then, I am asked, What I believe to be the principal evil of the system inculcated by Mr. Newman and his friends? my answer must be—*disregard of truth*,—and a disregard the more dangerous because it certainly appears to originate in their having, in the first instance, confused their own notions of truth and falsehood, both as to their nature and their importance. It is difficult, from such a mass of writing, to select examples. One or two, from the lives of the Hermit Saints, will be sufficient to explain my meaning. The first shall be taken from the legend of St. Gundleus, of whom nothing certain appears to be known. Indeed, the author very freely confesses the fictitious nature of the tale, brief as it is:

> Whether St. Gundleus led this very life, and wrought these very miracles, I do not know; but I do know that they are Saints whom the Church so accounts, and I believe that, though this account of him cannot be proved, it is a symbol of what he did and what he was, a picture of his saintliness, and a specimen of his power.—p. 8.

Now, before I proceed further, I must beg to call my reader's attention to the meaning of this passage? The author, it appears, does not scruple to state that he has no knowledge, no proof whatever of the truth of the story. Yet he relates it gravely as a piece of

ecclesiastical history; and specially, he relates certain miracles which he states were performed by Gundleus, living and dead, and the appearing of an angelic host about his tomb. Did these things really happen, or did they not? Did the Almighty really interpose by miracles, supernatural voices, and visions of angels? The author answers, "I do not know;" —and, in fact, as nothing *was* to be known, he could give no other answer. But, as he did not know, whether these miraculous tales were true or not, why did he retail them? How can such conduct be exonerated from the charge of disregard of truth, and of a most irreverent and profane mode of treating sacred names and subjects? The fact is,—as it will appear in the sequel,—the authors seem resolved to write something. If they have credible materials, well and good; if not, they must only retail palpable fictions, and call them myths, symbols, and legends.

"But I do know," says this author, "that they are saints whom the church so accounts." Yet, if he should consult any respectable Roman-catholic authority, he would find that this matter is not deemed quite so certain in the Roman church. But this is a point which cannot be noticed now. Nor does the author seem to rest the *whole* of the story on this ground;—but merely the fact of Gundleus being a Saint. The point on which he thinks it requisite to bestow some pains, is the lawfulness of making up fictions of this sort on the

slenderest materials, or on none at all. This question he has discussed at considerable length in the introduction to the life of Gundleus, and his reasoning,—if such it can be called,—will afford an illustration striking enough, of the manner in which this party contrive to puzzle and perplex their judgment in the plainest matters, and of the sophistry by which they are endeavouring to lead the public mind back to those superstitions from which the divine mercy has delivered us.

The Christian lives in the past and in the future, and in the unseen; in a word, he lives in no small measure in the unknown. And it is one of his duties, and a part of his work, to make the unknown known; to create within him an image of what is absent, and to realize by faith what he does not see. For this purpose he is granted certain outlines and rudiments of the truth, and from thence he learns to draw it out into its full proportions and its substantial form,—to expand and complete it; whether it be the absolute and perfect truth, or truth under a human dress, or truth in such a shape as is most profitable for him. And the process, by which the word which has been given him, "returns not void," but brings forth and buds and is accomplished and prospers, is Meditation.—p. 1.

This may be "*Meditation*,"—but plain-spoken people would have called it *fiction*. And if such a process of invention be lawful, what is meant by "intruding into the things that are not seen?" But what infinite confusion is here! It is one of the Christian's duties "to realize *by faith* what he does not see." Undoubtedly it is—but why "*by faith?*"

Because faith is that which embraces a *revelation*. Faith does not "make the unknown known." But rather, it withdraws its foot when it reaches the confines of "the unknown," content to know and to realize what is known and revealed, and not presuming rashly to attempt to unveil those "secret things," which the divine wisdom has thought proper to reserve to himself. This is faith. But to attempt "to make the unknown known" is not an exercise of faith, but the licentiousness of a presumptuous imagination, wise above that which is written. Even when this author says, that it is a Christian duty to "*realize* by faith what he does not see," in his sense of the word "*realize*" the proposition is untrue. For, undoubtedly, what he means by *realizing* is, allowing the imagination to invent those particulars which the Word of God has concealed,—and how any one can imagine this to be a duty, is exceedingly surprising.

It is Meditation which does for the Christian what Investigation does for the children of men. Investigation may not be in his power, but he may always meditate. For investigation he may possess no materials or instruments; he needs but little aid or appliance from without for Meditation. The barley loaves and few small fishes are made to grow under his hand; the oil fills vessel after vessel till not an empty one remains; the water-pots become the wells of a costly liquor; and the very stones of the desert germinate and yield him bread. He trades with his Lord's money as a good steward; that in the end his Lord may receive his own with usury.—pp. 1, 2.

Divested of the figures here used to give it sacredness, and an appearance of being recognised by Holy Scripture,—"Meditation"—in this sense of the word—is really nothing but falsehood and irreverence. The true Christian will wait for the Divine command before he begins to fill his vessels with oil, or pour out costly liquor from the water-pots; and if he should be tempted to command "the stones of the desert to germinate and yield him bread," he will remember the example of Him who was once assailed by the same temptation, and resisted it. In truth, the illustrations are as unhappy as the doctrine is false.

This is the way of the divinely illuminated mind, whether in matters of sacred doctrine or of sacred history. Here we are concerned with the latter. I say then, when a true and loyal lover of the brethren attempts to contemplate persons and events of time past, and to bring them before him as actually existing and occurring, it is plain, he is at loss about the details; he has no information about those innumerable accidental points, which might have been or happened this way or that way, but in the very person and the very event did happen one way,—which were altogether uncertain beforehand, but which have been rigidly determined ever since. The scene, the parties, the speeches, the grouping, the succession of particulars, the beginning, the ending, matters such as these *he is obliged to imagine in one way, if he is to imagine them at all.*—p. 2.

But how can he be *obliged* "to imagine them at all?" Why is he not content to be ignorant, where the providence of God has left him in the dark?—What

"a true and loyal lover of the brethren" may or may not do, it is hard to determine beforehand,—for many such have done things, which it would have been happier for themselves and others if they had left undone:—but, most assuredly, no man who has any love or reverence for truth, can feel any pleasure in turning imagination into history; and those who hate and abhor falsehood, and know how difficult it is, to keep in quick and healthy exercise the love of truth, in the midst of a world of falsehood and delusion, will be far more likely to hold tight the bridle on their imaginations, than to give a loose rein to fancy, and call it meditation.

The case is the same in the art of painting; the artist gives stature, gesture, feature, expression, to his figures; what sort of an abstraction or a nonentity would he produce without this allowance? it would be like telling him to paint a dream, or relations and qualities, or panic terrors, or scents and sounds, if you confine him to truth in the mere letter; or he must evade the difficulty, with the village artist in the story, who having to represent the overthrow of the Egyptians in the sea, on their pursuing the Israelites, daubed a board with red paint, with a *nota bene* that the Israelites had got safe to land, and the Egyptians were all drowned. Of necessity then does the painter allow his imagination to assist his facts; of necessity and with full right; and he will make use of this indulgence well or ill, according to his talents, his knowledge, his skill, his ethical peculiarities, his general cultivation of mind.—pp. 2, 3.

Of course, if people will paint what they have never seen or could see, they must draw on their

imaginations; but I hope they will forgive my saying, that, if they would only employ their imaginations on some other than sacred subjects, Christianity would lose nothing by their forbearance. But, how does this illustration assist the argument? If the painter professes to give the world the offspring of his fancy and nothing more, his veracity is not called in question, whatever sentence may be pronounced on his judgment, taste, or skill. But if he should call it a portrait, and publish it as a likeness of a place or person he had never seen, people would not scruple to call him a dishonest man.

In like manner, if we would meditate on any passages of the gospel history, *we must insert details indefinitely many*, in order to meditate at all; *we must fancy* motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts, as our connecting links between fact and fact as recorded. Hence holy men have before now *put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons*, not wishing to intrude into things unknown, not thinking to deceive others into a belief of their own mental creations, but to impress upon themselves and upon their brethren, as by a seal or mark, the substantiveness and reality of what Scripture has adumbrated by one or two bold and severe lines. Ideas are one and simple; but they gain an entrance into our minds, and live within us, by being broken into detail.—Ibid.

Stript of its sophistry, this extraordinary passage can scarcely fail to shock and disgust the mind of every serious person. We *must* insert details indefinitely many in order to meditate at all. "*We must insert details!* What! into "the gospel history?" Surely one would have supposed, that if

this be what is meant by meditation, any man who had the fear of God before his eyes would feel that meditation is sinful. But where is this to end? Or rather, I repeat, when did it begin? Is it only within the last ten years, that meditation of this fashion became lawful? Is it only the party who follow Mr. Newman as their leader, that have a right to "insert details indefinitely many" into the gospel history, and "fancy motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts," and anything else they please, as "connecting links" between the facts of the sacred narrative? Are they the only "holy men" who are at liberty to "put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons?" It would seem not. They do not pretend to have a patent right to such profaneness. If not, then the fearful question again occurs—when did this right begin to be exercised?—when did holy men begin to "insert details," and "fancy motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts," and "put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons?" Had the Evangelists no right to do such things? and if they had,—how far did they exercise it? How far is the gospel a fact or a mythic legend? How far are its words and syllables truth, on which we can rest the well-being of our immortal spirits?—or the "mental creations" of what,—however it be dignified with the name of *Meditation*,—is, in truth, no better than the irreverence of a licentious imagination? *This system strikes at the root of Christianity*

itself, and the more it shall be developed, the more clearly will this appear.

Hence it is, that *so much has been said and believed of a number of Saints with so little historical foundation. It is not that we may lawfully despise or refuse* a great gift and benefit, *historical testimony*, and the intellectual exercises which attend on it, study, research, and criticism; for in the hands of serious and believing men they are of the highest value. We do not refuse them, but in the cases in question, we have them not. The bulk of Christians have them not; the multitude has them not; the multitude forms its view of the past, not from antiquities, not critically, not in the letter; but it developes its small portion of true knowledge into *something which is like the very truth though it be not it*, and which stands for the truth when it is but like it. *Its evidence is a legend; its facts are a symbol;* its history a representation; its drift is a moral. —pp. 3, 4.

"*Something which is like the very truth, though it be not it.*" What notions of truth these writers must have! The only parallel is Mr. Newman's idea, that, "*in certain cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth.*"

The author proceeds:—

Thus, then, is it with the biographies and reminiscences of the Saints. "Some there are which have no memorial, and are as though they had never been;" others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else. *They have left a name, but they have left nothing besides.* Or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life, gives a character to their memory. Or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighbour-

hood, or by the title or the decorations of a Church. Or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them. Or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea. Such are some of the small elements, which when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes, and forms; till by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character,—which is indeed but the *portrait* of the original yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination. It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; it is the truth under assumed conditions; it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savours of the age, yet it is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. It is the picture of a saint, *who did other miracles, if not these;* who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace,—*of this we are sure;* we are not sure, should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence. —pp. 4, 5.

Are we sure?—sure that he ever worked miracles of any sort? when,—as the author admits is frequently the case, — we know nothing whatever about the Saint, beyond his name, and even that may be as chimerical as St. Longinus,—or St. Amphibalus,* whom these authors will persist in believ-

* "St. Alban was converted to the Christian faith by Amphibalus, a clergyman, whom he had sheltered from his persecutors. Information having been given to the authorities as to the place where Amphibalus lay concealed, search was

ing to be a human being, though Bishop Lloyd would have taught them he was only a *military cloak* transformed by a blunderer into a clergyman and a martyr.* However, though we know nothing whatever "of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence," we may,—according to this new school,—without anything to go on but a name, and no proof that ever any human being to bear the name existed, set to work, and meditate and develope, and dispose, and form, till our fiction has grown into a saint, and we may call this "a portrait;" and we may say that our hero worked miracles, and describe them, and "put dialogues into the

made for him in Alban's house; upon which his host putting on his military cloak, submitted to be seized by the officers in his stead."—St. Augustine, p. 20. I find this absurdity perpetuated by Dr. Hook in his Ecclesiastical Biography—with the addition, that, in his life of St. Alban, the military cloak is improved into "the cassock usually worn by the priest." "Mais ce personage paroît chimérique;" says Moreri.

* Bishop Lloyd's words are as follow:—

"The best is, that Hector [Boethius] had no need of his, or any other testimony, for he could not only make stories, but authors, too, when he pleased. And why not? as well as he could make a bishop out of St. Alban's cloak. It was, indeed, one Geoffrey of Monmouth, that first turned the cloak into a man, and so prepared it for Hector's ordination. The word 'Amphibalus,' which is Latin for a 'shag cloak,' and was used in that sense in the legend of St. Alban, our Geoffrey had the luck to mistake for a proper name, and so joined this 'Amphibalus' with St. Alban as his fellow martyr. Man or cloak, Hector brings this 'Amphibalus' into Scotland to King Crathlint, and there ordains it first bishop of the Isle of Man, and seats his Culdees there with him; so that belike they were the dean and chapter to St. Alban's cloak."—Church Government, ch. vii. pp. 150–1. Oxford Edition.

mouths of sacred persons,"—and we need never trouble ourselves to ask, whether our mental creations ever had any existence except in our own brains—and yet no one shall dare to say, that we are deficient in love of truth, or reverence for holy things.

Who, for instance, can reasonably find fault with the Acts of St. Andrew, *even though they be not authentic*, for describing the Apostle as saying on sight of his cross, "Receive, O Cross, the disciple of Him who once hung on thee, my Master Christ"? For was not the Saint *sure to make an exclamation* at the sight, and must it not have been in substance such as this? And would much difference be found between his very words when translated, and these imagined words, if they be such, drawn from what is probable, and received upon rumours issuing from the time and place?—p. 5.

But why was "the Saint *sure* to make an exclamation" of any sort? And if he did, why this rather than any other?

And when St. Agnes was brought into that horrible house of devils, are we not quite sure that angels were with her, even though we do not know any one of the details? What is there wanton then or superstitious in singing the Antiphon, "Agnes entered the place of shame, and found the Lord's angel waiting for her," *even though the fact come to us on no authority?*—p. 5.

But who knows whether Agnes was ever brought into the place of shame? And if she was, and angels did attend her—is that any reason why she should see them?

And again, what matters it though the angel that ac-

companies us on our way be not called Raphael, if there be such a protecting spirit, who at God's bidding does not despise the least of Christ's flock in their journeyings? And what is it to me though heretics have mixed the true history of St. George with their own fables or impieties, if a Christian George, Saint or Martyr there was, as we believe?—p. 5.

Yet surely, unless these authors were as ignorant as there is very good reason to believe them to be, they must have known how much has been said by respectable and learned Romanists of the necessity of reforming the breviary, and how little veneration they profess for St. George.

But give these authors their full licence to meditate and develope, and call their legends *portraits*—and what is the ideal of piety they present to our imitation? Gundleus, for example, a king, a husband and a father—deserts his family and his duties to live in the wilderness "an abstinent and saintly life:"—

his dress a hair cloth; his drink water; his bread of barley mixed with wood ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water; and by day he laboured for his livelihood.—p. 7.

Such is their notion of piety, and such their reverence for truth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED: THE REGION OF FAITH—ST. BETTELIN.

A SIMILAR example of this confusion of moral perception is found in this same volume, in the life of St. Bettelin (a person of whose history the author cannot venture to say that it is not "altogether fabulous") in a passage which, if one wanted to give a triumph to the infidel, might seem constructed for the very purpose.

And what the malice of foes has done to the bodies of the Saints, the inadvertence or ignorance of friends has too often done to their memories. Through the twilight of ages,—in the mist of popular credulity or enthusiasm,—amid the ambitious glare of modern lights, darkening what they would illustrate,—the stars of the firmament gleam feebly and fitfully; and *we see a something divine, yet we cannot say what it is: we cannot say what, or where, or how it is, without uttering a mistake. There is no room for the exercise of reason—we are in the region of faith.* We must believe and act, where we cannot discriminate; we must be content to take the history as sacred on the whole, and leave the verification of particulars as unnecessary for devotion, and for criticism impossible.—pp. 58, 59.

What can the infidel desire more than that Christians should confess, that they are in utter uncertainty as to the truth of the historical facts they believe; and that to have "no room for the exercise of reason," is to be "in the region of faith?" To

make the matter worse, the author justifies his absurdities by the following citation of Bollandus.

"Since what is extraordinary," says Bollandus, "usually strikes the mind and is impressed on the memory in an especial way, it follows that writers about the Saints at times have been able to collect together nothing but their miracles, their virtues, and other heavenly endowments being altogether forgotten; and these miracles, often so exaggerated or deformed (as the way of men is) with various adjuncts and circumstances, that by some persons they are considered as nothing short of old women's tales. Often the same miracles are given to various persons; and though God's unbounded goodness and power certainly need not refuse this Saint the same favour which He has already bestowed upon that, (for He applies the same chastisements and punishments to the sins of various persons) yet what happened to one, has often in matter of fact been attributed to others, first by word of mouth, then in writing, through fault of the faculty of memory, which is but feeble and easily confused in the case of the many; so that when inquiries are made about a Saint, they attribute to him what they remember to have heard at some time of another, especially since the mind is less retentive of names than of things. In this way, then, while various writers at one and the same time had gone by popular fame, because there were no other means of information, it has come to pass that a story has been introduced into the history of various Saints which really belongs to one only, and to him perhaps not in the manner in which it is reported.

"Moreover it often happens that, without denying that a certain miracle may have occurred, yet the occasion and mode of its occurrence, as reported, may reasonably create a doubt whether this particular condescension, be it to man's necessity or his desire, became the majesty of the Eternal. At the same time, since His goodness is won-

derful, and we are not able to measure either the good things which He has prepared in heaven for the holy souls He loves, or the extent of his favours towards them on earth, such narratives are not to be rejected at hazard, though they seem to us incredible; but rather to be reverently received, in that they profess to issue from that Fountain of Divine goodness, from which all our happiness must be derived. *Suppose the very things were not done; yet greater things might have been done, and have been done at other times.* Beware then of denying them on the ground that they could not or ought not to have been done."—pp. 59, 60.

The resemblance between this passage, especially the latter part, and the passage I have quoted in chapter xxxiii., from Mr. Newman's Sermons on Development, is too remarkable to be overlooked.

The introduction to the Life of St. Neot in this same volume will also furnish examples of a similar species of sophistry.

Thus stands the case then. A considerable period has elapsed from the death of a Saint, and certain persons undertake to write an account of his very remarkable life. We cannot suppose them ignorant of the general difficulties of obtaining evidence on such subjects; what materials they worked with we have no means of ascertaining; they do not mention any. Now supposing them to have been really as vague as they seem, let us ask ourselves what we should have done under similar circumstances. Of course we should attempt no more than what we do as it is,—*if we could not write a Life we should write a Legend.* And it is mere assumption to take for granted that either they or any other under similar circumstances ever intended more. And this view seems confirmed if we look to their

purpose. The monks of the middle ages were not mere 'ry annalists, who strung together hard catalogues of facts for the philosophers of modern Europe to analyse and distil and resolve into principles. Biography and history were with them simple and direct methods of teaching character. After all, the facts of a man's life are but a set of phænomena, frail weary weeds in which the idea of him clothes itself.—p. 80.

But, without knowing the facts of a man's life, how can we form any idea of him?

Endless as the circumstances of life are, [*sic:* probably the comma should stand after the word "life,"] the forms in which the same idea may develope itself, given a knowledge of the mechanic forces, and we can calculate the velocities of bodies under any conceivable condition. The smallest arc of a curve is enough for the mathematician to complete the figure. Take the character therefore and the powers of a man for granted, and it is very ignorant criticism to find fault with a writer, because he embodies them in this or that fact, unless we can be sure he intended to leave a false impression.—pp. 80, 81.

How wonderful this writer's notions of truth must be! "*If we could not write a Life we should write a Legend.*" Would it not be more reasonable to decline writing altogether? And considering, that what is supposed is, that some one has undertaken to write a Life—surely, if there are no materials to be found, it would be honester to abandon the attempt.

What we have been saying then comes to this. Here are certain facts put before us, *of the truth or falsehood of which we have no means of judging.* We know that such things have happened frequently both among the Jews and

in the history of the Church; and therefore there is no *à priori* objection to them. On the other hand *we are all disposed to be story tellers;* it is next to impossible for tradition to keep facts together in their original form for any length of time; and in those days at any rate there was a strong poetical as well as religious feeling among the people. Therefore *as the question "were these things really so?" cannot be answered, it is no use to ask it.* What we should ask ourselves is, Have these things a meaning? Do they teach *us* anything? If they do, then as far as we are concerned, it is no matter whether they are true or not as facts; if they do not, then let them have all the sensible evidence of the events of yesterday, and they are valueless.—p. 81.

Now, undoubtedly, if men would honestly say —this is romance or allegory—and not history or biography—it would be very unreasonable to ask, whether it was true or not: because no one pretended it to be true. But if, at the end of their meditations and developments, they bring forth their "mental creations" as history and biography—and above all, as the history of God's providential, spiritual, and miraculous dealing with the most eminent of his servants—it seems a very proper (though it may not be a very convenient) question to ask—"were these things really so?" and it seems scarcely consistent with modesty to treat a civil inquiry so cavalierly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES—THE ALLEGORICAL SYSTEM—ARCHBISHOP LANGTON—MEDITATION—MR. OAKELEY'S TRANSLATION OF BONAVENTURE'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

SOME persons may suppose that this school has still reverence enough for sacred things, to abstain from such liberties as I have been noticing, when they approach the Holy Scripture. I should be glad and thankful to think they had:—for, as long as men retain their reverence for the word of God they are not wholly irreclaimable.

The general notions which this party inculcate as to the interpretation of Holy Scripture, are very clearly expressed in a passage in the life of Archbishop Langton, in which the author is stating Langton's preference for the mystical and allegorical method, of which Innocent III. was the patron. Having described the scholastic and literal method, and observed that Langton preferred the other, he says:

This, which we may call the *devotional* method, sought to feed and fill the soul with the Divine word, to present a material to the ruminative faculty. The other addressed itself to the intellect, *this to faith. It neglected the historical sense, a view of Scripture which it considered Jewish.* "If once," says S. Bernard, "thou couldst taste ever so slightly of that 'finest wheat flour,' wherewith Jerusalem is filled, how willingly wouldst thou *leave the Jewish literal interpreters to gnaw their crusts alone!*" Not that it set

aside the historical sense, *much less considered it untrue;* but it looked on the acts and circumstances of the persons described as done by themselves, and ordered by Providence, with an express reference to the acts of Christ, and the circumstances of his body, the Church, as regulated more by the laws of the unseen, than by those of the material world, the world of time and space. This sense is only to be understood by those whose sight was purged by austere life. *It is the wisdom which S. Paul spoke* "among them that are perfect." To those whose hearts are absorbed in the world, it seems folly and fatuity. *Relish for mystical exposition is the sure test of the spiritual mind.*—pp. 61, 62.

And then he proceeds to mention that this mystical and allegorical method obtained chiefly among the monks.

I trust it is unnecessary to stop to consider the consequences of such a system, nor can it be needful to point out the fallacies by which it is here sought to be advocated. If the grammatical sense of Holy Scripture be addressed only to the intellect, and the allegorical to faith, it is plain that faith does not consist in believing the written testimony of God,—but some far-fetched and recondite meaning of it,—or rather no meaning of *it* at all, but some application which has no other source than the fancy of the expositor, or, it may be, *fancies*,—for a thousand allegories, applications, and mystical expositions equally remote from each other and from the text, may be drawn from one and the same passage by a lively imagination. Further on, this author informs

us that the Old Testament, "IF NOT MADE CHRISTIAN BY ALLEGORY, IS, AFTER ALL, NO MORE THAN JEWISH HISTORY." To expose the infinite presumption and profaneness of such a sentence must be needless in a Christian country. I cannot, however but avow my conviction that not any one, nor all put together, of the false and dangerous doctrines this party are endeavouring to disseminate, by means of these lives of the Saints and other works, is comparable with this. It does, as I have already observed, lay the axe to the very root of all sound theology, and sow the seeds of every sort and degree of heresy and error. But, in fact, it is itself a falsehood so pervading—so utterly alterative of the whole mind into which it is received,—that it destroys the power of discriminating truth and falsehood. For this,—as it has been most truly observed in one of the most important pamphlets (if one measures not by bulk, but by the mode in which the subject is treated) which has appeared in the course of the Tractarian Controversy,—is "one of the worst effects of this allegorizing system. Those who habitually employ their minds in the study and generation of what is imaginary, are but too likely to lose sight of the real nature and just value of truth."* This is the prime error of this party, and,

* A Letter to a Friend on the Tract for the Times, No. 89. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, (London, Rivington, 1841,) p. 17. It is hard to imagine a greater service to the cause of truth

as far as a mistake and false position, irrespective of wrong principles, can be, it is the source and fountain of all their other errors. To what lengths they are now disposed to go in their tampering with Holy Scripture has been shown by a work published a year ago by the Rev. F. Oakeley, "The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from the Latin of St. Bonaventure, newly translated for the use of members of the Church of England." The whole object of that work is, to teach people to turn the history of our blessed Redeemer into poetry and romance,—a process which Mr. Oakeley calls Meditation. There was a time when clergymen of the Church of England would have turned with horror from such an employment. But there is no limit to the mischief men do themselves by indulging in a habit of tampering with truth. Nor, when people have sufficiently confused their minds to relish this allegorical and mystical mode of interpretation,—and have learned to regard the Old Testament as no better than Jewish history, till they have made it Christian by their allegories and meditations,—is it

than would be conferred by the learned author of this excellent pamphlet pursuing the subject at the length and detail it requires, a task which no one living is better qualified to perform. The subject of the interpretation of Scripture, and of the prophecies in particular, has been involved in such confusion by Mr. Newman and his party—for example, in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day—that a work from such a pen as Mr. Maitland's, vindicating the true and only principle of interpretation, and unravelling the sophistries of this school, is exceedingly needed at the present moment.

in the least surprising, that they should proceed to take the New Testament in hand also;—rather it would be wonderful if they did not. For,—as Mr. Maitland observed, long before things had got to the height they have now reached,—one of the injurious effects which flows from this allegorical mode of interpretation is this;—"It leads men to tamper with the word of God, and either by addition, suppression, or some tortuous proceeding or other, to make it agree with their imagination."* And, in like manner, I may add, this taste for writing legends prepares the mind for treating the Bible in the same manner;—and what the next step will be, it is not very difficult to prognosticate: when lives of Saints take the place of romances and fairy tales," (as the author of the Life of St. Gilbert speaks, though with little seeming consciousness that this is what he and his friends are labouring to effect,) one can readily guess the result likely to follow from the publication of myths and legends. Most correctly does the same biographer describe (though apparently without a thought of the application which may be made of his words) the manner in which this is brought about.

They who consider the saints in a dreamy way, will hardly be able to do more than dream that there has been upon earth One, who was and is Man-God, for the lives of saints are shadows of His, and help to interpret His actions

* Ibid., p 10.

who is incomprehensible. They who look upon the saints as mere *personages in religious romance*, will be apt to look on Christianity as a beautiful philosophy.—St. Gilbert, p. 130.

Mr. Oakeley's translation of Bonaventure's Life of Christ proves how soon men become insensible to the evil of such proceedings, when once they suffer themselves to trifle with truth. One would have thought, the feelings of reverence, which his party have so long claimed to possess almost exclusively, would have made him withdraw his hand, when he was tempted to give to English readers a work which pretends to supply what God has thought proper to conceal. But no. He is aware of the objection. He states it. He labours in his introduction to answer it. This is his defence :

But let the reader who may be inclined to object boldness to our Saint's devout speculations, consider well with himself, first, whether he have himself ever *meditated*, strictly speaking, upon points in the Sacred History ; i. e. *proposed some event in our Lord's Life on earth*, say his Nativity, or His Temptation, or His Passion, *as an object of direct, and, as far as might be, undistracted contemplation for a certain period of time?* If that period have been as short as five or ten minutes only, let him farther reflect whether he have not brought the solemn transaction home to his mind by the help of innumerable particulars, and even collateral incidents, for the proof of which he would find it hard indeed to lay his hand upon any text of Holy Scripture. If the subject of his meditation were the Nativity, for instance, whence, I ask, did he derive the particulars of his idea (for definite idea he must have formed)

of the Blessed Virgin, or of St. Joseph? He conceives, again, of the holy parents, that, at the moment to which his contemplations relate, they are sitting, or standing, or kneeling; where does Scripture say so? And when this is urged, he answers almost impatiently; "Of course not; Scripture cannot descend to such minutiæ. The Blessed Virgin *must* have been in some posture, *why not in this?* This is the most natural and reasonable. *Why may I not please to imagine* that she knelt to the Divine Infant when she first beheld Him, and that He smiled on her with a look of uninfantine intelligence? Scripture says that she was humble, and that He, though her Son, was also her GOD. May I not put these statements together, and draw my own inference from them? *You cannot prove me wrong*, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable. And, at last, *what great harm, though I be mistaken?* I do no violence to the sacred text; I am guilty of no irreverence towards the holy Persons in question, for reverence towards them is the very basis of my supposition; and, for myself, I rise from such meditation, as I trust, holier and better than I went to it; more indifferent to the world, more dissatisfied with myself, and fuller of love to God and my brethren."—pp. vi. vii.

And so, because you cannot *prove* me wrong, I am at liberty to make whatever additions to the word of God appear to me not incongruous with the original story of the Evangelists. It is useless to attempt to reason with persons who have reduced their understandings to such a pitiable state. It is more to the purpose to lay before the reader the passage in this translation of the Life of Christ, which Mr. Oakeley is here covertly defending. Observing only, that Bonaventure does not pretend

that his account of the Nativity is altogether a flight of his own imagination. Here follow his words in Mr. Oakeley's translation "for the use of members of the Church of England."

And now let me earnestly entreat you to attend diligently to all which I am going to relate; the rather, *because I had it from a devout and holy man of our Order, of undoubted credit, to whom I believe it to have been supernaturally imparted.*

When the expected hour of the birth of the Son of God was come, on Sunday, towards midnight, the holy Virgin, rising from her seat, went and rested herself against a pillar she found there: Joseph, in the meantime, sate pensive and sorrowful; perhaps, because he could not prepare the necessary accommodation for her. But at length he too arose, and, taking what hay he could find in the manger, diligently spread it at our Lady's feet, and then retired to another part of the building. Then the Son of the Eternal God, coming forth from His Mother's womb, was, without hurt or pain to her, transferred in an instant from thence to the humble bed of hay which was prepared for Him at her feet. His holy Mother, hastily stooping down, took him up in her arms, and tenderly embracing Him, laid Him in her lap; then, through instinct of the Holy Ghost, she began to bathe him in her sacred milk, with which she was most amply supplied from heaven; this done, she took the veil off her head, and wrapping Him in it, carefully laid Him in the manger. Here the ox and the ass, kneeling down, and laying their heads over the manger, gently breathed upon Him, as if endowed with reason, and sensible, that through the inclemency of the season, and His poor attire, the blessed Infant stood in need of their assistance to warm and cherish Him. Then the holy Virgin, throwing herself on her knees, adored Him, and returning thanks to God, said, "My Lord and heavenly Father, I

give thee most hearty thanks, that Thou hast vouchsafed of Thy bounty to give me Thine Only Son; and I praise and worship Thee, O Eternal God, together with thee, O Son of the Living God, and mine."

Joseph likewise worshipped Him at the same time; after which he stripped the ass of his saddle, and separating the pillion from it, placed it near the manger for the blessed Virgin to sit on; but she, seating herself with her face towards the manger, made use of that homely cushion only for support. In this posture our Lady remained some time immoveable, gazing on the manger, her looks and affections all absorbed in her dearest Son.—pp. 23, 24.

There was a time when such a daring, such a loathsome fiction would have been regarded with horror by every respectable clergyman in the Church of England. But Mr. Oakeley defends it.

The Blessed Virgin *must* have been in some posture, why not in this? *This is the most natural and reasonable. Why may I not please to imagine* that she knelt to the Divine Infant when she first beheld Him, and that He smiled on her with a look of uninfantine intelligence?—Introduction, p. vii.

Why not? Why may I not imagine what I please, and publish to the world whatever I please to imagine? Why not, certainly? And are such gross and disgusting liberties with the Word of God innocent and allowable? Is the only record of that stupendous mystery on which the whole hope of human salvation depends,—a subject on which an unchastised imagination, or a gross and vulgar taste may lawfully disport itself?

Bonaventure, as the reader will already have

observed, gives this part of his story as a report from one of his brother Franciscans, "of undoubted credit," to whom he says, "I believe it to have been *supernaturally imparted.*" Mr. Oakeley, however, treats it as if no testimony or tradition was pretended. Nothing can be more worthy of notice than his question—"*What great harm*, though I be mistaken?" As to the lawfulness of such proceedings, it seems to be not worth considering. Provided he does not *see* any "*great* harm" done by such licentious abuse of his imagination, he is satisfied. Mr. Oakeley adds, "I do no violence to the sacred text." I should like to know what he would consider "violence." But certainly to represent Christ as smiling on his mother "with a look of *uninfantine intelligence*," the moment after his nativity, seems as plainly to contradict the doctrine of Holy Scripture regarding the infancy of the Lord, as the language, in his first chapter, contradicts the doctrine of the Incarnation. The passage I refer to is this—

> Now you may piously imagine, how the Son of God, on undertaking this laborious mission of obedience, inclined and recommended Himself to the Father, and that in the same instant His soul was created and infused into the womb of His mother; perfect man, *according to all the lineaments of the body, but very minute;* so that, though He afterwards grew in the womb, as naturally as other children, yet his soul was infused, and *his body perfectly formed, from the first.*—pp. 12, 13.

Is this notion of the perfect formation of Christ's

body from the instant of the Incarnation, reconcileable with catholic doctrine? I cannot but consider it remarkable that the words I have here printed in italics are not found in the translation published by the Roman Catholics in Dublin.

Another remarkable passage is, the account of the ministering of the angels after the Lord's temptation in the wilderness, and Mr. Oakeley's defence of it:

As soon as Satan has been repulsed, the Angels flock in numbers to our Lord Jesus Christ, and prostrate on the ground adore Him, saying; "Hail, Lord Jesus, our Lord and our God." And our Lord humbly and benignly raises them, inclining His head, as the Son of Man, who was made a little lower than the Angels. The Angels say to Him, "Lord, Thou hast fasted long; what wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee?" To whom He replies, "Go to My dearest Mother, and if she have anything at hand, bear it to Me; for of no food do I partake so gladly as of that which she prepares." Then two of the number set out, and in a moment are with her. They respectfully salute her, and, having acquitted themselves of their embassy, bring a mess of pottage, which she had got ready for herself and St. Joseph, and a piece of bread, with a linen cloth, and other necessaries; perhaps, too, our Lady procured, if she could, a small fish or two. Then they return, bearing the repast in their hands; and, spreading it on the ground, pronounce in due form the solemn words of benediction. Here consider Him attentively in each of his actions. How composedly He sits on the ground, and with what studious regard to every minute propriety He comports Himself, and how temperately he partakes of the food. The Angels stand around, ministering to their Lord. One serves Him with bread, another with wine, another prepares the fish, and others sing some of the songs

of Sion, and rejoice with gladness and festivity before Him.—pp. 96, 97.

Fearful must be the state of the church if any great number of the clergy can approve of translating such horrible impiety "for the use of the members of the Church of England." Mr. Oakeley has not only translated and published it; he has defended it, and here is his defence:—

Scripture says, that, after our Lord's Temptation in the Wilderness, "Angels came and ministered unto Him." If we are to conceive of their ministry, *we must also conceive of the way* in which they ministered; surely it is profitable, with all reverence to do so. On first thoughts, I suppose, we should all say that these ministrations were spiritual alone. Yet this seems an unreal view, considering that our Lord came in the likeness of sinful flesh, all but its sin; that he was tempted like unto us, and that the Sacred History has just before recorded for our instruction, that He was "an hungered." Our Saint, pondering these words, and again reading elsewhere in Scripture of the employment of Angels in the carrying of food to God's elect, *devises a sweet conception*, that such was one mode in which these blessed comforters ministered to our Lord. But farther, whence did they seek this food? Our author carries them, *in the same strain of devotional poetry*, to the little dwelling at Nazareth, and introduces into the scene our Lord's Blessed Mother (who had for the twenty and nine years before ministered to her Divine Son with devout reverence and affection) as the associate of the Angels in this work of earthly consolation towards Him, who, though He were not "of the earth earthy, but the Lord from heaven," yet vouchsafed for our sakes to "empty Himself" for a time, of the exclusive prerogatives of His Divine Nature. This instance has been selected as well

for other reasons, as because it is one of the strongest which occur in the following pages, of addition to Scripture, and presumes an interpretation of the sacred text *for which our minds are, I think, not at once prepared.*—Introduction, pp. xv. xvi.

So that, acknowledging the violence done to the sacred text, both by addition and interpretation, Mr. Oakeley deliberately undertakes to defend Bonaventure for writing, and himself for translating, such profane fiction. How, I would ask, is it possible for any persons to allow their imaginations such unbridled licence for any length of time, and retain any distinct perception of what is true and what is fiction? Is it not certain, that *they will gradually come to regard the truth itself as fiction?* Disguise it with whatever sophistry he may, no argument Mr. Oakeley could adduce can shake my conviction, that this system of turning the gospel into a romance and a myth, must tend to the subversion of Christianity itself. At present it may serve the purposes of superstition; by-and-by it will be proved, how direct is its tendency to promote infidelity itself,—and infidelity the most incurable and hopeless. For, the worst species of infidelity is that, which begins in lowering the standard of Scripture as an inspired record. He who takes such liberties as these, can have little idea what inspiration really is; and in after times, every thought of retracing the steps which led to infidelity, and of searching the Scriptures as the oracle of truth, must

be met by the recollection, that Christians consider their sacred records merely as a text to found romance and poetry upon. And with that will inevitably come the suspicion, that truth may have been treated with equal freedom by the Evangelists themselves, and that the gospel itself may, after all, be no better than a romance, a legend, a myth, a meditation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ANNUNCIATION—DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MEDITATION—THE LATIN MONKS OF PALESTINE—THE GREEKS—THE CANONS OF LORETTO.

If the laws laid down by the advocates of what they are pleased to call Meditation be acted on, we must not be surprised to find something like discrepancy in their accounts of the same transaction. A very simple instance will suffice to illustrate my meaning. From the narrative in the Gospel of St. Luke, nothing can be gathered as to the scene of the Annunciation, except that Mary seems to have been in the house, when the angel appeared to her. Bonaventure, according to his manner, determines the point somewhat more precisely.

When the fulness of time was now come, the Ever-blessed Trinity having decreed to redeem mankind by the Incarnation of the Word, it pleased Almighty God to summon to him the Archangel Gabriel, and send him to Nazareth, *to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the Virgin's name was Mary.* Gabriel, with a calm and beaming countenance, reverently and devoutly prostrate before the throne of God, listens to the gracious message, and accepts the embassy. Then rising on the wings of joy, he quits the heavenly courts, and is instantly present, in human shape, before the Virgin Mary, whom he discovers in the innermost retreat of her lowly dwelling.—Life of Christ, p. 9.

Other persons, however, have thought themselves

equally free to meditate after their own fancy. And some of the meditators of former times seemed to have preferred assigning some other situation. The Latins of Palestine will have it that the Annunciation took place in a cave under ground, and will show the traveller the very spot where both the angel and the blessed Virgin stood at the precise moment of the Incarnation, marked by two pillars erected by the Empress Helena, who, according to their account, was divinely informed of the exact places. But if the Greeks are to be the guides of our meditations, they will tell us that we must leave the city of Nazareth; for according to their Meditation, the angel, not finding the Virgin at home, followed her to a fountain, whither she had gone to fetch water, and there delivered his message. And this is the form into which Mr. Newman's meditations appear to develop themselves; for in the second volume of the Lives of the English Saints, the editorial preface to which purports to be written by Mr. Newman himself, we find the following passage:—

In the time of St. Willibald, tradition showed the spot where the Annunciation was made to Mary, as she returned from drawing water at the Fountain of the Virgin. The church dedicated to the Archangel Gabriel, was built over the very source. "That church," says the narrative, "has often been redeemed for a sum of money from the violence of the neighbouring populace, who have desired to destroy it; as though heathen hate were ever hemming in, and pressing hard, in fiendish malice, upon Christian love. It is interesting, if not more than that, to learn,

that after a lapse of eleven hundred years, the fountain still flows with a feeble stream, and a church stands over its source."—St. Willibald, pp. 33, 34.

So that the meditations of the Greeks and Mr. Newman will teach us to reverence a church over a fountain some distance from the town, as the scene of the Annunciation, while those of St. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley take another direction, and the monks of Nazareth will fix on a chamber in a subterranean grotto, in the church of their convent within the city. Why everything sacred should have happened under ground, they do not say; but, as it must have happened somewhere or another, and, according to Mr. Oakeley's canon of Meditation, "Why may I not please to imagine?"—"You cannot prove me wrong, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable"—the Meditators of old time chose to let their meditations take a subterranean direction.

But others might meditate in another line. And some saint in Italy might say—Do you suppose that the holy house could have been left in Palestine exposed to the insults of the infidels? Of course they must have known exactly whereabouts to look for it—or at least they might. "You cannot prove me wrong, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable,"—as Mr. Oakeley would say;—"And," as he adds, "what great harm though I be mistaken?" And so, as we

cannot disprove, that the infidels would know the precise spot where the Annunciation took place,—or that they would somehow or another come to discover it,—or, having discovered it, would infallibly set about profaning it,—or at all events, would prevent Christians from approaching it with reverence and acts of devotion—do you think, asks the meditator, that it is likely the sacred house would be left exposed to their profaneness, or suffered to remain in such sacrilegious hands? You may reply,—I am not bound to suppose they would ever have discovered it, or have treated it with indecency if they had. But is not one supposition at the least as probable as the other? and so, why may not I, in the exercise of the divine art of Meditation, "please to imagine" whichever alternative is most agreeable to my fancy. "And, at last, what great harm, though I be mistaken?" Well, I do "please to imagine," that the infidels would have found it out,—and would have profaned it,—and would have excluded the feet of the pilgrim from visiting the sacred shrine;—and, having got so far in my meditations, why may I not go a little further?—why may I not suppose, that the profanation of the infidels may have been guarded against and prevented? You may suppose, that they were supernaturally prevented from discovering the holy house. Why may I not piously suppose, that it was carried away from them; and if so,—and remember, as Mr. Oakeley

says, "you cannot prove me wrong,"—it must have been miraculously removed to some other place, by some supernatural means. We may "devise a sweet conception," that angels were sent to transport it through the air—and then we may suppose, that they carried it all the way to Dalmatia, to a mountain near the Gulf of Venice—they must have carried it to some one place—why not to this ? as Mr. Oakeley would argue. So we will suppose, that they did set it down on this particular mountain—and that the people of the place would take notice of so strange a circumstance—perhaps they might see the angels carrying it; we may suppose that they did;—or that some hermit would dream about it, and tell them how it came there; for you cannot prove that there might not be a hermit there, and that he might not have a remarkable dream or vision to explain the history of the house which had so suddenly arrived, nobody knew how nor whence; and then we may also suppose the people of the place would be rather inclined to be too Protestant to credit the story, and so they would not express a due veneration for the relic —and we may conceive how grieved *our* hermit would be, and what a quantity of ashes and muddy water he would eat and drink, and how he would repeat the entire Psalter nine times a day, standing up to his neck in an uncommonly cold well for exactly three years and seven months,—until at last we may suppose that the angels returned, and carried the

house over the Gulf of Venice, to a wood, as the legend piously relates, about three miles from Loretto—for there would be a noble lady named Loretto there, from whom the place was afterwards called—at least you cannot prove that there was not, or that the place came by its name in any other way. However unfortunately, we are obliged to suppose, that there may be wicked people in Italy as well as elsewhere—at least there were formerly; and so we may conceive that, on account of the wickedness of the natives, the holy house was removed from the place near Loretto, where it had been deposited. But, unhappily, it was not yet destined to find a resting place—at least, we may suppose that there would be two brothers there who would have a quarrel about the ground on which it was placed—when we may piously imagine that it was moved once more, and that it is now to be seen in a very magnificent church, and that the walls are made of a sort of stone found only in the neighbourhood of Nazareth, —though it is plain they are built of bricks; but then we may piously suppose them to be stone from Nazareth,—and also, (as we cannot prove the contrary) that a certain image in the chamber was carved by St. Luke himself. And we may also suppose, that at first nobody knew where the house came from, till a vision appeared to a devout man in his sleep—and then we may suppose that sixteen persons were sent to Nazareth to measure the foun-

dations which had been left behind, who would find them exactly of the right dimensions, and would also find an inscription on a wall adjoining, stating that the house belonging to the foundations had left the neighbourhood—which may well be taken as a demonstration.

Now, why may not the Italians meditate in this fashion? May not they claim the right of supposing that the house was really transported from Nazareth to Loretto, just as fairly as the monks of Nazareth suppose they have it still in its original subterranean grotto? And why may not the Greek exercise his right of meditation in his own way, and suppose, that the Annunciation could not have taken place in a house at all, but beside a fountain, which the legend Mr. Newman adopts will tell us, is still to be seen—flowing "with a feeble stream,"—with a church standing over its source? The Italian has thought proper to meditate as *his* imagination led the way, and so he has concocted the legend after *his* taste, and he can show to this day the very chamber and the very window through which the angel entered. But then, says Mr. Oakeley, and the defence will hold good for the monks of Nazareth, as well as for the canons at Loretto, whatever may be said of the Greeks, "I do no violence to the sacred text."—Yet, surely, one who had any just notion of what revelation is, would feel—if I am not greatly mistaken,—that it is nothing short of a sinful irrever-

ence to add anything to the narrative which the Holy Spirit has thought fit to dictate, under the notion,—that something must have happened, and if so, why not one thing as likely as another? It *is* violence to the text of any history, to insert events and conversations after one's own taste. It is the sure way to destroy the whole value of historical testimony, and to involve truth in impenetrable obscurity. And when such violence is done to the *sacred* text, it is not only violence, but profane and irreverent violence, and tends at once and directly to undermine the certainty and stability of the foundations of the Christian faith.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDITATION—SCRIPTURE FALSIFIED TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF SUPERSTITION.

THE evil is not likely to stop short with making additions to the sacred text. Such tampering with truth leads people to go further, and to give such a colour to the language of scripture, or even to imagine such circumstances, as may help to prop up the peculiar doctrines which they incline to; and from that the step is easy to the last stage, of contradicting the statements of the text itself.

For example: in the chapter already quoted from the Life of Christ, which Mr. Oakeley has translated for the use of members of the Church of England, the meditation is so constructed as to favour the peculiar notions of the advocates of monasticism. And so a statement is made regarding the angelic salutation, and an explanation given of the words of Mary, to which the text gives not the slightest countenance.

Not till she had heard the Angel *twice* deliver his wondrous message, could she prevail on herself to make any answer; so odious a thing in a virgin is talkativeness. Then the Angel, understanding the reason of her trouble, said, "*Fear not, Mary*, be not abashed by the praises I utter; they are but truth: for thou art not only full of grace thyself, but art to be the means of restoring all mankind to the grace of God, which they have lost. For behold thou shalt conceive, and bring forth the Son of the

Highest. He, who has chosen thee to be His Mother, shall save all who put their trust in Him." Then the blessed Virgin, waiving the subject of her praises, was desirous of knowing how all this could come to pass, without the loss of her virgin purity. She, therefore, inquired of the Angel the manner of the Conception. *How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?* I have dedicated myself to my Lord by a vow of perpetual virginity.—Bonaventure's Life of Christ, p. 11.

Of course, the statements that the angel spoke twice, and that Mary used the words here ascribed to her, are pure fiction and falsehood; and at this rate of proceeding, it is perfectly plain, anything whatever may be made out of the holy Scriptures.

In the account of the language of Christ at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, Mr. Newman, in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day, finds an argument for the "PRESENT INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD."

Observe, He said to His Mother, "What have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Perhaps this implies that *when* His hour was come, then He *would* have to do with her again as before; and *such really seems to be the meaning of the passage.* "What have I to do with thee *now?*" I have had, I shall have; but what have I to do with thee now as before? what as yet? what *till* my hour is come?—pp. 39, 40.

What grounds Mr. Newman has for saying that this "really seems to be the meaning of the passage," I cannot pretend to conjecture. But the use Mr. Newmnn makes of it will be obvious from the following, which occurs shortly after:

As to St. Mary, He had said, "Mine hour is not yet come;" so He said to St. Peter, in the passage just cited, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards." And as at His first feast, He had refused to listen to His Mother's prayer, *because of the time*, so to His Apostles He foretold, at His second feast, *what the power of their prayers should be*, by way of cheering them on His departure. "Ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. In that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." And again, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." In the gifts promised to the Apostles after the Resurrection, *we may learn* THE PRESENT INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.—pp. 42, 43.

By such modes of commentating, the Bible may be made to support any superstition whatever, as the taste of the commentator pleases. But, I must beg my reader to observe that Mr. Oakeley, who seems anxious to recommend monasticism to the members of the church of England, has adopted quite a different version of the story. The extract is long, but it is too curious a specimen of this system of meditation to admit of its being abridged:—

Though *it is uncertain whose marriage it was* that was celebrated at Cana of Galilee, *let us, for meditation's sake, suppose it to have been that of St. John the Evangelist*, which St. Jerome seems to affirm in his preface to

St. John. Our Lady was present at it, not as a stranger invited to it, but as the elder sister, and as the person of the highest dignity; for it was her sister's house, and she was as it were at home, as the principal lady and manager of the feast. And this we may gather from three things. First, from the sacred text, which tells us that *the Mother of Jesus was there*, but says of Jesus and his disciples, that they were invited; which we are to understand likewise of the rest of the persons present. When her sister, then, Mary Salome, the wife of Zebedee, came to her to Nazareth, which is about four leagues distant from Cana, and told her that she designed to celebrate the marriage of her son John, she went back with her to Cana, some days before the appointed time of the feast, to make preparation for it, so that, when the others were invited, she was already there. Secondly, we may gather it from her taking notice herself of the want of wine, which would seem to show that she was not there in the character of a guest, but as one who had the management of the entertainment, and observed therefore the want of wine. For, had she been sitting there as a guest, would the modest Virgin have sat, think you, by her Son, amongst the men? And, had she been sitting amongst the women, would she have discovered the want of wine, rather than any other? and, had she noticed it, would she have risen from the table to acquaint her Son? There appears an unseemliness in this; and therefore it is probable that she was not there at the time as a guest, but that she was engaged in arranging the entertainment; for *we are told of her*, that she was ever attentive in helping others. Thirdly, we may gather it from her giving the directions to the servants to go to her Son, and do whatever He should command them; for from this it appears that she had an authority over them, and that she had the control of the feast, and was then anxious that there should be no want of anything. According to this view of the circumstances,

then, regard our Lord Jesus eating amongst the rest, like any one of the company, and sitting not amongst the chief guests, but in one of the lowest places, as we may gather from His own words. For he would not imitate the manner of the proud, who chose out the chief rooms at feasts, whom He designed afterwards to teach; *When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, go and sit down in the lowest room.* But He began first to do, and then to teach. Regard our Lady also, how considerate and cheerfully alert she is, and diligently attentive in seeing that everything is rightly done, and how she gives the servants what they require, and shows them how and with what things, to serve the several guests. And upon their returning to her, towards the end of the feast, and saying; "We have no more wine to set before them;" she replied; "*I will procure you more; wait awhile.*" And going out to her Son, who was humbly sitting, as I have said, at the end of the table, near the door of the room, she said to Him, "My Son, there is no wine, and our sister is poor, and I know not how we shall get any." But he answered, *Woman, what have I to do with thee?* This answer appears indeed severe, but it was for our instruction, according to St. Bernard, who says upon this passage, "What hast Thou to do with her, O Lord? Art not Thou her Son, and she thy Mother? Dost Thou ask her, what have I to do with thee, Thou who art the Blessed Fruit of her pure womb? Is she not the same who conceived Thee, without injury to her modesty, and brought Thee forth, remaining still a Virgin? Is she not the same, in whose womb Thou sojournedst for nine months, at whose virgin breasts Thou wast fed, with whom when twelve years of age Thou wentest down from Jerusalem, and wast subject unto her? Why then, O Lord, is it that Thou dost now treat her thus severely, saying, *What have I to do with Thee?* Much hast Thou every way. But, ah! now I plainly see, that not as in anger, or as wishing to

abash the tender modesty of Thy Virgin Mother, Thou saidst, *What have I to do with Thee?* For on the servants coming to Thee, as she bade them, Thou doest without delay what she suggested. Why then, brethren, why had He thus answered her before? truly on our account, and on account of all who have been converted to the Lord, *that we should no longer be disturbed by our regards for our earthly parents, or entangled by such ties in the exercises of a spiritual life. For, so long as we are of the world, we are plainly under duty to our parents; but having forsaken all things, even ourselves, much more are we free from anxiety as regards them.* [That is, those who have taken monastic vows are freed from the fifth commandment—making void the law of God, by their tradition.] Thus we read of a hermit, who, upon his brother's coming to him to beg his advice, desired him to apply to another of their brothers, who had died some time before. Upon the other's replying with surprise that he was dead, "So am I also," answered the hermit. Admirably, therefore, has our Lord taught us not to be careful about our earthly relations farther than religion requires of us, in the answer which he made himself to His Mother, and what a Mother! *Woman, what have I to do with thee?* Thus, too, upon another occasion, when some one told Him that His Mother and brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him, He answered, *Who is my Mother, and who are my brethren?* Where then are those who cherish such a carnal and vain concern for their earthly relations, as if they still lived in the midst of them?" Thus far St. Bernard. His Mother then, in no way cast down by this reply, but, relying upon His goodness, returned to the servants and said; "Go to my Son, and whatever He shall say to you, do." They went then, and filled the water-pots with water, as the Lord commanded them. When they had done this, He said to them; "Draw now, and bear to the governor of the feast." And here ob-

serve, first, our Lord's discretion, for He sent first to the most honourable person at the feast. And, secondly, that He sat at a distance from him, for His words are; Bear it to him, as though he were some way from Him. For, as he sat in one of the chief places, we may gather that our Lord would not sit there near him, nay, that He chose for Himself the lowest place. The servants then gave the wine to him, and to the rest, speaking openly at the same time of the miracle, for they knew how it had been wrought, and His disciples believed on Him. *When the feast was over, our Lord Jesus called John apart, and said to him,* "PUT AWAY *this your wife, and follow Me, for I will lead you to a higher marriage.*" Whereupon he followed Him. By His presence, then, at this marriage feast, our Lord sanctified earthly marriage as an ordinance of God. *But by His calling John from it, He gave us clearly to understand that the spiritual marriage of the soul with Him in a single life is far more perfect.*—pp. 103—107.

And is it of that Lord who hath said, "that He hateth putting away," that this impious falsehood, worthy only of the heresy of the Manichees, is told for the benefit of members of the Church of England? Mr. Oakeley does not know at whose house the marriage took place. He does not know that St. John was the bridegroom. He does not know that he or his parents ever had a house at Cana. But "*for meditation sake, let us suppose,*" and so we may go on supposing, until the spirit of falsehood and delusion who presides over such arts of Meditation has brought us at last to teach men to violate the laws of God, and to represent the Lord as com-

manding an act which he has expressly forbidden, and of which he has solemnly declared his abhorrence.

Bonaventure was a Franciscan friar. And so he endeavours to recommend the voluntary mendicancy of his order, by representing the Lord himself as receiving alms. The passage is in the account of the return from Egypt:—

The next morning, when they are ready to set out on their journey, you will see some of the most venerable matrons of the city, and the wiser part of the men, come to accompany them out of the gates, in acknowledgment of their peaceful and pious manner of life, while among them. For they had given notice, throughout the neighbourhood, some days before, of their intention to depart, that they might not seem to steal away in a clandestine manner, which might have looked suspicious; the very reverse of their proceeding when they fled into Egypt, at which time their fear for the Infant obliged them to secresy. And now they set out on their journey; holy Joseph, accompanied by the men, going before, and our Lady following at some distance, with the matrons. *Do you take the blessed Infant in your arms, and devoutly carry Him before her, for she will not suffer Him out of her sight.*

When they were out of the gates, the holy Joseph dismissed the company, whereupon one of them, who happened to be rich, called the Child Jesus to him, and compassionating the poverty of His parents, bestowed a few pence upon Him; and many others of the number followed the example of the first, and did the same. The Holy Child is not a little abashed by the offer, yet, *out of love to poverty, He holds out His little hands, and, blushing, takes the money, for which He returns thanks.* The matrons then call Him, and do the same. Nor is the Mother less abashed

than her Son; however, she makes them her humble acknowledgments. Do you share His confusion and that of His holy parents, and meditate on the great lesson here set you, when you see Him whose is *the earth and the fulness thereof* making choice of so rigorous a poverty, and so necessitous a life, for Himself, His blessed Mother, and holy foster-father. What lustre does not the virtue of poverty receive from their practice! and how can we behold it in them, without being moved to the love and imitation of their examples?—pp. 58, 59.

Did Mr. Oakeley understand Bonaventure's motive for representing Christ as receiving alms in this manner? And, if so,—is religious mendicancy one of the virtues which it is the object of this movement to recommend? But these are matters of secondary moment. The point of real importance is the way the Scripture narrative in these examples is turned and twisted, and circumstances invented, to give colour to a particular doctrine.

In a similar spirit, the writer of the Life of St. Gilbert has the audacity (for it is no less) to represent the surprise of the disciples at seeing the Lord conversing with the Samaritan, as if it was occasioned by their finding him in the company of a woman. It is really most distressing to me to be obliged to transcribe such disgusting profaneness, but I feel it absolutely necessary to expose the mischievous character of the system. The passage occurs in the account of St. Gilbert's residence in the village of Sempringham, of which he was lay-

rector. He and his chaplain lodged with a man who had a wife and children. The biographer proceeds:—

The daughter of the householder with whom he dwelt was a holy and devout maiden, whose modest graces endeared her to the hearts of all the villagers. She was Gilbert's scholar, and was growing up beneath his eye in simplicity and holiness. God however did not allow him to dwell long beneath this peaceful roof. One night he dreamed that he had laid his hand upon the maiden's bosom, and was prevented by some strange power from again withdrawing it. On awaking, he trembled, for he feared lest God had warned him by this dream that he was on the verge of evil. He was utterly unconscious of the danger, but he revealed the temptation and the dream to his confessor, and asked him his opinion. The priest, in return, confessed that the same feeling had come over him; the result was, that they resolved to quit the neighbourhood of what might become danger. Gilbert had never wittingly connected evil with the pure and holy being before him; but his heart misgave him, and he went away. He knew that chastity was too bright and glorious a jewel to risk the loss of it; no man may think himself secure; an evil look or thought indulged in, have sometimes made the first all at once to become the last; therefore the greatest saints have placed strictest guard upon the slightest thought, word, and action. Even the spotless and ever-virgin Mary *trembled when she saw the angel enter her chamber*. And He, who was infinitely more than sinless by grace, even by nature impeccable, because He was the Lord from heaven, He has allowed it to be recorded that *his disciples wondered that he talked with a woman*. All the actions of our blessed Lord are most real, for He had taken upon Himself the very reality of our flesh of the

substance of the Virgin Mary; but each action is also most highly significant and symbolical, so that, though all conduce to our great glory, yet all may be a warning to us in our greatest shame. Thus, though it would be unutterable blasphemy to connect with Him the possibility of sin, yet *by this little act he has been graciously pleased to leave us an example*, that as we should keep a dove-like purity of eye and thought, we should also, for the love of God, brave the scandal of evil tongues. And Gilbert imitated his blessed Lord, for though he fled from the very thought of danger, he still continued to guide her by his counsel; she does not disappear from the history, and by and bye we shall see that the dream might have another meaning."—pp. 23, 24.

How could any person of ordinary purity of mind write such a disgusting story, and circulate it as edifying and instructive! But my object in quoting it is to show how the Bible itself is made to serve a purpose, and the passages of our Redeemer's life distorted in order to furnish sanctions for superstition—just as if the example of the Lord could be made to sanction that monastic "jealousy of intercourse with women," which these writers tell us is "characteristic of all the saints."

CHAPTER XL.

SUPERSTITIOUS REVERENCE FOR THE VIRGIN MARY—MR. NEWMAN'S SERMON ON THE ANNUNCIATION—MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATION ON THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST TO THE VIRGIN AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

THERE is no error which these fictions are more plainly designed to promote, than a superstitious reverence for the Virgin Mary. The reader has already seen what countenance this grievous delusion has received from Mr. Newman himself, in the passage quoted above from his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. Another most extraordinary passage is found in his Sermon on the Annunciation, in the Second volume of his Parochial Sermons.

Who can estimate the *holiness and perfection* of her, who was chosen to be the Mother of Christ? If to him that hath, more is given, and holiness and divine favour go together, (and this we are expressly told) what must have been the transcendant purity of her, whom the Creator Spirit condescended to overshadow with His miraculous presence? What must have been her gifts, who was chosen to be the only near earthly relative of the Son of God, the only one whom He was bound by nature to revere and look up to; the one appointed to train and educate Him, to instruct Him day by day, as He grew in wisdom and in stature? This contemplation runs to a higher subject, did we dare follow it; for what, think you, was the *sanctified state of that human nature*, of which God formed his *sinless* Son; knowing, as we do, "that what is born of the flesh, is flesh;" and that "none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean."—pp. 147, 148.

Now, to say nothing of the absurdity of this argu-

ment—for if it be of any value at all, it must amount to a denial of the doctrine of original sin, and the fall of Adam ; but, passing this by,—what can Mr. Newman mean by such language as this? Does he mean to propagate the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?—and if not, what is the meaning or force of his argument? If the assertions he quotes from Scripture "that what is born of the flesh is flesh, and that none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean," be used, (and for this purpose he plainly uses them) as a ground for determining the degree and nature of the sanctity and perfection of the Virgin Mary, *because* from her proceeded that which was without sin,—then, it is obvious, her nature could not have been such as he supposes it necessary it should be, unless it had been kept free from original sin by an immaculate conception, as is commonly taught by Romanists. Nor is it easy to believe that so shrewd a writer as Mr. Newman, could have penned such an argument without having perceived its force. Indeed, the whole of the former part of the argument is just the common one used by the most extravagant writers in the Romish Communion—namely, that Mary must have *merited* to be the mother of the Lord; and it would be extremely absurd to suppose that, in this stage of the controversy, Mr. Newman could have been ignorant of the school from which his doctrine and reasoning were derived.

If such be the doctrine of the master, none can wonder at the extravagancies of the disciples. But it is not my object just now to expose the extravagance of their doctrines, but to show the lengths they go in their tampering with the word of God. I shall submit another example to my reader. It is distinctly stated by St. Mark, that the first person to whom the Lord appeared after his resurrection was Mary Magdalene. "Now when Jesus was risen early, the first day of the week, he appeared *first* to Mary Magdalene." From which there have not been wanting Romanists to draw such reflections as naturally present themselves to the devout mind. But Bonaventure and his translator, Mr. Oakeley, wrote under the influence of that superstition which would make the Virgin Mary the first and chief of all created beings; and therefore, in defiance of the words of holy Scripture, they will have it that the Lord appeared to her before he appeared to any one else. "You are to know," says Mr. Oakeley, "that nothing is contained in the gospel on his appearance to our Lady; but I mentioned it at the first, because the church appears to hold it;"* and, in another place—"how he appeared to his mother, is nowhere written; but pious belief is as I have related it."† So, although it is nowhere written, and nothing is said of it in the gospel, he proceeds to describe the appearance in the following terms:—

* Page 251. † Page 263.

Our Lord Jesus very early in the morning came with a glorious multitude of Angels to the sepulchre, and took again to himself that most holy Body; and, the sepulchre itself being closed, went forth, having risen again by His own power. At the same hour Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Salome began their journey to the sepulchre, with the ointments they had prepared.

Meanwhile, our Lady remained at home and prayed, *as we may devoutly conceive*, in words of affection such as these: "O most merciful, O most loving Father! my Son, as Thou knowest, hath died; He hath been crucified between two thieves, and *I have buried him with my own hands;* but Thou art able to restore Him to me unharmed; I pray Thy Majesty to send Him to me. Why delays He so long to come to me? restore Him I beseech Thee, for my soul can find no rest until I see Him. O dearest Son! what hath befallen Thee? what is Thy employment? why dost Thou delay? I pray Thee tarry no longer; for Thou hast said, *On the third day I will rise again.* Is not this, my Son, the third day? for not yesterday, but before yesterday, was that great, that bitter day; the day of suffering and of death, of clouds and darkness, of Thy separation from me and Thy death. This, then, my Son, is the third day; arise, my Glory, my Only Good and return. Beyond all other things I long to see Thee. Let Thy return comfort whom Thy departure did so bitterly grieve. Return, then, my Beloved; come, Lord Jesus; come, my only Hope; come to me, my Son!" And while she thus prayed, and gently poured forth tears, lo! suddenly our Lord Jesus came in raiment all white, with serene countenance, beautiful, glorious, and glad. Then she embraced Him with tears of joy, and, pressing her face to His, clasped Him eagerly to her heart, reclining wholly in His arms, while He tenderly supported her. Afterwards, as they sat down

together, she anxiously gazed upon Him, and found that he was still the same in countenance, and in the scars of His hands, seeking over his whole person, to know if all pain had left Him. They remain and happily converse together, passing their Easter with delight and love. O what an Easter was this!—pp. 244, 245.

Now, it is very easy for Mr. Oakeley to satisfy his conscience by saying—"how he appeared to his mother is nowhere written;" there is nothing of this in the gospel, but "*pious belief* is as I have related it." But, really, it is not very obvious how one can *piously* believe anything which rests on no testimony of God, but only on his own fancy and invention. A pious man may allow too great a licence to his *imagination*. And many pious persons have done so. But in *believing* the creations of one's own imagination to be realities, there is no *piety* whatever, but the reverse. This story, however, is quite out of the range of *pious* belief or imagining, for this very obvious reason, that it contradicts the sacred narrative. For the Evangelist expressly tells us, that it was to Mary Magdalene he appeared first. Mr. Oakeley has met this difficulty in so remarkable a manner, that it would be wrong to withhold it from the reader.

That such an appearance there was, although not recorded in the Holy Gospels, it seems almost a result of natural piety to suppose. That She, whose blessed soul had been pierced through and through at the Crucifixion, and who had been remembered on the cross in her own especial relation, when the beloved Apostle was consigned

to her as a mother, should yet have been left without the consolation of an interview with her glorified Son, when all the Apostles, and the other holy women, and St. Mary Magdalene, and others, were thus favoured, is, it may safely be said, immeasurably more at variance with what may be called religious probability, than that such interview should not have been recorded. Nothing whatever can be gathered as to the occurrence or non-occurrence of a fact from the silence of scripture; especially when the Holy Spirit expressly says, on two separate occasions, and both times immediately in connexion with the history of the Resurrection, that *our Lord did many more things than are written*.—pp. xvi., xvii.

But St. John says, that they were done by the Lord "*in the presence of his disciples.*" These words, however, would have overturned Mr. Oakeley's argument, and he omits them.

Surely the New Testament bears no appearance whatever of being a complete or formal system of teaching; each inspired writer seems to "speak as he is moved," at the time, without reference to the consistency of the several portions of the actual Sacred Volume, as it has since been collected and promulgated by the Church. How does the special Appearance of our Lord to St. Peter after His Resurrection "come out" in scripture, but by the most incidental mention of the circumstances in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, fallen in with a yet more incidental mention of it in the Gospels? How casually does St. Paul in the same passage *drop*, as it were, that our Lord appeared to St. James! But it will be said that Scripture is mysteriously silent about the Blessed Virgin. That it is more silent* than we should expect DID WE COME TO IT,

* What does Mr. Oakeley mean by saying "*more* silent." Is not the Scripture *totally* silent. Bonaventure confesses it:

RATHER THAN TO THE CHURCH AS EVOLVING IT, FOR INSTRUCTION IN DIVINE TRUTH, may be readily allowed; but *except upon that hypothesis, which Catholics cannot receive*, its silence upon this subject proves no more than its silence upon any other matter of ancient belief besides that of the honour due to St. Mary, *e. g.* the use of prayers for the dead. Is not this argument, grounded upon the absence from the page of Scripture of such notices as we might expect about St. Mary, one of those which, as the saying is, "prove too much?" Is it not prejudicial to her *acknowledged* claim—acknowledged, I believe, by the ancient Fathers, and *certainly by many of our own divines —to all such reverence as is short of adoration?* Moreover, if the silence of Scripture upon the high claims of St. Mary be mysterious, (let it be remembered, however, that Scripture is not panegyrical,) are not the Scripture *intimations* of that "blessed among women" strangely significant also? Let the reader turn in thought to the narratives of the Annunciation, of the Visitation, of the Marriage of Cana, of the Crucifixion, and again to the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles,* and surely he will remember passages which are at least *suggestive* of very wonderful thoughts concerning the Mother of God.

Moreover, there is precisely the same extent and kind of silence in the three former Gospels as to the Blessed Virgin's presence at the Crucifixion which all four preserve

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Mr. Oakeley is obliged to confess it himself. Unless, therefore, he wishes to mislead, what can he mean by saying that it is *more silent* than we should expect?

"* In Mr. Newman's Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day, pp. 36—43, will be found a deep view on our Lord's mysterious sayings relative to His Blessed Mother, as connected with His Ministry, which would bring them into strict harmony with the belief of her ineffable dignity." [The reader will recollect, that this note is Mr. Oakeley's. It plainly proves how Mr. Newman's own friends understand his teaching with regard to the Virgin Mary.]

upon our Lord's Appearance to her after the Resurrection. Other holy women are mentioned by name, both as present at the Crucifixion, and as assisting at the Burial, and watching at the Tomb; but of her there is not even a hint. Can anything seem more like purposed exclusion? Is there any conceivable amount of traditionary proof, or ecclesiastical impression, which, by those who stipulate for direct Scripture evidence, would have been held sufficient to outweigh the circumstance of a silence so complete, and apparently so pointed? Then comes the beloved Apostle, and discovers to us the Holy Mother just where piety would have anticipated, in the *place of honour*, as it were, admitted to the most intimate communion with the sacred Passion, and singled out among the whole female company for special notice and high privilege. *There is reason, then, to think* that the absence of St. Mary's name from the accounts of the Resurrection, far from implying any slur upon her, is even a token of honour; and *imports rather that she was signally favoured, than that she was postponed to others.* Certainly the fact of total silence is beyond measure more arresting than would have been that of passing mention.—pp. xviii.—xix.

What an extraordinary idea does this passage give of Mr. Oakeley's notions of argument. Three of the evangelists have omitted to mention a certain circumstance. St. John supplies the omission; and by his supplying it, we know that the fact took place. In this instance, then, we know something, *through St. John*, of which we must have been ignorant, had *he* not recorded it: and, hence, we may fairly conclude, that the silence of the other three Evangelists is not sufficient of itself to prove the non-occurrence of any particular event. Now

from these premises, Mr. Oakeley proceeds to draw a totally different conclusion, and in a perfectly dissimilar case. He takes an instance where *all the four* Evangelists are silent, and from their silence, and our consequent ignorance, he argues *à fortiori* that a certain circumstance which they have not mentioned must have taken place. He actually argues, just as if the silence of revelation must give an additional degree of probability to our own inventions—and the less we are told by the sacred historians, the more certain we may be of the truth of any particular fancy which we may choose to imagine for ourselves. Bishop Burnett says, somewhere, that "though there is much sophistry in the world, yet there is also true logic and *a certain thread of reasoning*." It would be very sad if there were not; but really, it is impossible to read the productions of this school without being convinced, that by indulging in a poetical dreamy mysticism and in a habit of trifling with truth, they have reduced their reasoning powers to such a condition, that the "thread of reasoning" has got into rather an unsatisfactory state of tanglement. However, if they would only abstain from meddling with the Holy Scriptures, this would be a matter of little moment except to themselves. But I must allow Mr. Oakeley to proceed.

Upon the grounds of that silence it would be of course presumptuous to speculate; [a strange scruple, truly. How

can it be more *presumptuous* to speculate on the cause of an omission, than to undertake to *supply* it?] yet it may be observed how great is the difference between meditating upon the acts and privileges of St. Mary as matter of distinct *revelation*, and merely of *pious conjecture*. It may be, that minds so feeble and undiscriminating as ours, would have been unequal to the task of dwelling upon so tangled and delicate a theme as a *certainty*, while yet it would by no means follow that the withholding of knowledge (properly so called) is tantamount to the discouragement of *contemplation*. Does not this denial of perfect satisfaction to our curiosity tend to infuse into our meditations that special element of *indefiniteness*, which, in this very peculiar case, may be *the necessary condition of the benefit to be derived from them*; and, by removing the subject from the province of history into that of poetry, (not discredit it, but merely) obviate the temptations to a confused and unspiritual view of it?

I must beg my reader to forgive the interruption, but I really cannot pass over this extraordinary passage without notice. On this theory, the less Scripture tells us, and the more we are left to make things out for ourselves, the less danger there is of our taking confused and *unspiritual* views of them. A curious use of the word *unspiritual*, truly! Why, if this be true, we should be safer without the historical parts of Scripture altogether, and should be under fewer temptations to take *unspiritual* views, if all the articles of the faith were removed "*from the province of history into that of poetry*," since the subjects become only more tangled and difficult by being proposed to us as *certainties*. Why this

difficulty, however, should not be increased by the mysteriousness of the person,—and why the necessity for our being left to our own fancy and imagination should not be greater in the case of our Lord, than in that of the Virgin,—is not very apparent on Mr. Oakeley's principles. But, certainly, it is very hard to read such a piece of sophistication from the pen of a man who has had a university education, and taken some lead in controversy, without feeling, that it is not always easy to discover where mental confusion ends and dishonesty begins. I should like also to know, what this school of meditators would consider to be "*tantamount to the discouragement*" of what they call "contemplation." And, surely, if indefiniteness be, in any case, "the *necessary condition of the benefit to be derived*" from meditations—it does seem a very odd sort of method of securing the *benefit* to set about violating the "*necessary condition*" on which the benefit depends, by destroying this "*indefiniteness,*" and supplying by the vagaries of our own fancy—each particular person for himself,—the circumstances, which, all the while, it is admitted are *purposely* concealed. There is a certain class of persons, who, as Mr. Locke describes them, "make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all," and on this account are regarded as an inferior class of beings;—but really, they are very much more harmless than those, who do reason after a fashion of their own,

and are not satisfied with mistaking the "disorderly jumbling of ideas together" in their heads, "for true logic and a certain thread of reasoning," but must take upon themselves to correct others and to revolutionize the church. Any form of craziness would have been safer than a taste for this kind of meditation. But I must proceed with Mr. Oakeley's argument.

Had acts of the Blessed Virgin been recorded, one by one, as those of our Lord have been, they had seemed so like His own, that we had been tempted to forget her immeasurable distance from Him. They had been the acts of *a perfect human nature not in union with the Divine*, and thus essentially different, at once, from those of our Lord, and from those of the Apostles. *There would not have been, as in the latter, the imperfection of humanity* to temper our veneration, nor, as in Him, the Divine Nature to justify our worship. St. Mary was the very mirror of the Divine perfections *in human nature;* reflecting the Divine Image (as in a measure all Christians do) *with a faithfulness to which other Saints have but approximated* (with whatever closeness,) the while she was but a Woman. On the acts and privileges of such an one, it might have been unsafe for us to dwell, had they been brought before us in the full blaze, as it were, of revealed light. Yet it is plain that meditating on them to whatever extent as mere *deductions* from revealed truth is absolutely different in kind from meditating on them as *revealed facts*. That Scripture has drawn a veil over them, may be fully granted; but *it has still to be proved that this veil is meant to conceal the light from our eyes*, and not merely to adapt it to their feeble powers.

I should like to know, what this party would

consider a proof, that when "Scripture has drawn a veil over" any facts it means "to conceal" them from us—or, what amount of notorious superstition and idolatry in those who have presumed to say what is behind that veil, would be taken by this school of meditation as a warning against following such examples.

But it will be said, that Scripture is not only silent about any Appearance of our Lord after His Resurrection prior to that with which St. Mary Magdalene was favoured, but speaks of the appearance to St. Mary Magdalene as the first. "Now when Jesus was risen, early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene . . . and she went and told them that had been with Him." I cannot think, however, that, *read naturally*, this text would ever have been thought to contradict the belief in a prior appearance. Did Scripture indeed speak emphatically and with a controversial object, no doubt the word "first" would be meant not only to assert, but to exclude. If, on the other hand, we suppose a writer to be speaking with reference to the point just before him, and no other, we can, I think, perfectly understand the use of the word "first," without any emphatic or preclusive meaning whatever; or rather I would say, that the context added to other intimations of Holy Scripture, render such an interpretation of this text not merely a possible, but even the more natural, one. St. Mary Magdalene, says the Evangelist, went and told *them that had been with Him, as they mourned and wept*; thus seeming to draw our attention to *prior* claims, which *they* had, to see Him on His Rising. "Yet," the Evangelist seems to say, "they did not actually see Him before they had heard of His Resurrection from another." Moreover, the Greek word is not πρώτη, but πρῶτον, which, in the New Testament,

if I mistake not, almost invariably means, not "very first," or "first of all," but "first of the following," *i. e.* "before." —pp. xix.—xxi.

A criticism which, if it be worth anything at all, will serve some other meditator to prove that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea may have seen the Lord before Mary Magdalene did—that any one, in fact, may have seen Him, to whom the Scripture does not inform us He appeared at all.

Really, there seems to me something so amazing in this mode of treating the word of God, that I scarcely know what to say to it, or whether I have any need to say anything; whether I may not safely leave it to the piety and good sense of Christians, to visit it with that condemnation, which it is sure to receive from every right-minded person. Scripture is silent, with regard to a particular circumstance, on which we are tempted to indulge our imagination.—What then? Surely we may "devoutly conceive,"—to use the phraseology of these writers, (and with somewhat more of propriety than they do,)—that it is not without good and sufficient reason the divine wisdom has seen fit to leave us in ignorance. A very obvious reason, one might have supposed, would have occurred to any such exercise of the understanding as deserves to be called *meditation*—namely, that it is important to us to acquire the habit of keeping our imaginations under control —within defined bounds and limits,—and, conse-

quently, it can be no other than a merciful provision for our infirmities, that these bounds and checks are not left to our own discretion to supply, but are already furnished for our use, by the silence of holy Scripture on those innumerable points on which curiosity would not unnaturally seek for satisfaction. What we are intended to know, the word of God has recorded. What it is good and desirable and profitable for us to know, is revealed, and is made matter of certainty by the providence of our Heavenly Father's goodness. But the whole Book is constructed in such a manner, as to exercise our faith in His wisdom and love, and our submissive and contented acquiescence in His will, in all those cases where He has seen fit to leave us ignorant.

There is a silence of the soul, which is a divine and heaven-inspired virtue, that curbs the rambling excursions of a lively and impetuous fancy, and bids the imagination be still and prostrate, hearkening only to what the Almighty thinks proper to disclose. It is an earthly and sensual curiosity which *will* know, and *will* conjecture, and *will* imagine, and *will* try to force its presumptuous entrance into that mysterious darkness, in which the divine teacher has involved everything, except what he has deemed it safe and useful for us to know. The vice is ill-concealed, by dignifying it with the name of *Meditation*. In effect, what is this virtue, which I have here so feebly delineated, but a perception of the

inestimable preciousness of truth?—a jealous anxiety, lest the truth may get confused with fiction, and the mind lose its keenness of discrimination. A man must have lost all just reverence for truth, before he can dare to *meditate* on the awful realities of the gospel in the fashion this school desire to recommend. He must in a fearful degree, have lost his reverence for sacred names and sacred things, before he can presume to turn the life of the Son of God into a legend, the irreverence of which assumes a form a thousand times more criminal, on account of the fact,—of which proofs are everywhere afforded, —that circumstances are continually invented, not because they seem *probable*, or even because they appear *edifying*, but because they may serve to give colour to a superstition. Thus Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley will tell us that Mary adored the cross, after the Lord's body had been laid in the sepulchre—

> when they came to the Cross, she bent her knee and said; "Here rested my beloved Son, and here was poured forth His most precious blood." And, after her example, all did the same. For we may well believe that our Lady was the first to pay this devotion to the Cross.—p. 236.

But where there is no particular error or superstition to be recommended, still is it a most sinful presumption and irreverence, and a no less sinful disregard of truth, that *will* speak where God is silent. Can anything be more calculated to repress a licentious curiosity than the manner in which the Evangelists

record the agony of the Lord in the garden—His brief and thrice-repeated prayer—His bloody sweat? —what reverent spirit will desire to conjecture the mysterious import of the one, or to imagine the details of the other? Who will not rather prostrate his spirit and adore in silence? But this is just the sort of subject which suits this spirit of Meditation; and so, having presumed (in contradiction to the whole tenour of our Lord's actions and words,) to expound His mysterious prayer in this manner,

> He prays the Father that the hour of death may pass from Him; that is, that, if it be God's pleasure, *He may not die;* and in this prayer He is not heard.—p. 209.

Mr. Oakeley gives us a prayer of considerable length, which Bonaventure dares to put into the lips of the Son of God;—and then, in order to bolster up the foolish traditions about the holy places, he ventures to say, without a shadow of authority from holy Scripture,

> He prayed in three different places, distant from each other about a stone's cast; not so far as with a great effort one might throw a stone, but with a gentle impulse; perhaps about the same length as our houses, as I hear from one of our brethren who has been there; and still on those very spots are the remains of the churches which have been built upon them.—pp. 211, 212.

And then presently he says,

> He rises, then, from prayer the third time, His whole person bathed in blood; behold Him cleansing His face from it, or haply immersing it in the stream.—Ibid.

It is needless to comment on writing from which the mind turns with loathing; but it is important to take the opportunity of observing, that the writers of this school are endeavouring to instil into people's minds the notion, that it is possible to *realize* the sufferings of Christ by these flights of imagination; as if any such exercises can have the remotest tendency to enable one to realize sufferings, whose essential peculiarity consisted, neither in their nature nor their intensity, but in the vicariousness of their import, and the divine nature of the Person who endured them. Other methods also besides those of *meditation* are recommended by these writers: for example, by Dr. Pusey; who, in a work of Surin, the Jesuit, that he has lately "Edited and Adapted to the use of the English Church," gives the following directions, which may serve to indicate the existence of some practices, of which the public has not yet been informed.

Another and more efficacious means of feeling the Sufferings of Christ is, in some measure to experience them. "No man," says our author, "has so cordial a feeling of the Passion of Christ, as he who hath suffered the like himself. B. ii., c. 12. St. Bonaventure teaches us, that this is done by looking at this Divine Model of patience, and trying to feel in ourselves the rigour of His Tortures; and thus, *that we may know in ourselves what he suffered at the pillar*, WE MUST, says this holy Doctor, DISCIPLINE OURSELVES TO BLOOD. One who sincerely loves our Lord, and who desires nothing so much as to participate in His Sufferings, can *thus* best judge how cruel His Scourging

was, and how great the pain caused by the nails which pierced his Hands and Feet. Many pious persons of the present day, falsely persuaded that it is enough to care for the interior, might learn by such experience that the *exterior exercises* of virtue are of no little service to the soul which desires to be hid with Christ in God."—*The Foundations of the Spiritual Life.*—p. 193.

The whole notion here put forward by Dr. Pusey for "the use of the English Church," is founded on utter ignorance of the nature of the sufferings of Christ; since no arts of realization,—whether by pictures in the imagination, or by self-inflicted torments of body,—can ever give one the faintest perception of the meaning of that suffering, which consisted in *sacrifice*, in His offering up, by the eternal Spirit, His body and soul for the sins of the world. But this error,—and it is a very dreadful error,—does, by reducing the sufferings of the Lord to a spectacle which is to move the feelings and excite the imagination, tend but too directly to the denial, not only of the doctrine of the Atonement, but of the Godhead of Christ. And let me add also, my conviction, that this error has grown out of a habit of trifling with truth, and tampering with holy Scripture, until, at last, the moral sense has become blunted, and the distinction between truth and falsehood has become mystified and confused in the understanding.

Mr. Oakeley acknowledges the reserve which holy Scripture maintains concerning the blessed

Virgin; but meditate he must: and therefore, instead of being satisfied to stop short, where Scripture is silent; he actually makes its silence a justification for the liberties he takes. It may well be granted to him, that the Lord *may* have appeared to his mother, although the appearance is not recorded. But he *may not* have appeared to her. He *may* have had wise reasons for not doing so. And therefore, as we have no possible ground for conjecture, who could desire to decide the question one way or other? still less, to supply what the Scripture withholds, and presume to detail what took place in a conversation, which (if any conversation of the kind ever occurred) the Holy Spirit has deemed it improper to record? As to the attempt Mr. Oakeley makes to evade the charge of contradicting the Evangelist, it is not likely to find much entertainment among persons competent to form a judgment on the subject, and only proves that he is conscious of the grave censure to which he has laid himself open.

CHAPTER XLI.

EFFECT OF THIS SYSTEM ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY —THE VISION OF ST. MAMERTINUS.

THE whole tendency of the system is to undermine the authority of holy Scripture, and to weaken the evidences of Christianity. People are to be affected by poetry, and not by truth;—by meditation, and not by the divine record;—by disciplining themselves to blood, and not by a thankful remembrance of the sacrifice by which their sins were atoned for. The letter of the Scripture is of little value or importance. The Gospel is but an outline, which must be filled up in order to make it edifying. The Old Testament, "if not made Christian by Allegory, is, after all, no more than Jewish History."

In the Life of St. German is a story of a vision, which bears such internal proof of its legendary character, as to be undeserving of serious consideration. The credit of this tale the Biographer of German has endeavoured to save by an argument of so surprising a description, that it would be wrong not to lay it entire before the reader.

I. What are we to think of St. Mamertinus's wonderful story, as related in Chapter VIII. ? That he was a Pagan, and lost the use of his sight and hand, and was induced by one Sabinus to go to Auxerre, to seek for St. German, and came at night into the Mons Autricus, the Cemetery, and

there fell asleep on the tomb and in the cell of a departed Saint—this is plain enough and indisputable. But what was that which followed? Was it a real thing, or was it a vision? And here the subject becomes serious, and we must "put off our shoes from our feet, for the place where we stand is holy ground." For *what, indeed, do we mean, when we draw a distinction between realities and visions? Is it untrue to say that everything is real*, that everything is the action of Almighty God upon His creation, and especially upon His spiritual creation, if such distinction may be made? God works by instruments, or what we view as instruments; He makes the things of the external world, objects, times, circumstances, events, associations, to impress the action of His Will upon men. The bad and the good receive the same impressions, but their judgment concerning them differs. The moral sight of the one is vitiated, that of the others indefinitely pure. If, then, the only real thing to us be the communication of the Divine Mind to our mind, *is there room to inquire whether the occasion or medium of that communication is real?* At least, it would appear that St. Mamertinus considered the inquiry superfluous. The very obscurity which impends over his narrative, and which has purposely been preserved in this Life, may, for aught we know, be owing to *the impossibility of drawing any material distinctions between what are called, real events and visions, or dreams.* For it must be remembered that Constantius introduces the very language of St. Mamertinus into his Life of St. German. It was a book which apparently had but recently come out, in which St. Mamertinus published to the world the history of his own mysterious conversion. And Constantius seems to have a scruple in taking any liberties with it, and consequently inserts it as it was into his own work. Now it is certainly remarkable that the subject himself of so wonderful an occurrence, should hesitate whether he ought to call it a reality or a vision, sometimes adapting his

phraseology to the one aspect of the matter, sometimes to the other. Yet *what is this but what had four hundred years before been exemplified and sanctioned by Inspiration itself?* In the history of Cornelius's conversion, himself a Gentile, *the same ambiguity is apparent.* In the very beginning, how singular, if we may so speak, the words, "He saw a vision *evidently*." [But these are not the words. The text says, "He saw *in* a vision," ἐν ὁράματι.] Here, however, the apparition of the angel is clearly called a vision. Yet, when the messengers of Cornelius came to St. Peter, they said nothing about a vision, but "Cornelius, the centurion, was warned from God by an holy angel." Nay, Cornelius himself, when Peter came to him, spoke as if it had been no vision. "Four days ago, I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and *behold a man stood before me and said.*" Was this not, at once, both a vision and a reality? Could God's purposes be more distinctly revealed? In like manner, the whole of what happened to Mamertinus had but one end, one object, the imparting of Almighty God's gracious mercies to a lost and sinful creature. *Life itself is as much a vision as anything in sleep;* it is the moving to and fro of ever flitting images; there is one, and one only, substantial fact in life, the existence of created beings in the presence of their Omnipotent Maker. And such, apparently, was the ultimate aspect in which St. Mamertinus came to view his conversion, ever less complex, more simple, more one, as he advanced in holiness, "without which no man will see the Lord." He most probably lived till 468, about fifteen years before Constantius began to write his Life, and would therefore be at that time an old man, one who had fought the good fight. For he was a young man when St. German was above forty, and apparently outlived him as long as twenty years, having become Abbot of the Monastery only at a late period. But so it is; Almighty

God has never been seen, and yet is always seen. Every thing around us is a symbol of His presence. Does not the sublime author of the City of God speak after this wise? "Be not surprised," he says, "if God, though He be invisible, is said to have appeared *visibly* to the Fathers. For as the sound which conveys the thought that dwells in the silence of the mind, is not one and the same thing with it, so that form in which God is seen, who yet dwells in the invisible, was not one with Him. Nevertheless, He was visible in this same bodily form, just as thought is audible in the sound of the voice; and the Fathers knew that *they saw an invisible God* in that bodily form, which yet was not He. For Moses spake unto Him who also spake, and yet he said unto Him, "If I have found grace in Thy sight, show me now Thyself, that I may see Thee with knowledge."

To conform, however, to the ordinary modes of speech, (and we cannot but do so as long as things appear multiple, instead of simple) it is conceived that what occurred while St. Mamertinus was in the cell of St. Corcodemus, was what we call a vision. St. Florentinus in white and shining garments, at the entrance of the cell; St. Corcodemus issuing from the tomb and joining his ancient companions; the beautiful dialogue concerning the penitent Pagan; the five holy Bishops celebrating their Votive Mass in the Church; the discourse between the Apostle St. Peregrine and Mamertinus; and the subsequent antiphonal strains issuing from the Church,—all was part of the vision. But the vision was so clear; its effects and fulfilment were so complete, that it had nothing, as it were, to distinguish it from real event, except that it occurred in sleep. Dreams and visions have ever held a prominent part in God's marvellous dispensations. The form is a dream, the substance a reality. We cannot bear the reality without the form. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then

shall I know even as I am known." A notion attaches to dreams and visions which we think we can cast off; they do not hang by us with the vividness of real events. They have a meaning; yet they admit of being otherwise viewed. This is our infirmity, but it is wisely ordained, for we are men.—St. German, pp. 284—288.

Now, will any one calmly consider the manner in which truth and falsehood are sought to be confounded in this extraordinary passage, and the manner in which they manifestly are confounded in the author's mind, and ask himself,—where this movement is to end. It is impossible, we are told, to draw "any material distinctions between what are called real events, and visions or dreams." If so, what becomes of the evidences of Christianity?—of the certainty of sensible miracles?—of the proofs of the truth and reality of the Incarnation, the Death, or the Resurrection of Christ?

END OF VOLUME I.

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MODERN HAGIOLOGY:

An Examination of

THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF SOME LEGENDARY AND DEVOTIONAL WORKS

LATELY PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF

THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, THE REV. DR. PUSEY,
AND
THE REV. F. OAKELEY.

BY THE REV.

J. C. CROSTHWAITE, M.A.

RECTOR OF ST. MARY-AT-HILL, AND ST. ANDREW HUBBARD, LONDON.

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MODERN HAGIOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. OAKELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WORK.

In the introduction to his translation of the Life of Bonaventure, Mr. Oakeley has touched on one point, which is so curious, and so curiously handled, that it appears to me to deserve a little more than a passing notice. My readers will recollect that Mr. Oakeley professes his work to be "newly translated for the use of members of the Church of England," the truth being, that it differs in several respects from the translation in use among the Roman catholics. Mr. Oakeley, however, acknowledges that what he has done amounts to something more than mere re-translation, and that the work, as he gives it, is intended to be in such a state as should give no reasonable offence to members of the Church of England. His words are as follows:—

The Meditations now laid before the English reader have been *adapted to the presumed wants of our church* under that conflict of feelings which all who have been engaged in the same kind of task will fully appreciate; on the one hand, of a desire to omit nothing which might profit, on the other, *to retain nothing which might offend and perplex.* The same parties will also understand the extreme difficulty which besets the attempt to act upon

the latter of these wishes; offence in some quarters being the necessary condition, under actual circumstances, of edification in others. Again, it needs but little experience in such trials to know the absolute impossibility of anticipating the course, still more of obviating the tide, of objection; depending as it does upon the incalculable varieties of feeling under which books are read by an indefinite number of readers.—p. xxviii.

Now, giving Mr. Oakeley as much credit for sincerity as he can desire, does not this passage betray a most extraordinary degree of infatuation and self-delusion? What are the facts I have already laid before my readers? They are simply these: that this work, as it comes from Mr. Oakeley's hands, contains, not only additions to the text of Holy Scripture, but even direct and deliberate contradictions of the sacred text. Has Mr. Oakeley really deceived himself into believing the Church of England to be in such a state, that any considerable number of her children think it lawful to treat the word of God in such a manner? Is he so ignorant of the feelings and principles of the most respectable and truly pious persons in the community, as to speak seriously of having been guided in the preparation of such a book, by a desire "to retain nothing which might offend and perplex"? As to many persons being *perplexed* by such writings, there seems no likelihood of it;—little, if any, weight (I suppose) being attached to them, beyond the immediate circle of his admirers, and the party

of which Mr. Newman is the head. But the idea of his adapting this volume to the wants of our church with a desire "to retain nothing which might *offend*,"—is so incomprehensible, that one can scarcely imagine him to be serious. God forbid that this church should ever be reduced to such a state of spiritual blindness, as that the majority of earnest and conscientious persons should not be offended at any such irreverent tampering with the text of Holy Scripture. Before all considerations of the particular errors and superstitions which Mr. Oakeley has set himself to propagate, the good sense and good feeling of Christians turn with disgust from the presumption, that dares to say what God has left unsaid, and, by the dreaming vagaries of an ill-governed and licentious imagination, to fill up details which the infinite wisdom of the Author of inspiration has deemed it safer to conceal from his creatures.

When Mr. Oakeley states that the angel spoke to the blessed Virgin *twice* before she answered his salutation, and when he attempts to pervert the plain and obvious meaning of her words by putting into her mouth a declaration that she had taken "a vow of perpetual virginity," people *are* offended—all, namely, whose opinion is worthy of consideration—and that, not so much by the disingenuous attempt to compel the Holy Scripture to teach the superstitions of Rome, as by the attempt to compel it to

teach anything at all. For, whatever be the pharisaical notion of humility advocated by this school, the humility of faith, honesty, and the love of truth, is a spirit that trembles at the word of God, and dares not to add or to subtract a syllable, when the Almighty has spoken what he sees fit to reveal. And so likewise is it true, that what God has not revealed, a spirit of genuine, affectionate piety, unless the understanding be disordered, will have no desire to imagine—simply because He has *not* revealed it. For, if it be impossible for a devout mind to suppose, that any absence of detail in the sacred narrative can be *unintentional*,—no less certain is it, that he who loves God confides in His *love* not less than in His *wisdom*,—and is satisfied to remain ignorant and in the dark where revelation has left him without light and information—not merely because he relies on the *wisdom* of his Almighty instructor and physician, but because he knows it is the voice of his Father and his Redeemer that speaks, and that it is impossible His *love* could conceal what it were more profitable for His child to know, or leave untold those details, which, if disclosed, would have added to his happiness, or tended to promote his assimilation to the Divine image. I am almost ashamed to make observations which may pass for truisms; but yet, if Mr. Oakeley imagines, that persons of real piety and devotional habits are not likely to be *offended* by what he has thought proper to retain in

this mischievous book, it is right to assure him that they *are* offended, and most deeply, at seeing such liberties taken with the word of God,—and that, with such a total absence of delicacy, propriety, and reverence. The mysteries of the Incarnation, the Nativity, and the Agony of the Lord, are too sacred for angels to intrude into.

The aim and object of these tamperings with Holy Scripture I have here purposely kept out of view, because it would be totally contrary to my design, and a great misrepresentation of my own judgment in the matter, were I to lead my reader to suppose, that I consider the *moral* of Mr. Oakeley's fables the point of *primary*, or even *secondary*, importance. Mr. Oakeley, of course, as well as Mr. Newman and the writers of the "Lives of the Saints," mean to advocate Romanism, or, more truly speaking, Popery. This is their object. They make no secret of their intention. And, however plainly irreconcileable with common honesty and their obligations as clergymen of the United Church, their conduct and principles appear, still I have no desire whatever to forget, even for a moment, that they have a Master to whom alone they must give account of their treatment of their consciences. The Romanizing tendency and object of the movement is now fully developed. Mr. Oakeley's mode of handling the sacred narrative is only a part of the theological system, of which he openly avows him-

self the advocate. But this is scarcely a secondary point. That which it is really of primary importance to notice is, the want of regard for truth; which, whenever it comes to meddle with religion, is sure to take liberties with the text of Holy Scripture, whatever be the particular system or opinions it is employed to advocate. And by want of regard for truth I do not mean an intention to deceive, or an habitual preference for falsehood *as* falsehood; but simply a negation—a want,—a want of perception of the preciousness and sacredness of truth itself,—and by consequence—that confusion of the conscience and understanding, which is the material of which Jesuits are made, and the instrument by which Jesuitism effects its worst and most hateful objects. For, truly, if there was no dishonesty in the world, but *wilful* dishonesty, the power of Jesuitism to do mischief would be limited indeed. Much allowance, no doubt, should be made for the habits of interpretation and explanation both of the Bible and the formularies of the church, which the leaders of this movement brought from the theological school in which they were educated, to the investigation and defence of what they called Church Principles. And indeed, without some allowances of this sort, the simplicity with which Mr. Oakeley speaks of his desire "to retain nothing which might offend," must be wholly incomprehensible.

Mr. Oakeley proceeds:—

We live, too, it needs not to be said, in days, of which criticism and suspicion (whether with good, or with evil, design and effect) are even characteristic. We have lost, *from circumstances*, that temper which some feel so essential to goodness as well as to happiness, the temper of *confidence*. Our own church, which we *long to love* with the most devout affection, and to confide in with the most unreserved submission, *will not allow us*, so far as she comes before us in her actual bearings, *to trust her;* and, without trust, love must ever languish. The necessary condition of confidence in the children is oneness in the mind, and harmony in the tones, of the Mother. The Church of England, our Mother, (as she comes before us, not as we might conceive of her,) is of many minds and many, nay, contradictory voices. Hence they who cannot live without trust, are driven upon reposing their trust elsewhere than in the existing, energizing system; whether in the idea of the ancient church, or *in the living church, as elsewhere manifested*, or in the Saints of the church collectively, or *in some particular Saint*, or, again, some living teacher, or model of sanctity, who may seem to be especially commended to their confidence. Yet the process of *unsettling* which the course of recent circumstances has necessarily brought with it, although not without its compensations and its remedies, has undoubtedly given a shock to the mind of our church, the effects of which are obviously and experimentally apparent. Many of us, perhaps, are tempted to trust some one object, be it system, or theory, or individual, with too little care to adjust the relative claims of many, and thus, while confiding in spirit on the whole, are apt to be critical and suspicious, where we ought rather to confide. And if the confiding be in danger of the spirit of criticism, they (and such there are) who make a merit of confiding implicitly on nothing, will be even wholly swayed by it. Such, then, are the difficulties with which we have to contend, if we will not, as we cannot, sail with the stream.—pp. xxviii. xxix.

Now, really, when we recollect the claims Mr. Oakeley has made in a letter to his diocesan which he has thought proper to print,—when we recollect the principles advocated by Mr. Newman in his acknowledged works—and, above all, in the Tract No. 90,—when we find Dr. Pusey undertaking to bring out, for the benefit of the English church, such books as Surin, and the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius Loyola,—to say nothing of the mystery in which Mr. Newman chooses to involve his degree of connexion with the Lives of the English Saints, —when we recollect these things, and innumerable others, of a similar sort, it does seem most extraordinary to find Mr. Oakeley talking of *suspicion*, as if it were part of the degeneracy of the age. Matters have gone rather beyond *suspicion*. That might have been very proper and natural a few years ago. Those who were then *suspected*, are now *known*. If this movement had produced nothing more than the non-natural system of subscription, it must have subjected every one connected with it to most grave *suspicion*,—and have placed the sanity of any one who did not suspect them in a very questionable position. If men *will* trifle with truth and honesty, they must pay the penalty in loss of character. And really, it is too late *then* to deprecate suspicion. "We have lost," says Mr. Oakeley, "*from circumstances*, that temper which some feel so essential to goodness as well as to happiness, the temper of *confidence*." But is

it possible he can be so blind as not to know, that the party of which he is so active a member, have done more to destroy that "temper of confidence," than any other set of men in existence—and that the dishonest shifts and evasions and subterfuges of his party, are the real "circumstances" which have helped so much to bring the principles of the Church of England into disrepute, and to involve in suspicion every one who holds the doctrines of the church, as if he sympathized with a movement, which he regards with the regret it cannot fail to excite in every true and faithful son of the church. And yet Mr. Oakeley talks gravely of "the process of unsettling which the course of recent circumstances has necessarily brought with it"—just as if the suspicion and heart-burnings and distrust which his own party have created, were to be attributed to an earthquake or some other natural disturbance. But men soon become adepts in the arts of self-deception. If it were not so, how could one explain the phenomenon of a clergyman of the Church of England, complaining of being subjected to suspicion and want of confidence, at the very moment he is talking of *longing to love* the church,—at the very moment he is publicly accusing the church he calls his mother, of *not allowing* her children to trust her, and of driving them to repose their trust "in the living church as elsewhere manifested;"—in other words, charging the Church of England with the guilt of their secret of

avowed apostasy to Rome? Who may be the "particular saint" in whom these unhappy men repose their trust, Mr. Oakeley has not explained; but when once men have forsaken the paths of truth and uprightness, it can be no wonder if they should place their trust in some confidence of their own devising.

And yet, while Mr. Oakeley himself proves that his principles are not to be depended on, and while his language towards the church is dictated by such a spirit of crimination as no true and loyal son of the church could use, he goes on in the same strain of injured innocence, as if his fidelity to his principles as an English clergyman were beyond suspicion.

> Individual writers, or editors, whose acts, without their protestations, and in spite of their laments, should in all fairness protect them against the charge of undutifulness towards their own church, must still put up with such charges, or violate their consciences *by expressing reverence where they cannot feel it, or withdrawing confidence where they cannot but repose it.*—p. xxix.

In other words—if clergymen of the Church of England will express such confidence in Rome, as no one can be expected to profess except an ultramontane Jesuit,—if they will speak of the English church and Reformation in such terms, and in a spirit of such bitterness and malignity, as are an outrage upon decency—Mr. Oakeley thinks it is very hard that their "protestations" and "laments" should not "protect them against the charge of unfaithfulness towards their own church."

CHAPTER II.

MR. OAKELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WORK CONTINUED.

BUT what do these men want? Nothing do they want, but to be allowed to do as they please; and to revolutionize the church, after the ideal which the wantonness of their private judgment has erected into a standard of Catholicity. What are their Church Principles? Nothing, in truth, but a self-willed and eclectic sectarianism, which will make them restless and dissatisfied and untractable in whatever church they may be placed, whether by circumstances or by choice. But Mr. Oakeley proceeds—

Well indeed may they bear with such reproaches, (especially when tempered with so much more of confidence and kindness in other quarters than they have any right to expect,) since even the Saints themselves are objects of jealousy and suspicion, or, at best, of what, though far more reverent, is perhaps even less intelligible, than more open animadversion, a kind of patronizing and apologetic tone of criticism, as "men better than their system," or the like. And yet the Saints were certainly either more or less than this tone of modified animadversion seems to presume; more, and so to be venerated, or less, and so to be denounced. Their characteristics at least are not equivocal; their holiness was either the most glorious of works, or the subtlest of counterfeits; their devotion, the nearest approach which earth admits to a perpetual "conversation in heaven," or a deliberate and systematic infringement of the honours due to God alone. —pp. xxix., xxx.

But is there no such thing as fanaticism—as enthusiasm—as self-deception? Is there no medium between piety and hypocrisy—between truth and wilful falsehood?

And whatever the Saints were, it was the church who made them what they so were; her honour or disgrace is intimately and inseparably bound up with theirs; they imbibed her lessons with the most devout reverence, yielded to her authority with the most implicit submission; they were cradled on her lap, "sucked the breasts of her consolations," were sustained through her Sacraments, died in her arms. Was ever mother more absolute? Were ever children more dutiful? What pretence then for discriminating between her and them? If she had played false to her Lord, (*alas, that we should be driven upon the discussion of hypotheses, which can hardly be even so much as imagined without pollution!*) then were they nothing else than "children of the sorceress." But if they were a holy generation, yea, the holiest among the holy, then was she *nothing less than the chaste and immaculate Spouse of Christ.*—p. xxx.

Now, it is really waste of time to discuss this infinitely absurd passage, which goes altogether on the supposition, that those who are reckoned Saints by the Romish church must be taken to be so on the sole authority of her dictum. Surely a very slight knowledge of history would have sufficed to inform Mr. Oakeley, that in earlier ages many names were enrolled in calendars on very slender authority. But, to come to times where a greater exactness of scrutiny is pretended, is it not certain (and when one recollects how these writers have put

themselves forward on every point connected with the Popish controversy, I apprehend this will not appear the least remarkable feature of the case) that any one who was even moderately acquainted with the theory of Canonization would know, that this is a notion which would find no entertainment among Roman theologians or canonists. They conform to the offices of the saints in submission to the authority of the church. But they consider the decree and sentence of canonization to rest solely on legal evidence of matters of fact—they admit that such evidence may be false—and that the character or merits of the candidate for canonization may be mistaken or misrepresented—and therefore, they allege that, besides all the other precautions which they boast of taking, the Pope protects himself from compromising his infallibility by a protestation beforehand; and consequently, whether the Pope was, or was not, deceived in the case of any particular saint, as to the truth of his miracles—the genuineness of his writings—the sanctity of his character—the facts of his history—or even his existence—this is, and ever must be, an open question: and consequently a defence or criticism of the conduct or character of any particular saint would not seem so very shocking or irreverent to well-educated Romanists, as these writers affect to consider it. Does any one living pretend to possess any infallible criterion to detect hypocrisy? If not, it need be no accusation even

against the infallibility of the Roman church, to question the sanctity or wisdom of one whom she has canonized. How Roman catholics contrive to reconcile their *prayers* to any particular saint, with the admission, that they are not necessarily required to believe him to be a saint at all, it is needless here to explain, though they do take some trouble to reconcile this difficulty. But that they are compelled to treat such matters as open questions is absolutely certain, and, indeed, is unavoidable,—and that for the simplest of all reasons, that it is not impossible to show the most egregious historical blunders in papal bulls of canonization. However, it is more important at present to proceed with this quotation from Mr. Oakeley:—

Still, whatever the difficulty of selecting, it has been felt imperative *to admit nothing into the following pages which*, after the most anxious endeavours to strike a balance between what seemed conflicting claims of duty, *was thought on the whole less likely to edify than to startle.* The object of the work not being historical nor literary, but immediately practical; not to record facts, which are as they are, and which it may be a duty to exhibit in their true colours, however unacceptable, nor to discharge an office of editorial fidelity, (what is given being intended, not to suggest certain conclusions only indirectly practical, but to supply a manual for devotional use) it was felt right to *introduce nothing which the Editor could not recommend to all others, as well as receive himself.* The consequence has been that passages have been here and there omitted, *not on doctrinal grounds*, (which do not come into question in this particular work,) but as *somewhat more*

extreme instances of the principle, now sought to be vindicated, than, it was felt, would carry their own justification with them, at least till the principle itself be more generally understood and recognised. And perhaps *it may without presumption be hoped that the blessed Saint with whose work these liberties have been unwillingly taken, will acquit, at least of all intentional irreverence towards himself, this seeming act of it;* hazarded, as it is, at all events in that spirit of charity which he illustrated, and with the hope of furthering those sacred ends of unity and peace, to which, as we cannot doubt, he would desire to contribute.—p. xxxi.

To those who recollect the liberties which this Life of Christ takes with the word of God—and in this extract Mr. Oakeley has fully and deliberately committed himself to them all—this last sentence will appear so extraordinary, as to make them question whether the writer can be sane. For how any Christian of sound understanding could write so concerning such a work, is wholly inexplicable. However, Mr. Oakeley has spoken candidly; and, whatever may be the opinion which other Christians shall entertain of the book, he declares that he has introduced nothing in the translation which *he* "could not recommend to all others, as well as receive himself." What he has left out, it seems, has not been omitted "on *doctrinal* grounds . . . but, as *somewhat more extreme* instances of the principle [of meditation] now sought to be vindicated, than, it is felt, would carry their own justification with them, at least till the principle itself be more gene-

rally understood and recognised;"—which it is sincerely hoped it never may. But what must Mr. Oakeley have omitted, if he has left out things more improper and shocking than what he has retained? And, what is not a little remarkable, there is another passage in this introduction, which looks as if he were not quite satisfied with resting the defence of everything in this book on the theory of meditation. The passage is also well worth transcribing, as an illustration of the manner in which this school misapply the promises of Holy Scripture to suit a present purpose:—

"Why should it seem a thing incredible" to us, who know that the Holy Spirit is straitened in His communications of Divine Truth *by nothing* but our want of faith and holiness, that, in ages of greater faith than our own, points other than those expressly recorded in Scripture, though illustrative of them, should have been even *supernaturally imparted* to men of mortified lives, such as our author, giving themselves up wholly to prayer? But if this appear to some too hard a saying, then let us consider *whether we have any settled confidence in such promises as* "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine;" or "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" or "God will reveal even this unto you." Or, to take the lowest ground, and treat the question as one of mere secondary causes and effects, I suppose that habitual and reverential study of Holy Scripture, such as we know that men like St. Bernard, or St. Bonaventure, practised, will be allowed to give them, and such as they, a strong claim upon our respectful and attentive hearing in any views which they may have propounded upon the hidden meanings of the inspired text, or the probable, though unre-

corded, words and actions of Him, who, as we know, both said and did more than the very world itself would contain, besides all which we have been expressly told in Scripture concerning Him.—p. ix.

Now, really, it would be very sad to think, that many persons could be imposed on by such wretched sophistry. If there be such a thing in the world as truth, and if falsehood be wrong and criminal—to alter any historical document, to invent facts, and supply words and actions, at the caprice of one's own imagination, is a violation of truth and a sin. And, to speak plainly, without saying or thinking anything uncharitable, this attempt of Mr. Oakeley's to mystify his reader and himself, does look but too like the way a man goes on when he is endeavouring to argue with his conscience. How do we know that these things were not "supernaturally imparted" to Bonaventure?—and why are we not to attend to such men as Bonaventure and Bernard, when they "propounded" views on the "hidden meanings of the inspired text," and "probable though unrecorded words and actions"? Be it so:—but to Mr. Oakeley's argument the answer is plain,—that these "unrecorded words and actions" are not propounded as views, or as supernatural discoveries, but as meditations, as devout inventions, and as flights of imagination; and to adopt such an explanation in this apologetic tone seems to betray a secret consciousness, that these arts of meditation are not quite so

laudable, or even so easily justified, as their advocate would fain persuade himself. As to this application of such promises as "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine;" "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and "God shall reveal this to you;"—it is such a palpable and gross perversion of Holy Scripture, that it could not be considered as anything short of great irreverence and a very flagrant violation of truth, even if it had not been resorted to merely to serve a turn, and justify conduct which common sense and conscience must condemn as dishonest.

Although the words last cited would look, as if Mr. Oakeley was not altogether satisfied with his theory of meditation, a subsequent passage seems as if he had succeeded in persuading himself into a belief of the lawfulness of the pursuit. It is deserving of quotation, as showing the extraordinary methods by which these writers contrive to impose on themselves.

How often do the inspired writers, or rather He who speaks in and through them, strike as it were some two or three chords of a sacred theme, and then leave to the spiritual student the delightful task of framing the entire harmony for himself, at once guiding and guarding his *devout invention*, without forcing and ruling it! Why in such cases does Scripture go so far in its disclosures without going further? Why so far, if it be not to prompt holy musings? why no further, except there be some especial value in the freedom and spontaneousness of those musings? It is the very method of Scripture to teach by

hints, which are lost upon the thoughtless, but eloquent to the wise; which they therefore are pretty sure to turn to a good account, who turn them to any; the devotion which is real enough to use them at all, being for the most part instructed enough to use them aright. This, however, does not make guidance in so delicate a process the less acceptable to humble and serious Christians, who naturally desire to perform so solemn an exercise not only well, but in the most perfect manner which their circumstances admit.—p. xiii.

One might have thought that any one who cared to ask—"why in such cases does Scripture go so far in its disclosures without going further?"—might have discovered a more satisfactory answer to his question. Mr. Oakeley's illustrations of his meaning, however, do not give much reason to suppose that he was likely to prefer the *true* to the *ingenious*.

One or two instances will serve to clear our meaning. The holy Evangelist relates, that the Blessed Virgin, when she went to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, travelled "with haste." Why was this? It was out of keeping with her usual calm deportment and orderly movements. St. Bonaventure offers a reason, which, *whether the true one or not, supplies a very beautiful and appropriate ground of meditation:* "She was loth," he supposes, "in her great modesty and love of retirement, to be seen long abroad." —pp. xiii., xiv.

Just so. Very beautiful and appropriate, whether it be true or not! Yet, if truth is the only source of comfort to a soul really desirous of salvation, and hungering and thirsting for righteousness, such an one, I suppose, could see little beauty in that of which

it knows not whether it be true or not. And certainly, the text of the Evangelist would seem to suggest a reason fully as beautiful, though not quite so far-fetched. It is proper, however, to lay before the reader the passage in The Life of Christ to which Mr. Oakeley there refers.

Neither the length of the journey, nor the roughness of the road, could deter her from her pious resolution; but she went *with haste*, not wishing to appear long in public. *Nor was she, like other women in her condition, in the least encumbered by the Divine Infant she bore within her; for the Lord Jesus was no burden to His Mother.*—p. 16.

I suppose, if Mr. Oakeley thought this "less likely to edify than to startle," he would not have retained it, but left it out, and trusted to the blessed saint to forgive the liberty he had taken with his writings;—which, considering the liberties the saint himself was in the habit of taking with the Bible, must seem not a very unreasonable expectation. But, will Mr. Oakeley and his admirers please to consider, what effects such fancies and meditations are likely to have on the faith of their disciples touching the verity of the Lord's human nature? A little further on, Bonaventure describes the birth of St. John.

When Elizabeth's full time was come, she was happily delivered of a son, which our Lady received in her arms, and swaddled with becoming care. The infant, as if conscious of the majesty of his nurse, fixed his eyes steadfastly on her, so taken with her beauty, that, when she delivered him again to his mother, he still looked towards her as if

he could take delight in none but her; while she, on the other hand, continued graciously playing with him, embracing him, and cherishing him with her heavenly lips. What excess of honour was this for St. John! What pure mortal, besides himself, was ever blessed with such a nurse! Yet this is not the only great privilege he enjoyed. Many others might be named, were they not foreign to our present purpose.

On the eighth day the child was circumcised, and called John. Then was the mouth of Zacharias opened, and he prophesied, saying, "*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,*" and the rest. Thus were the *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*, those two canticles of matchless beauty, composed in this house. In the meantime, *while the latter was singing*, our blessed Lady, virgin-like, to avoid being gazed on by the men who were present, on account of the ceremony, kept apart in a secret recess of the chamber, where, unseen, she could hear what passed, and there devoutly listened to the prophecies uttered concerning her Divine Son: carefully and wisely depositing the whole in her heart.—pp. 17, 18.

This also may be very beautiful and very appropriate. I venture no opinion on such a question. But though Mr. Oakeley scorns such considerations, I cannot help asking, whether it be true or not. St. Luke certainly gives no countenance to the idea that the Virgin remained with Elizabeth till John was born. But how do we know that Bonaventure was not inspired to correct St. Luke? Just so. *How do we know?* And so, in a short time, we may expect to be uncertain whether we know anything. Indeed, Bonaventure himself sometimes gives authorities for his meditations. In a former chapter, we

have seen that he attributes his disgusting fable of the circumstances of the Lord's nativity to a brother of his order, whom, he says, he believes to have been supernaturally inspired; and, in another passage, he says:—

We have already seen how many were the afflictions He suffered, together with the great poverty, privation, and distress He underwent at the time of His sacred birth. But among other things was this, which has not hitherto been mentioned. His blessed Mother, when she had laid him in the manger, having no pillow with which to raise His head, made use for that purpose of a stone, which *it is not unlikely she might have covered with hay. This I had from a devout brother, who saw it in spirit;* and *to this day the same stone appears, a visible memorial of the fact.* A cushion or a pillow, *we may piously imagine*, would much rather have been her choice, had she possessed one; but, having nothing more proper to answer the end, to the great affliction of her tender heart, she was compelled to make use of a stone.—pp. 31, 32.

So that the process of Meditation (or "*devout invention*," as Mr. Oakeley calls it) seems sometimes to require some adventitious aid. But does Mr. Oakeley really wish it to be believed that this stone is still to be seen? To return, however, to the passage in Mr. Oakeley's introduction, where we left off.

Again, we read, that the wise men offered our Lord in His infancy "gold" among other produce of their country; and *we gather from intimations that it was very considerable.* May we not innocently and profitably reflect upon the use to which these treasures were applied? What became of all this gold? For we cannot suppose that what was offered in such sort was thanklessly cast aside

Yet there are, as we know, but two sacred uses to which such gifts of Divine bounty are applicable; the service of the Sanctuary, and the benefit of the poor. But when the Lord of the Temple was in the holy tabernacle of his flesh, there was no need of "temples made with hands" to enshrine His glory, nor of the gold which those Temples sanctify, to symbolize the riches of His mercy. Our Saint then *devoutly imagines* that these consecrated treasures supplied to the Blessed Mother of our Lord the means of discharging that one duty from which the estate of poverty is precluded—bountiful almsgiving.—p. xiv.

Now, as the Virgin was poor, if gold in any quantity was given, it might not be unreasonable to suppose (if one must suppose anything) that it served to support her in her necessities during her flight into Egypt. Bonaventure, however, (could Mr. Oakeley be ignorant of this?) adapts the story, as he has done elsewhere, to suit the notions of voluntary poverty adopted by his order. This is his account of the transaction:—

The three kings, therefore, being come to Bethlehem, *with a great multitude of people, and a noble retinue*, stopped, as the star directed them, at the little shed in which our Lord Jesus was born. The blessed Virgin hears a confused noise of people at the door, and snatches up her Divine Child. At the same instant the three kings enter the little dwelling, fall on their knees, and worship the Child Jesus, their Lord, with all reverence. They honour Him as their King, and worship him as their God. Reflect how great must have been their faith! What was there, as far as appearances went, which could have moved them to believe that this little Infant, whom they found in the arms of a mother as poor as Himself, so meanly

clad, so miserably housed, without company, attendants, or other signs of dignity, could be in truth a King, and Very God? Yet they believed both. Such are our guides to the feet of Christ, such the great originals it befits us to copy. Behold them still on their knees before Him. And now they begin to converse with the holy Virgin, and ask many questions concerning her beloved Son, which they might do, either by the help of an interpreter, or of themselves, since they were men of great learning, and perhaps versed in the Hebrew language. They inquire of her the particular circumstances relating to the wondrous Infant. *Our Lady tells them all*, and they readily believe all she tells them. Consider them well, how reverently they speak and listen, as if in the presence of royalty. Consider our Lady, too, how she shrinks from conversing; and how she speaks and hears what is necessary, *with a blush on her cheek, and her eyes fixed on the ground.* Yet the Lord gave her more than usual strength on this great occasion, and enabled her TO SUPPORT HER DIGNITY BEFORE THESE PRINCELY WORSHIPPERS, WHO REPRESENTED THE WHOLE FUTURE CHURCH. Consider, once more, the Child Jesus, who, though *not as yet pleased to speak, comports Himself with a sweet gravity beyond his years*, as gifted with Divine intelligence, and *gently smiles as He looks on them;* the while they are wondrously delighted with Him, and gaze upon Him not only with their bodily eyes, but, as it were, with the eyes of the mind, as catching somewhat of His illumination, and being drawn towards Him, who was fairer than all the children of men. At length, full of joy and consolation, they open their coffers, and spreading a carpet at the feet of our Lord Jesus, kneel down before Him, and devoutly offer Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh, of which the gold far exceeded the rest in abundance. For had their offerings been but small, and of little value, they need not have "opened their treasures," as the Gospel says they did,

since more scanty and insignificant gifts might have been easily conveyed by the hands of their attendants.

Then they reverently cast themselves on the ground, and devoutly kissed His sacred feet. And *why may not we piously imagine, that the blessed Infant*, full of Divine wisdom, the more to comfort them, and settle their affections on Him, *stretched out His little hand for them to kiss, and blessed them with it?* After this, they bowed themselves once more, and, taking their leave, retired with joyous and peaceful hearts, and returned by another way into their own country.

But what, think you, did the blessed Virgin do with *all this quantity* of valuable gold? Did she, think you, hoard it up for her own or her Divine Son's use, or put it out to usury? Did she lay it out in the purchase of houses, lands, or vineyards? No, she was too great a lover of poverty for that. In her *zeal for that blessed estate*, and with her intimate knowledge of her Son's will, both revealed to her within, and *exhibited by infallible tokens without, (since, perhaps, He turned away His eyes from the gold as if with aversion,)* she expended the whole, as I judge, in the course of a few days, for the use of the poor. For it was distressing to her to have such a sum in her possession, or to devise means for laying it out upon herself. How, indeed, could any such private use have been found for it by her, who, when she went into the temple at her Purification, had not so much as a single lamb to *offer for her Son*, but was forced to buy turtle-doves or pigeons?* It is reasonable, then, to suppose both that the offering of the wise men was costly, and that our Lady, studious of poverty, and full of charity, bestowed it upon the poor.

* This argument rests on the supposition that the visit of the wise men took place before the Purification. I should like to see how Mr. Oakeley proves this. The Evangelist would lead one to form a different conclusion.

You have here, gentle reader, before your eyes, the truest and best encomium of poverty: observe, then, the two following points. First, the Child Jesus, and His holy Mother, the blessed Virgin, *disdained not to receive alms like needy persons.* Secondly, they were so far from being anxious to obtain riches, or hoard them, that *they would not so much as keep* what was liberally bestowed upon them, increasing daily in the love and desire of poverty. —pp. 37—40.

Is there any error, any heresy, any superstition, which cannot be extorted out of the word of God by a process like this? And is it not evident, from this and other passages, that these writers, by their licentious abuse of their imaginations, are reducing the Incarnation to the level of a myth, and fable, and a poet's dream?

CHAPTER III.

MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATION ON THE PURIFICATION.

In the account given by Mr. Oakeley of the Purification, to say nothing of the variety of fictitious circumstances introduced into it, the Lord is represented as acting in a manner inconsistent with his condition as an infant a few weeks old.

Now when the fortieth day was come, as prescribed by the Law, our Lady, with the Child Jesus and St. Joseph, set out from Bethlehem on her way to Jerusalem, about six miles distant, there to present her blessed Son to the Lord, as it is written in the Law. Do you in thought go with them, and *help the sacred Virgin to carry her Divine Infant;* and fix your mind, as if present, on all which is now to be said or done, for it is a subject of the most exalted devotion.

Thus then do they bring the Lord of the temple to the temple of the Lord. At the entrance they buy a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, *to offer to God for Him*, as was the custom of other poor people. But as they were poorer even than most, we may rather suppose, that their offerings consisted only of two pigeons, which were of less price than the doves; and for that reason are mentioned the last in the Law. And the holy Evangelist takes no notice here of a lamb, which was the usual offering of the rich. At this time the holy Simeon, who was a man both just and devout, came with haste into the temple to see Christ the Son of God, whom the Holy Ghost had promised that he should see before his death. He no sooner beheld the Divine Babe, than he knew Him by the spirit of prophecy within him, and pressing towards Him, fell on

his knees and worshipped Him in His Mother's arms. *The holy Infant blessed him; and looking earnestly upon his Mother*, bent forward, in token that He desired to go to him. This His Mother understanding, gave Him to Simeon, who with joy and reverence received Him in his arms; and then arose, and, blessing God, said: *Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace*, and the rest; prophesying many things concerning his Passion. And holy Anna, the prophetess, came up at that instant, and, worshipping Him, also spoke many things relating to Him. But Mary, wondering at all these things, kept them close in her heart. At length, *the Child Jesus stretching forth His arms towards His Mother*, was again received by her. After this, they advance towards the altar, in the manner of a procession, *which is annually represented throughout the church on Candlemas-day*. First went the two venerable old men, Joseph and Simeon, hand in hand, singing with transports of joy: *O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever. The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works. For this God is our God for ever and ever. We wait for Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.* These were followed by the sacred Mother herself, bearing in her arms Jesus the Infant King, with Anna by her side, she pouring forth her soul in thanksgiving beyond expression, in which her companion joined her. These, then, were all who formed this procession, which, though consisting of few persons, represented great mysteries; for these were but the first-fruits of an innumerable company of every sex and every state, youth, celibacy, marriage, and widowhood. When they were come to the altar, the holy Mother knelt down, with all reverence and devotion, and offered her dearest Son to His heavenly Father, saying: "Vouchsafe, O most sovereign Lord, to receive this Thy beloved Son, whom, according to the commandment of Thy Law, I here offer unto Thee as the first-born of His mother.

But I beseech Thy mercy, most gracious Father, to vouchsafe to restore Him again to me." And then rising, she laid him upon the altar. O great God, and most merciful Lord, what a precious and most acceptable Offering was this! such surely as had never before been made from the beginning of time, nor shall ever be made again.

Consider each point attentively. The blessed Infant Jesus quietly remains upon the altar, like any other little child, and *with a look of intelligence beyond his years, fixes his eyes upon his mother, and the rest who stand about him, humbly waiting with patience, to see what more is to be done.* The priests enter solemnly with their attendants, and the Sovereign Lord of all things is redeemed like a slave at the low price of five pence, or five small pieces of coin called shekels, the sum given for other poor children. After Joseph had paid them to the priest, the blessed Mother joyfully received him again into her arms. Then taking from Joseph the above-mentioned pair of pigeons, she knelt down, and lifting up her eyes devoutly to heaven, offered them, saying: "Vouchsafe, most merciful Father, to accept this offering, *the first little gift which Thy beloved Son, of his extreme poverty, this day presents unto Thee!*" Then *He, stretching forth His hands towards the little birds, raised his eyes to heaven, and though He said nothing, yet signified by His gestures that He offered them together with His Mother.* And so she left them upon the altar.

Consider here, Christian reader, and diligently contemplate the great dignity and majesty of those who make this offering: the blessed Virgin Mother, and her Divine Son Jesus. Could such an offering, think you, though a little one, be rejected of God? No; rather may we devoutly suppose it to have been carried up to heaven by the hands of Angels, and there presented by them, and to have been most graciously accepted, at the Eternal Throne, amidst the joyful thanksgivings of the whole company of blessed spirits.

The offering having been duly made, the holy Virgin quitted Jerusalem, on her return home to Nazareth. *On the way*,* she stopped at the house of St. Elizabeth, wishing to see St. John before she left the neighbourhood. Do you accompany her whithersoever she goes, and in devout meditation *assist her to carry the Babe.* When our blessed Lady and St. Elizabeth met, they were extremely overjoyed at the sight of each other, but more especially in beholding each their blessed sons Jesus and John, *who, with no less tokens of joy, lovingly congratulated one another:* and St. John, as conscious of the dignity of His sacred Guest, behaved towards Him with the utmost submission and respect. Do you also reverently receive the child John, for he is great in the sight of the Lord, and *haply he may give you a blessing.*—pp. 42—46.

Besides its other peculiarities, this passage contains a covert contradiction of the Holy Scripture. For the turtle-doves or young pigeons were not an offering from the child;—nor was the mother to lay them on the altar: but they were an atonement for the mother, and she was commanded to bring them to the door of the tabernacle, and to deliver them to the priest, who was to offer them before the Lord, the one for a burnt offering, and the other for a sin offering, and make an atonement for her. But this account of the matter would not suit with the notion of the immaculate and sinless purity of the Virgin. And so the Scripture narrative is falsified, and the turtle-doves or pigeons, which in reality were offered by the priest as a burnt-offering and a sin-offering,

* Is it necessary that the meditator should suppose the hill country of Juda to be *on the way* from Jerusalem to Nazareth?

for an atonement and purification for the mother, are represented, in one place, as being offered for the Son, and in another, as a gift presented by the Son, together with his mother. One would be glad to believe that Mr. Oakeley was not aware of the purpose for which the story is made to contradict the Scripture; but whether he was or not, the crime of doing violence to the Word of God remains the same.

Altogether, this is an exceedingly remarkable passage; particularly when one recollects, that Mr. Oakeley informs us, he *has* made alterations in the text of his author, where he conceived the matter was "less likely to edify than to startle," and where the principle of Meditation was carried further than the public mind is yet prepared for. And what makes this account of the Purification the more worthy of notice is, that Mr. Oakeley has, in the place referred to, expressly guarded against his reader's supposing, that the passages he has omitted seemed objectionable to him on account of the *doctrine* they contained. On the whole, therefore, it would seem that the only explanation to be given of his retaining this account of the Purification is this, —either that he does not understand it, which is hardly credible;—or, that he does not feel any objection to altering the sacred text, in order to make it square with the doctrines he has adopted with regard to the sinless nature of the Virgin Mary. For

Bonaventure maintains, that the Virgin had no need for purification, and that she submitted to it voluntarily, as to a "law made for others;"—and this passage Mr. Oakeley *has* retained.* Now, this error of the immaculate perfection of her nature is confuted by the mere fact of her having a burnt-offering and a sin-offering offered for her atonement and cleansing; consequently, as the Scripture account of the transaction will not consist with the doctrines of this school, the birds (as we have seen) are said to have been bought by Joseph and Mary, to "offer to God" FOR the child, and afterwards the sacrifice of the Purification is stated to have been laid on the altar by the Virgin, and presented by the Lord as a "little gift" to His Heavenly Father, conjointly with His mother. Would it not have been more decent,—it would be folly to say, more reverent,—to have composed this "Life of Christ" as a pure fiction, without any reference whatever to the Sacred Text, than in this unblushing manner to do violence to the Word of God? It is very easy to say,—"Whatever be the truth on this subject, it is one on which I find it especially sweet to meditate;† or, "Though it is uncertain whose marriage it was that was celebrated at Cana of Galilee, let us, for meditation' sake, suppose it to have been that of St. John the Evangelist;"‡ though

* Page 41. † Page 28. ‡ Page 103.

I cannot understand, why any right-minded person should find any especial sweetness in meditating on anything in religion which he acknowledges may be false and contrary to fact—to say nothing of Mr. Oakeley's statement that the Lord commanded St. John to put away his wife, while he acknowledges that he knows not whether it was St. John's marriage of which the account was given. Those, however, appear trifles compared with deliberate and intentional contradictions of the Sacred History like the present.

And yet the steps are easy by which men arrive even at such impiety as this.

CHAPTER IV.

DANGER OF TAMPERING WITH TRUTH.—DR. PUSEY'S IDEA OF HUMILITY.

When men begin by trifling with truth, they do not feel it so difficult as some imagine to take liberties with Holy Scripture. How easy is it to find illustrations in abundance, from the expositors of prophecy and the commentators—to say nothing of those who adopt an imaginative and poetical style in preaching. Truth is a very sacred deposit; and revealed truth is the life of the human soul; and it seems a law of our being, that, if men have not an inward love and preference for truth, *for its own sake*, they will gradually lose their perception of its relative value and expediency—and so, in the deteriorating process of mental obliquity and confusion, will go on, until they have exposed the unsoundness of their principles by overt acts of dishonesty and falsification. And no less true is it, that all this may coexist with a certain species of devotional feeling and zeal; so that it is anything but impossible for a man even to lay down his life in defence or maintenance of certain truths, who has no love for truth itself, and is utterly ignorant of what it is and what is its value. And hence the mischievous effects of such movements as the present. If the leader of such a movement as this can have so little notion of the

distinction between truth and falsehood, as to teach men, that "it is not more than an hyperbole to say that, in certain cases *a lie is the nearest approach to truth*," is it any wonder that his disciples should adopt the maxims of the Jesuits in their dealings with mankind, or even falsify the Scripture itself, when it happens to stand opposed to their errors and superstitions? For, when the first steps in religion are tainted with disregard of truth, the whole progress of the mind is, to depart further from truth, to confuse the understanding, and to blunt the moral sense. Falsehood soon comes to be mixed up with devotion; even the humility of such men is at best fanaticism—a false estimate of themselves. If this seem too strong language, I shall beg my reader to consider the first principle of the humility these writers are inculcating. For example, here is a passage from Dr. Pusey's preface to Surin:—

Happy, at least is it, if they who think they hold most accurately the corruption of nature, can even understand the language of the self-abhorrence of the saints. Take his, who being asked, "Who were the sheep?" said, "I know not; *I only know that I am of the goats*;"* or his, who ever prayed *that his sins might not bring the vengeance of God on the towns where he preached*,† or of those who

* "I think one of the eastern Anchorites." This note and the five following are Dr. Pusey's.

† "St. Dominic. The like is related of St. Catherine of Sienna, that she thought *all the chastisements of Divine justice, which desolated the provinces in her time*, to be the miserable effects of her unfaithfulness. Nouet."

wept for their sins, until sight was impaired;* or his, who, having renounced all the riches and glories of this world, habitually accounted *his only fit dwelling to be hell*, OR BEING SPIT UPON ALL NIGHT, COUNTED NO PLACE FITTER THAN HIS OWN FACE;† or hers, who, having followed God's leadings since she heard His Name, confessed, "*All my life has been nothing but darkness*, but I will hide myself in the Wounds of Jesus crucified: I will bathe myself in His Blood, which will wash off all my sins;‡ or his,§ who, being asked, to pray for the continuance of a life spent in winning souls, answered, "I am an unprofitable servant, whom neither God nor His people needeth;" or that which has been *the common maxim and first principle* of all saints, that they are to account themselves "the chief of sinners," not professing it only with their lips, but on each occasion acting instantaneously upon it, wishing others to believe it, bearing all reproach patiently, glad to be evil spoken of untruly, acutely pained at any hint of praise, confounded at the mention of any good in them.—pp. xix., xx.

And yet, does it never occur to these writers that, as *all* persons—to say nothing of all *saints*—cannot *all and singular* of them be the *chief* of sinners, a vast deal of such humility as this must consist in sheer self-deception; and, how deception of any kind can be a virtue and a grace, they would do

* "The largeness of the gift of tears continually recurs in the Lives of the Saints."

† "St. Francis Borgia. St. Alphonsus Liguori gives this as one of the preparations of any mental prayer (and so of his own):—'1. My God, I believe Thee present within me, and I adore Thee from the abyss of my nothingness. 2. Lord, I ought now to be in hell, on account of my sins; I am sorry for having offended Thee; pardon me in thy mercy.' (Quoted by Mr. Ward, p. 350.)" Alphonsus Liguori was not always considered a safe guide by Dr. Pusey.

‡ "St. Catherine of Sienna."

§ "St. Francis de Sales."

well to inquire. But, certainly, when self-deception is counted an act of sanctity, it cannot be very surprising if, from deceiving themselves, such saints should fall into the practice of deceiving others.

On this passage, however, Dr. Pusey has added the following as a note:—

All these tests of deep humility may be verified to any extent in the lives of the Saints, not as the results of reflection, but as part of themselves.

The following instances are given by Nouet, L'homme d'oraison, Conduite dans les voies de Dieu. Ent. xi. St. Francis Borgia having employed much time every day in acquiring knowledge of himself, reduced the principles of self-knowledge to these. (1.) I was formed from nothing. (2.) I shall return to nothing. (3.) I know not what I am. (4.) If I know anything, my only knowledge is, that *hell is my* [fitting] *home*. (5.) Of myself I do no good work. St. Theresa being warned one day to take heed of vain-glory, answered, "Vain-glory! *I know not why*, knowing who I am; it is much for me not to despair:" and in her life, "it seems as if, even would I try to have vain-glory, I could not. For I know clearly through the grace which God giveth me, that of myself I can do nothing. On the contrary, God makes me see my miseries, and discovers to me so many unfaithfulnesses, that whatever time I could employ thereon, I should never see so many truths, as I see of them in an instant. Besides, I know not how I could attribute to myself the good which is in me, seeing that a little while ago I was entirely bare of the virtues I possess, which also are the fruits of the mercy of God, and His free gifts, wherein I am, and can do nothing, no more than a painter's canvass, in that, on my part, I can do no more than receive the grace of God, without rendering Him any service. For certainly *I am the most useless person in the world;* I am ashamed to see

what progress every one makes, except myself *who am good for nothing*. What I say is *not humility*, it is *truth*. *I do not believe that there is in the world a creature worse than myself*, and when I consider the little profit I make of the graces I receive, I sometimes come to fear that I have been deceived." The B. Angela de Foligny said with unspeakable ardour, "O unknown nothingness! O unknown nothingness! I tell you in all truth, that the soul can have no richer knowledge than that of its nothingness." And to St. Catherine our Lord said, "Knowest thou well, who I am and who thou art. Happy wilt thou be, if thou understand it well. I am HE who IS, and thou art she who is not." "In this [Divine] light St. Ignatius looked upon himself AS AN ULCER CONTINUALLY DISCHARGING PUS; Alphonso Rodriguez compared himself to *graves of dead, putrid carcasses, sewers and sinks of vessels where all defilements collect.*" (Comp. our own Bp. Andrewes'* "Morning Devotions." "Despise me not, an unclean worm, a dead dog, a putrid corpse.") "St. Ignatius† used to say that *he did not believe that another could be found*, in whom there was so much ingratitude joined with so many graces and favours which he had received of God; whence *he prayed our Lord to deprive him of his spiritual consolations*, in chastisement of his unfaithfulnesses, to make him more careful and faithful for the future. St. Francis cried out, from time to time, 'Lord, keep, if it please Thee, the treasure of the graces Thou hast deposited in my soul. For I am a thief who rob thee of Thy glory.' St. Gertrude thought it *one of the greatest miracles that the earth should endure her*, seeing *there was no one who did not deserve the favours of God better than herself, and did not*

* What would "our own Bishop Andrewes" say if he could see himself paraded in such company?

† The reader will remember that by "St. Ignatius" Dr. Pusey means (now-a-days) Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits.

employ them better." See also St. Vincent Ferrier and St. Catherine of Genoa, below, p. 105. "St. John-of-God, when accused to the Archbishop of Grenada of harbouring dissolute people in his hospital, said, 'The Son of God came to save sinners, and we are bound to labour and pray for their conversion. I am unfaithful to my calling that I neglect this; and I confess that I *know no other bad person in my hospital but myself*,'" &c. Butler.—Surin, Pref. pp. xx.—xxii.

What others may think or say of all this, I really do not pretend to anticipate. Such humility appears to me, (however painful it may be to be obliged to say so) nothing less than fanatical self-deception; and (to speak very plainly) to be far less deserving of the name of humility, than of an intolerable pride and self-importance, in which *self* occupies the entire field of vision. But this comes of tampering with truth.

CHAPTER V.

DOCTRINAL CHARACTER OF MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATIONS.—THE ANNUNCIATION.—THE ASCENSION.—A MEDITATION OF BONAVENTURE'S WHICH MR. OAKELEY OMITTED.

It will, I hope, be in the recollection of my reader that Mr. Oakeley has stated, that, in translating "the Life of Christ," for the use of members of the church of England, he has felt it "right to introduce nothing which" he "could not recommend to all others, as well as receive himself;"—a very remarkable declaration, when we remember, what extraordinary passages have been transcribed from his work into these pages. But it is the sentence immediately following these words, to which I wish now to call my reader's attention.

The consequence has been, (says Mr. Oakeley,) that passages have been here and there omitted, *not on doctrinal grounds*, (which do not come into question in this particular work,) but as somewhat more extreme instances of the principle, now sought to be vindicated, than, it was felt, would carry their own justification along with them, at least till the principle itself be more generally understood and recognised.

It really seems anything but clear, what Mr. Oakeley can mean by saying, that doctrines, or "doctrinal grounds" "do not come into question in this particular work." To one who claims a right to hold all Romish doctrine, it is likely there may

be nothing in Bonaventure's book which could appear objectionable on doctrinal grounds; but those who are satisfied with the catholicity of the English church, when they find this system of Meditation altering and amplifying the history of the life of Christ for the purpose of recommending certain doctrines, will very naturally feel, that it does quite "come into question,"—and that very specially, "in this particular work"—*what are the doctrines* which it is sought to recommend by this extraordinary tampering with the word of God.

The meditation on the Purification, which I have transcribed from this book, is evidently constructed with the view of promoting the belief of the doctrine of the sinlessness of the Virgin Mary. There are other passages of which it is equally clear, that they are designed to foster that superstitious reverence, which in the Romish church has risen to the most revolting idolatry. For instance, in the account of the Annunciation is the following:—

Here put yourself in the Presence of God, and contemplate how the Blessed Trinity, *awaiting the answer and consent* of this beloved daughter, was delighted to behold her chaste gravity of demeanour, and her lowly expressions. *With what wisdom and studious care does the Angel order his every word, so as to prevail with her; with what calm and reverent sweetness does he bend before her, his awful mistress*, faithfully acquitting himself of his commission, and attentively marking her words, that he may reply to them in a manner *befitting her dignity*, his own high office, and the will of the Almighty in this wonderful and

glorious work! And lastly, with what a becoming deportment of fearfulness and humility, mixed with graceful bashfulness of look, does she receive the sudden and astounding message of the Angel, without being elated at it, or bestowing one thought upon herself! And when she hears wondrous things of herself, and such as were never said to any other mortal, she ascribes all to Divine Grace. —p. 12.

This passage does certainly contain *doctrine*, and doctrine of a very serious character; and considering that this fiction aims at nothing less than to support the fearful tenet of the Romish writers, that the salvation of the world depended on the *consent* of the Virgin Mary, Mr. Oakeley must have an extraordinary idea, indeed, of the state of the English church, if he imagines that pious and respectable persons are prepared to receive such a passage, as one which *carries its own justification along with it.*

The account of the Ascension will furnish another instance of this nature. Having mentioned the appearance of the two men in white apparel, who stood by the Apostles immediately after the Lord's disappearance, Mr. Oakeley proceeds—

Here consider how full our Lord Jesus was of tender solicitude in their behalf. For no sooner had He vanished out of their sight than immediately He sent His Angels to them, that they might not be wearied of staying there, and that they might be strengthened on hearing the Angels' testimony that their Lord had ascended, according to His own word. On hearing these tidings from the Angels, *our Lady humbly entreated them to commend her to*

her Son. Then they *reverently made obeisance to her*, and willingly received her commission. The Apostles, Magdalene, and all the rest, besought them in like words. Then they disappeared; and the blessed company returned into the city to Mount Sion, and there continued waiting, as our Lord Jesus had commanded them.—pp. 270, 271.

It is difficult enough to imagine, how any pious mind could have devised this notion of the Virgin Mary sending a message to the Lord by the angels. But, why is it said "they reverently made obeisance to her," except it be, to promote the superstitious reverence Romanists pay to her as queen of angels? However, as Mr. Oakeley has been so careful to guard his reader against supposing that he disapproved of everything he omitted in preparing this book for the members of our Church, —it may not be useless to transcribe some of the matter which he *has* omitted, not, be it remembered, because he objects to it on *doctrinal* grounds, but because he did not feel that it would carry its own justification along with it. Such a passage is the commencing chapter of the work, which I take from the translation in use among Roman Catholics.

CHAP. I. SECT. I.

The Angels intercede for Man's redemption.

Mankind having for the long and tedious space of more than five thousand years continued in a miserable state of exile, *not one of them being able to shake off the clog of original guilt*, and soar to his native country, Heaven; the blessed choir of angelic spirits, (moved to compassion, and

concerned at the dreadful havoc sin had made among them, as well as solicitous to see the numbers of their own heavenly legions again completed,) as soon as the fulness of time was come, resolved *to renew the instances they had often before made to the Almighty*. For this end, presenting themselves before the awful throne of God, with redoubled earnestness and devotion, they jointly prostrated themselves at his feet, and made the following prayer: "All-merciful Lord! Remember how you graciously vouchsafed, from the inexhaustible fund of your goodness, to create man out of nothing, and to raise him above all the works of your sublunary creation, by enriching him with the eminent gift of a rational soul, capable of knowing you, and this on purpose that he might become a partaker of our felicity, and repair the loss we sustained by the fall of our reprobate brethren. Yet behold, O gracious Sovereign, the whole species lies still involved in such woeful ruin, that out of so great a number, *not one has been able to escape* and arrive hither in the long space of many thousand years. Our enemies thence gather new matter of triumph: when *instead of seeing the vacant places of the fallen angels filled, they behold hell continually crowded with innumerable victims:* to what end then are they created, O Lord? *Why are the souls that confess to you, delivered up a prey to beasts?* Psal. lxxiii. We are not ignorant, that this severity perfectly agrees with your divine justice; yet be pleased, O Lord, to remember, that the time for showing your mercy is come. If the first progenitors of the human race did unhappily transgress your law; let your mercy now repair the injury in their wretched posterity. Be mindful that you created them to your own likeness. Extend then in pity, O God, your hand to them, and replenish them with your bounty. To this end, "*Our eyes fixed on you, as the eyes of servants on the hands of their masters*, (Psal. cxxii.) till you deign to have compassion on mankind, and save them by a plentiful redemption."

SECT. II.

The angel having concluded this address, Mercy and Peace, supporting the petition in man's behalf, pathetically pleaded for his redemption with the heavenly Father: while Justice and Truth seemed to make a vigorous opposition against it; whence (for contemplation sake) *we may imagine a kind of ineffable debate* to arise between them, as St. Bernard relates in a beautiful and ample manner. But in this I shall be as concise as the tenour of our subject will permit. For though in this treatise, I intend often to interweave his words with my own, yet as our present purpose requires us to avoid tedious prolixity, I shall differ partly in the manner of applying them. To return then to our subject, the sum of his discourse, in the place above quoted, is as follows: Mercy, in the words of the royal prophet says, "Will God reject man for ever, or hath the Lord forgotten to show mercy?" Psal. lxxvi. Long and frequently importuned with these, and such like solicitations, thus at length, the Almighty may be supposed to have answered: "Hold, Mercy, before I acquiesce to your petitions, it becomes me as an equitable judge, to hear the allegations which Justice and Truth have to offer against them." Whereupon, the two divine attributes being ready to the summons, Mercy thus resumes: "Mankind, O Lord, stand in need of thy commiseration, for they are become wretched indeed, even extremely wretched; and the time for showing pity is more than come." Here Truth, interrupting the plea of Mercy, begins: "It is meet, O Lord, that you fulfil your divine word. Let Adam die, and all his race with him, since all, in him, impiously tasted the forbidden fruit." "Wherefore then, O Lord," replies Mercy, "wherefore do I subsist? if you forbear for ever to commiserate—there is an end of me: this, your Truth must acknowledge." "Yes," rejoins Truth, "but yet, O Eternal Father, if prevaricating man can elude your sentence, what becomes of me? Can I, as

you have promised, persist to eternity?" Thus the divine pleaders continuing to support their suit against each other; *the Eternal Father, at length, remits the cause to his Son.* Before whom, Mercy and Truth renewing their former pleas, Truth thus added: "I confess, O Lord, that the zeal which Mercy exerts in man's behalf is good, and worthy all praise; but does she therein act comformably to justice, in persuading you rather to spare those prevaricators than me, her sister, attribute?" Ah, beloved Truth," replies Mercy, "rather consider, that your indignant rigour spares neither man nor me: by refusing to commiserate him, you involve me in his destruction, me, your sister Mercy." But Truth, unsoothed by all that Mercy could offer, still further urged: "You, O Lord, are here made a party in this cause, and therefore, it highly behoves you not to suffer the word of your Eternal Father to be made void." After this manner persisted *the divine parties* in opposing each other, till at length, all-uniting Peace, with her heavenly voice interposing, thus addressed them: "Cease to dispute, ye heavenly offspring of God, contention ill suits such kindred virtues." Still the debate was important, and the reasons on both sides so strong and powerful, that no means appeared of reconciling Mercy and Truth, in regard to mankind, till the divine and royal judge gave to Peace, who stood the nearest to his awful throne, the following ineffable decree to read, "Whereas, our Eternal Father's *divine offspring, Truth and Mercy*, have laid before us their opposite allegations concerning the salvation or perdition of our hapless creature, man; the former alleging, that, if the sentence of death passed upon Adam should be reversed, Mercy herself must be involved in the destruction of Adam. Our divine wisdom *suggests us* a medium to preserve both inviolable and uninjured. Let Death then be made a desirable good: That the apprehensions of all may be removed, and their ends obtained." No sooner was the

divine decree pronounced, than all, applauding its wisdom, silently consented that Adam should die, yet Death be a means of saving mercy to him. But hence, a new difficulty arose: How, O unsearchable wisdom, how shall Death become a desirable good to man, when the bare sound of it is sufficient to convey horror to the sense? "Know," answers the heavenly monarch, "that though the death of the wicked be superlatively wretched, that of the righteous is inestimably precious, and the sure entrance to eternal life. Let one then be sought out, who, though not by nature subject to death, will voluntarily submit to it, from a generous motive of disinterested charity. Such a one, not liable to be detained in subjection by death, will force a passage through it, and lead captivity after him to a blessed state of freedom. Here all acquiesce with pleasure to the divine proposal; yet where, say they, shall we be able to find such a one? Submissively, however, obsequious to the eternal word's decree, without waiting a reply, and paying due adoration to the Almighty Majesty, *both depart in search of him:* Truth resolving to range the earth, and Mercy the wide dominions of heaven, according to the words of the Prophet: Thy mercy, O Lord, is in heaven, and thy truth even to the clouds, (Psal. xxxv.) it encompasses the universe. Yet how vain, alas, their researches! Truth travelling round the world, finds no one free from guilt, not even the infant of a day old. And Mercy in vain seeks, throughout heaven, one who has charity equal to so great an undertaking. Alas! all mankind are but inferior servants, and the best of them must, even when they act well, say from St. Luke, (chap. xvii.,) that they are but unprofitable servants. As none, therefore, could be found so abounding in charity, as to lay down their life for such useless servants; it was to no purpose for Mercy and Truth to seek any longer. Hence returning to the Almighty's presence, at the appointed time, without the

desired success, Peace, with a benevolent countenance thus prevents them. Ah! heavenly sisters, know you not, or have you forgotten, that there is not one on earth who does good? No, not even one: Or who in heaven or on earth but he, whose wisdom gave you the ineffable advice you are endeavouring to follow, can assist you to effect it?" on hearing this, the all-wise Monarch spoke. "It repents me that I made man: Yet, as I have made him, it becomes the immensity of my goodness to do satisfaction for him. Wherefore," calling to him the angel Gabriel, "Go (says he) and tell the daughter of Sion: Behold your king comes." Thus far from St. Bernard. Hence you may see of how dangerous and fatal a consequence sin has been, and still is, and how great the difficulty of applying a remedy to it. To this purpose, however, the ABOVE-MENTIONED ATTRIBUTES SEEM BEST TO ACCORD AND UNITE IN THE PERSON OF GOD THE SON. For on one side, THE PERSON OF THE FATHER, BEARING IN APPEARANCE A TERRIBLE AND POWERFUL ASPECT, might seemingly give cause of apprehension for Peace and Mercy. On the other side, the person of the Holy Ghost, all bountiful and gracious, MIGHT SEEMINGLY GIVE NO LESS ROOM FOR APPREHENSION TO TRUTH AND JUSTICE. So that the person of the Son, between both, was wisely accepted as mediator in the important work. This, however, must be understood, *not in a strict sense, but a mystical and borrowed one.* Thus, then, was at length fulfilled that prophecy of the Psalmist, "Mercy and Truth met together, Justice and Peace kissed each other." Psal. lxxxiv.

This may suffice for *a pious meditation* on what, we may *devoutly conceive*, might probably pass in heaven, relating to man's redemption.—pp. 13—19.

Now really, to say nothing of the impiety and irreverence of such fictions, there is a considerable

quantity of doctrine involved in this extract, and of doctrine which, I should have thought, Mr. Oakeley himself would have considered erroneous and unscriptural. That the Incarnation is to be ascribed to the intercession of angels,—that for "*more than five* thousand years" preceding the Lord's coming, "*not one* of" the human race had been "able to shake off the clog of original guilt," or "to escape" from hell,—above all, that the mission of the Son of God was determined on, in consequence of *his* attributes *being different* from those of the Father and the Holy Spirit,—true or false, these statements involve *doctrine*, and will, I apprehend, be thought by most Christians to amount to something worse than, what Mr. Oakeley would call, "somewhat more extreme instances of the principle now sought to be vindicated, than, it was felt, would carry their own justification along with them, at least till the principle itself be more generally understood and recognised;"—which it is sincerely hoped it never may. But, of course, when catholicity is developed into the reception of all Romish doctrine *in globo*, and people think it necessary to disclaim any idea of criticising the writings or the conduct of canonized saints, as nothing short of presumption and irreverence, they will receive without examination many things at which other Christians would be shocked and startled. And so Mr. Oakeley, having omitted this extraordinary piece of profaneness, in-

stead of regretting that it was unfit for Christian eyes or ears, deems it necessary to make an apology to Bonaventure:—

Perhaps *it may without presumption be hoped, that the blessed Saint with whose work these liberties have been unwillingly taken, will acquit, at least of all intentional irreverence towards himself, this seeming act of it;* hazarded, as it is, at all events in that spirit of charity which he illustrated, and with the hope of furthering those sacred ends of unity and peace, to which, as we cannot doubt, he would desire to contribute.—p. xxxi.

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTRINE OF THE SINLESS PERFECTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY —MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATIONS—DR. PUSEY'S MEDITATION.

It will, I dare say, be remembered, that, in the account of the Purification, Mr. Oakeley has followed Bonaventure in his falsification of the Scripture, in order to make it square with the Romish doctrine of the immaculate holiness of the Virgin Mary. The notion he advances is, that the Virgin did not need purification.

When the blessed Virgin had disposed of the treasures, she still remained, with her Divine Son Jesus, and her holy partner and protector, St. Joseph, in the humble shed at Bethlehem, waiting with patience in that miserable dwelling till the fortieth day from the Nativity, just as if *she* had been any ordinary mother, and her blessed Son any ordinary child, *subject to defilement, and so needing purification.* But because *they* would enjoy no special prerogatives, they *voluntarily, and without necessity, submitted to the law made for others.*—p. 41.

The reader will observe that in order to give an appearance of plausibility to this error, it is insinuated that the offering was made for the purification of the child as well as of the mother, without the slightest warrant for such a notion from Holy Scripture—the Purification being declared to be an atonement of a sin offering and burnt offering for

the mother, and not for the child.* But by misrepresenting it in this way as a purification both of child and mother,—it being plain that the Lord *needed* no purification nor atonement himself,—the reader hardly observes, that he is taught, by the very construction of the sentence, to regard the *mother* also as being neither subject to defilement nor needing purification. And thus the mind is quietly prepared to read without being shocked by it, the subsequent account which has been already transcribed, but which it is quite necessary should not be forgotten.

Consider each point attentively. The blessed Infant Jesus quietly remains upon the altar, like any other little child, and *with a look of intelligence beyond his years, fixes His eyes upon His Mother, and the rest who stand about Him, humbly waiting with patience, to see what more is to be done.* The priests enter solemnly with their attendants, and the Sovereign Lord of all things is redeemed like a slave at the low price of five pence, or five small pieces of coin called shekels, the sum given for other poor children.

What respect can Mr. Oakeley have for Holy Scripture? Is it conceivable that he could be so ignorant, as to suppose, either that a shekel was worth no more than a penny—or that the children of the poor were redeemed by a smaller sum than those of the rich? Impossible. Mr. Oakeley should know, that five shekels were more than ten shillings of our

* It is unnecessary here to enter into the question of the original text of St. Luke. Mr. Oakeley's position is not that *both* were purified, but that neither needed it.

money—and that this was the highest sum imposed by the Law; rich and poor having the same amount to pay. Bonaventure, in his zeal for the voluntary mendicancy of his order, wished to represent Joseph and Mary as being in the lowest state of abject poverty. Still one might have thought an English clergyman would have considered it worth while to correct such egregious blunders as these. But, shocking as the thought is, at every step one sees more reason to fear, that this party have lost all just perception of the sacredness of the inspired volume.

After Joseph had paid them to the priest, the blessed Mother joyfully received Him again into her arms. Then taking from Joseph the above-mentioned pair of pigeons, she knelt down, and lifting up her eyes devoutly to heaven, offered them, saying: "Vouchsafe, most merciful Father, to accept this offering, the first little gift which Thy beloved Son, of His extreme poverty, this day presents unto Thee!" Then *He, stretching forth His hands towards the little birds, raised His eyes to heaven, and though He said nothing, yet signified by his gestures that He offered them together with his Mother.* And so she left them upon the altar.

Consider here, Christian reader, and diligently contemplate the great dignity and majesty of those who make this offering: the blessed Virgin Mother, and her Divine Son, Jesus. Could such an offering, think you, though a little one, be rejected of God? No; rather may we devoutly suppose it to have been carried up to heaven by the hands of Angels, and there presented by them, and to have been most graciously accepted, at the Eternal Throne, amidst the joyful thanksgivings of the whole company of blessed spirits.—pp. 45, 46.

The turtle doves, it seems then, or young pigeons, were not a sin offering and burnt offering to cleanse the mother and make an atonement for her, as the word of God declares them to have been. *This* mother was subject to no defilement, and needed no purification nor atonement; and whatever the readers of Holy Scripture may have learned from the oracles of God, they are now required *piously* to believe that, in offering this sacrifice, the Virgin "voluntarily, and without necessity, submitted to the law made for others." Nay, to make this error still more plausible, the propitiatory and purifying character of the ceremony is kept wholly out of sight, and the offering is represented as a "*little gift*," which the Son of God "presents" to his Heavenly Father, "together with His mother." This is nothing less than a direct falsification of the Holy Scripture *for a purpose.*

But, if Mr. Oakeley and Bonaventure may piously meditate in this fashion, why may not others treat the same subject in a different way? Dr. Pusey, who has his own peculiar part in "the blessed work" of Romanizing the church of England, has given quite another colour to the story. Even the *facts* he represents differently. According to Mr. Oakeley and Bonaventure, we are to suppose that *pigeons* were offered.

But, as they were poorer even than most, we may rather suppose, that their offering, consisted only of *two pigeons*, which were of less price than the doves; and for that reason are mentioned the last in the Law.—p. 43.

Dr. Pusey, however, decides, but without stating his reasons, that the offering was "two *turtle-doves*." But besides this, they differ altogether as to *the intention* of the offering. This is Dr. Pusey's account of the matter:—

THE REDEEMER REDEEMED.

The title of Redeemer is one of the most glorious attributes of GOD, and the Name which He takes, and which the Prophets often give Him in the Old Testament, in order to inspire men with respect, with thankfulness, with confidence, and with love. "Thou, O Lord, art my Helper and my Redeemer," said the Prophet. (P. xix. 14.) "Our Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts is His Name, the Holy One of Israel," (Isa. xlvii. 4,) said the Prophet Isaiah, and in the same spirit it was that the priest Zachariah, perceiving that JESUS CHRIST was about to be born of Mary, acknowledged Him before He appeared upon earth, as the Redeemer of Israel, exclaiming, in his sacred canticle, "Blessed be the Lord GOD of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people." (Luke, i. 68.)

Truly it was needful, says St. Augustine, that the WORD of GOD, by Whom the whole world was made, should also come to redeem the world; but in order that His Love should shine forth with new glory, He was not content with having fulfilled that glorious office, but *He willed also to put Himself in such a position as to be Himself redeemed*, in order the more efficaciously to perform the function of a Redeemer. He made Himself man to redeem all men; He took the form of a servant, to redeem us from slavery; He took the appearance of a sinner, and really laid upon Himself our sins, that He might redeem us from our sins, and from the punishments which were due to them; finally, He became subject unto death, that He might redeem us from death. (Idem. in Ps. 50.) What greater mercy can be conceived, says Cassidore! What a wondrous redemption, what a miracle of love, to

see *a Creator created*, a King serving, a Redeemer sold, Greatness Itself brought low, and the Author of life submitting to death! And at what a price! That of His Blood! "Ye know," said the chief of the Apostles, (1 Pet. i. 18, 19,) "that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious Blood of Christ."

Scarcely will this Divine Redeemer appear in the world, than He will Himself be redeemed, in the way of His own appointment, and by His own creatures. Herod will seek for him to put Him to death, and He will owe His life to Joseph, who will save his Saviour by his flight into Egypt; He will be presented in the Temple, and *Mary His holy Mother will redeem His liberty by two turtle doves.*—Guide for Passing Advent, pp. 35—37.

So that, according to Dr. Pusey, two *turtle-doves* were offered by the Virgin Mary, and these, not at all as an offering or atonement for herself, but as the sacrifice by which the Son of God was redeemed by his mother. Mr. Oakeley, on the contrary, will teach us to piously believe, that there were no *doves* offered, but *pigeons*,* and that the offering was not

* In the Roman-catholic translation of Bonaventure, which forms the staple of Mr. Oakeley's work, in the commencement of this meditation it is said that *pigeons* were bought as being "of a less price than doves." But afterwards the translator talks of the above-mentioned pair of *turtles*, which Mr. Oakeley alters, as we have seen, to "*pigeons*," and, in conclusion, "stretching forth his hands towards the *doves*," which Mr. Oakeley changes to "little birds." I observe this, not to point out the inconsistency of the Roman-catholic translators —but to notice the fact that Mr. Oakeley has corrected these blunders, while he retains the strange absurdity of reckoning the shekel to be worth no more than a penny—as well as the misstatement that five shekels was the sum given by the poor.

a *redemption* or *atonement* of any sort, but merely a "*first little gift*,"* presented by Christ and the Virgin conjointly, as an offering of the Son of God to his heavenly Father, "together with his mother." Which of the two versions is less respectful to the word of God, or does greater violence to the sacred text, it is hard to determine. But in one point they both agree; and it is a remarkable one,—that, whether the offering consisted of doves or pigeons, it was not offered as an atonement for the cleansing of the Virgin Mary.

* This is the term used by the Roman-catholic translator also.

CHAPTER VII.

FANATICISM—SPECIMENS FROM DR. PUSEY'S ADAPTATION OF AVRILLON'S GUIDE FOR PASSING ADVENT HOLILY.

WHERE is this tampering with truth—this irreverence for the Holy Scripture—to end? In Dr. Pusey it has at last arrived at a degree of fanaticism, almost incredible in a person of his education. This assertion would need no further proof than the extracts I have already given from his preface to Surin; and if any one considers the word "*fanaticism*" too strong a term to describe such writing, I should be glad to know what other term to apply to it. But if any person still doubts, the work from which the foregoing extract has been made will, I conceive, place the matter beyond question. This volume is called

A guide for passing Advent holily, in which is found for each day, a practice, meditation, thoughts upon portions of Holy Scriptures for the season, sentences from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers; and one point in the Incarnation. By Avrillon. Translated from the French, and adapted to the use of the English Church.—

There is prefixed a preface of fifty-eight pages, signed E. B. P., and dated, Christ Church, Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, 1844.* The very table of contents is a proof of the fanatical character of the work. For, what can be a more certain symp-

* In the Morning Post for Dec. 4, 1845, this book is advertised with Dr. Pusey's name—as a "Devotional Work for Advent, lately published."

tom of fanaticism, than a propensity to speak of sacred persons and subjects in coarse and offensive terms?—such, for example, as the revolting language which Dr. Pusey has held up to admiration, as specimens of Christian and saintly humility, in the passage I have quoted from his preface to Surin. A few extracts from this table of contents will explain what I mean without necessity of comment.

"An avenging God *become loving*."—"The Redeemer redeemed."—"A Spirit become flesh."—"Immensity enclosed."—"The Creator become a creature."—"Uncreated Wisdom become foolishness."—"The Almighty in weakness."—"Homage to the mind of the Infant Jesus in the Manger."—"Homage to the Adorable Heart of Jesus in the cradle."—"An innocent penitent."—"Homage to the Adorable Heart of Jesus in the manger."—"Homage to the Sacred Hands of Jesus in the cradle."—"Homage to the Adorable Eyes of Jesus in the manger."—"Homage to the Sacred Feet of Jesus in the Manger."—"Homage to the Adorable Flesh of Jesus in the Manger."—"God a babe."—"Homage to the Blood of Jesus Christ in the Manger."—"An annihilated God."—"Homage to the Soul of the new-born Jesus."

Now, really, I do not wish to think harshly, or to speak disrespectfully of any man. But I cannot understand the state of mind which could put such language as this into print. Some centuries ago, when men, perhaps unconsciously, affected paradox, I can imagine such language as this being nothing worse than the bad taste of the time. But those times are past; and for a divine of some learning, educated amongst scholars and gentlemen, to prefer a coarse and disgusting style in his treatment of

sacred subjects, is unnatural; and when we recollect all that has been written by the party,—and by none in that party more than by Dr. Pusey himself,—on trembling reverence and reserve, and then find him adopting the most offensive characteristics of Romish fanaticism, it is impossible to overlook so remarkable a feature in the movement in which he has always taken so conspicuous and prominent a part. And this sort of language, be it observed, he states, is adapted to the use of the English church.

In order to understand the line Dr. Pusey is now taking, it will be necessary to lay some extracts from this work before the reader.

IMMENSITY ENCLOSED.

The immensity of GOD, by which HE fills all things and is in all things, is one of the most glorious Properties of His Supreme Being, and one of the most glorious attributes of His Divinity; the vast expanse of earth, of sea, of heaven, can neither contain nor enclose Him, nor put any bounds to His Immensity. A truth so immoveable, that it was even known by the philosophers whom St. Paul was willing to quote, before those learned Areopagites who might have contradicted him, had they not themselves learnt it; "for in HIM," says that great apostle, "we live, and move, and have our being." He is within all things without being enclosed in them; He is above and around all things without being excluded from them, because His Being is an indivisible Whole, and a Whole universally spread abroad without being composed of parts.

It is then through the infinite love which the WORD of GOD bears towards men, that he has been pleased *to put bounds to His Immensity*, through the mystery of the In-

carnation, and that this "*contracted Word*," as the holy fathers call Him, allows a Body to be formed for Himself from the pure blood of a Virgin, wherein *He finds the secret of wholly enclosing His Divinity*; for what is more little than the but-just formed body of a child, and yet *It contains That wholly* which Heaven and earth cannot contain? Let us here extend our reflections still further, and reflect with deep attention, that in this little Infant Body resides a Mind, and in this Mind there is a mine of science and of wisdom, and all the brightest and most piercing light of the Divinity, which are there shut up and eclipsed in such wise, that nought thereof may outwardly appear. Let us go still further, and let us reflect, that in that little body, limited on all sides, is also found a Heart, and that that Heart, so soon as formed, has become the chief seat of Divine love, with all its Divine Fire, capable of enkindling all other hearts, and that it is obliged to restrain all those manifestations by which it might burst forth.

This little Body, formed by the Hand of the Holy Ghost, wherein dwells all the fulness of the Divinity, is as yet still enclosed in the Virgin's womb, and will be there during nine months, without occupying a larger space, despite His unbounded Greatness. O, wondrous prodigy! which caused one to exclaim: "*Sacred womb of Mary, thou art more vast than Heaven, thou art of more wondrous comprehension than the universe, since Thou enclosest Him Who encloseth all, and the King of Glory reposeth in thee.*" —pp. 99—101.

Now, the effect on most minds of having such writings put into their hands will inevitably be, either to disgust them, and possibly, diminish their reverence for sacred things,—or else to lead them to positively erroneous notions of the Incarnation. "Immensity enclosed" is not a mystery. It is a contradiction in terms: the conjunction of ideas in-

compatible. And the consequence will inevitably be, either men will be led to deny the deity of the Son of God, or to believe that it was the divine *nature* which suffered. The subject is too mysterious to be consigned to the irreverence and indiscretion of an unchastised imagination. Nothing, however, is more remarkable in this passage than the manner in which a position, which professes to honour the Redeemer, is made use of chiefly as a foundation for a superstitious and all but idolatrous address to the Virgin. Coming from Dr. Pusey, this is every way remarkable.

I shall extract another example from the sixteenth point in the incarnation. "The immortal subject to death."

But, O my GOD, HOW STRANGE A FALL DIDST THOU UNDERGO in the mystery of the Incarnation! But CAN GOD FALL? YES, IN ONE SENSE, HE CAN: His love for man can alone abase the Supreme Being, can disarm the Almighty, can wound the Eternal, can *cause the Immortal* GOD *to die.*

The oneness of HIS DIVINE NATURE, *His immutability, His impeccability, which are the principles of His immortality, are here about to disappear*, and He sacrificeth all the glory of them in becoming man. His *Oneness suffereth* because he taketh a nature composed of body and of soul, of flesh and of blood; and in espousing these, He espouseth also the seeds of death. His *immutability suffereth*, because He is about to endure all the changes to which man is subject; heat, cold, hunger, thirst, weariness, joy, sorrow, fear, grief, and, above all, death, which is the change which humbleth man beyond all others. His *impeccability suffereth*, because He is about to take upon

Himself the sins of all men, to take all the appearances, to endure all the ignominies, and even the death of a sinner; death, which is so much the more full of shame, as being the punishment and wages of sin, even as by sin alone has it been brought into the world. He is about to be born, and to be born mortal, for the birth of man has death for its destination; he beginneth to hasten to his grave as soon as he is formed. Behold *the sad heritage of an immortal* GOD!—pp. 114, 115.

It is really no apology for such writing as this, to say that Dr. Pusey himself *does not intend* to be profane, or to teach men impiety. The terms used are not such as ought to be applied to the Almighty. They require to be explained away, to prevent them from being as blasphemous as they sound. To say that God can fall is untrue. To say that the oneness, the immutability, and the impeccability of the *Divine nature* can suffer, is untrue; and how any *sane* person, that retains a particle of the fear of God, can feel any desire to say such things,—or can imagine, for a moment, that he does good to himself or any one else by saying them,—is inexplicable.

THE CREATOR BECOME A CREATURE.

GOD is the Creator of this vast universe, and of all creatures visible and invisible inhabiting it; He has *created all* with the greatest ease, by a single word, *nay, in sport*, according to the language of Scripture, "disporting in the habitable part of the world;" ludens in orbe terrarum, (Prov. viii. 31;) and by this *awfully great and Divine disporting*, did all things proceed easily from His Adorable Hand; and thus was His Infinite Greatness and our dependence established; for verily thus to bring all things

out of nothing, as He has done, is the most authentic proof of His Almightiness and of His Divinity.—p. 120.

I hope it is needless to point out the infinite impropriety of such language, unbecoming the lips of an archangel. Those whose instinctive reverence does not revolt from such terms being applied to God, are but little likely to understand the feeling of horror they excite in a sound mind.

What follows may serve as further specimens of the fanaticism of this volume. They occurs in the directions to celebrate the nine days before Christmas, which, according to Dr. Pusey, we are to observe, "in order to honour the nine months during which our Adorable Saviour was shut up in the sacred womb of his *Divine* mother."

That thou mayest enter into the spirit of this deep devotion, it will be well for thee to offer daily a particular homage to JESUS CHRIST, as lying in the stable of Bethlehem; on the first of these nine days (which is to-day) this homage is to be paid to the Mind of that Adorable Saviour enclosed in an Infant's body; on the second thou wilt offer it to His Heart, on the third to His Mouth, on the fourth to His Eyes, on the fifth to His Hands, on the sixth to His Feet, on the seventh to His Flesh, on the eighth to His Soul, and on the ninth to His Divinity.—p. 138.

Some of these acts of homage it will be proper to transcribe:—

HOMAGE TO THE ADORABLE HEART OF JESUS IN THE CRADLE.

O Adorable Heart of my JESUS, the only Object of all my tender affections, the *delicious Centre of all my desires*,

in which so many mysteries of love have already passed, *since the* HOLY SPIRIT *formed Thee of the pure blood of Mary*, and during that space of nine months for which Thou hast been shut up in her chaste womb, I offer Thee all the most respectful and most loving homage of my heart. Thou art close locked within the bosom of a Babe, which hideth from us Thine ardent love; nevertheless, thou burnest with love incomprehensible for Thy Heavenly Father, and Thou offerest Him an infinite and surpassingly meritorious homage and adoration; Thou art enkindled too, with love for men, for, to save them, Thou sacrificest Thyself; to this sacrifice do I unite myself with my whole heart, both for time and for eternity.—pp. 153, 154.

HOMAGE TO THE ADORABLE MOUTH OF JESUS IN THE MANGER.

Divine and Infant Mouth of my Divine Saviour, Source of the most pure delights, sacred Lips upon which all grace is shed, which have spoken by the Prophets, and were formed by the HOLY GHOST, only that they might pronounce those oracles of wisdom and laws of holiness which form both the happiness and the security of those who hear and practise them, only that They might give proofs of the graciousness and loving-kindness of Thy Heart, and pronounce the merciful sentence of life and pardon to all who have recourse to Thee; I adore Thee in the womb of Thy holy Mother, where Thou keepest unbroken silence, and in the Manger where Thou explainest Thyself but by Thine Infant Cries. O Adorable Mouth, consecrate mine, that henceforth it may be occupied only with the Divine mercies of my Saviour. Render it worthy, O my GOD, to approach Thine with reverence and purity, and to say to Thee with like confidence as the Spouse in the sacred Canticles: "Let Him kiss me, with the kisses of His Mouth." Osculetur me, osculo oris sui. (Song Sol. i. 2.)—pp. 160, 161.

Is there any warrant in Scripture,—in reason,—

in antiquity,—for addressing prayers like these to the parts and members of the Lord's body? Is it a natural feeling of Christian piety to offer up prayers to the Lord as if he were still unborn? Can such prayers be anything short of solemn falsehood?

O Lord, with a heart penetrated with sorrow, I humbly ask pardon of Thee, for I have offended Thee by transgressing Thy holy Laws; I ask healing of Thee, as of the true Physician of my soul, which hath inflicted on herself as many wounds as she hath committed sins. *Ransom me anew*, O Divine Deliverer, and *renew* for my sake *the redemption* which Thou didst begin in the Cradle and didst consummate upon the Cross, for my sin hath made me fall under the most shameful of all bondage; absolve me, unloose me, break the chains which hold my soul captive, and restore me the liberty which I have lost by my sin: *be my Surety; pay for me*, for, alas! I confess myself utterly destitute; and as Thou art my Saviour, a single drop of Thy Blood can acquit me of all I owe Thy Justice: cover my sins, hide them, if it be possible, from Thine Own Eyes: reclothe me, for I am naked, and my sin hath wholly stripped me, and cover me with the precious Garments of Grace and Righteousness.—pp. 164, 165.

Is it true, that a human soul can be ransomed anew? Is it true, that the redemption consummated upon the Cross can be renewed, or requires to be renewed? Is there any sense or meaning in asking the Lord to be our surety, or to pay for us, as if that still remained to be done? Such prayers must either be heresy and falsehood, or else simple nonsense and fanaticism.'

HOMAGE TO THE SACRED HANDS OF JESUS IN THE CRADLE.

Is it an Almighty GOD Whom I approach to adore? Those feeble Hands I see, are they those of GOD Who hath made all things out of nothing? of GOD Who so well knows how to cast forth the thunder and the Thunderbolts, that He may hurl them upon the guilty heads of His enemies? of a sovereign, Whose Hands are the disposers of sceptres and of crowns, and have power to overthrow them when it pleaseth Him? Yes, O LORD, Thy Hands, weak in appearance, which I see now enveloped in swaddling clothes, and now spread out upon Thy Cradle, are able, if Thou willest, to overthrow Heaven and earth: but they are weak like those of other children, because it is Thy Will, and for my sake. O infant Hands, O sacred Hands, Dispensers of all the treasures of grace and of glory, I adore You, but grant me all the help I need in order to assure my salvation.—p. 168.

HOMAGE TO THE ADORABLE EYES OF JESUS IN THE MANGER.

Thine Eyes shed Tears, O Divine Babe; is it not through a feeling of humility, and because Thou willest to be conformed to other children who weep when born? Is it not pain also which causeth Thee to shed them, because Thou art in an uncovered shed, and the severity of the season maketh Thee suffer? But is it not through a feeling of love and of tenderness, and because my miseries touch Thy Heart?

But, O Adorable Babe! I greatly fear lest rather it be a sad foreboding of my unfaithfulness and of mine ingratitude, which draweth them from Thine Eyes.

O precious Tears of my JESUS, flow on, yea, flow onwards even unto Heaven, reach even to the Heart of the Father of Heaven, that ye may extinguish the fire of His Wrath too justly enkindled against me; descend even to Hell, that ye may there extinguish the devouring flames which I have deserved: but, above all, come and sprinkle

our hearts, that ye may banish all dryness thence, may soften their hardness, may wash them, may purify them, may make them bring forth good fruit an hundred fold: come, lastly, that ye may consecrate them, may kindle them, and may unite them inseparably to the sacred heart of JESUS.—pp. 175, 176.

HOMAGE TO THE SACRED FEET OF JESUS IN THE MANGER.

O sacred Feet of mine infant JESUS! of my King, my Saviour, and my GOD, I adore you, and I should count myself indeed happy might I kiss you reverently with my lips. Although ye appear in exceeding weakness, and are wrapped about with mean swaddling clothes, yet I adore beforehand the precious and sacred footsteps which ye will print upon the earth; still more blessed were I, if, whilst adoring them with lowly reverence and lively faith, I might ever follow them unswervingly, since they would ever trace for me the road which leads to glory.

O infant feet of mine adorable Saviour! ye are soon about to sustain the Body of that GOD Who alone upholdeth heaven and earth; ye are about to bear Him to the conquest of those souls which He will redeem with His most precious blood. But, alas! my heart is pierced with grief when I think that when those infant Feet shall have acquired their proper size, they will be transfixed to a cross, pierced with nails, and cruelly torn, since they will sustain the whole weight of the Body of my dying SAVIOUR, and that from them will flow a river of blood, which will bedew the Cross to which they will be transfixed, and Calvary, for my sake.—p. 183.

HOMAGE TO THE ADORABLE FLESH OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE MANGER.

O Adorable Flesh of my JESUS, chaste production of GOD a pure Spirit, and of *a Virgin made more pure than Angels*; Flesh *human at once and Deified*; human, because like ours; Divine, because the fulness of the

Divinity inhabiteth therein; I adore Thee with my whole heart, and I offer to Thee my most humble and most loving homage.

I adore Thee within the sacred womb of Thy holy Mother, where Thou wast formed from her most pure blood, through the ineffable operation of the HOLY GHOST, and where Thou hast been enclosed during the space of nine months for my sake. I adore Thee in the stable and in the manger, where Thou sufferest the hardships of cold, that Thou mightest save me from the sufferings I have deserved. Thou art about to "grow in stature" through the nourishment Thou wilt receive from a Virgin Mother, and I sigh for the time of Thy manhood, that my blessedness may be hastened; but I fear it also, for when Thou shalt have attained Thy full greatness, Thou wilt be pierced and torn for my sins.

O Adorable and Virgin Flesh of my JESUS, purify, consecrate mine; "preserve" it from all corruption, that so it may rise again glorious and incorruptible.—pp. 190, 191.

HOMAGE TO THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE MANGER.

O Adorable Blood, Who beginnest to flow in the Veins of my JESUS, Which sustainest the Life of that Adorable Saviour in the stable, and which wilt sustain It during thirty and three years, until the sad moment marked out in the decrees of GOD, wherein It will be poured out for the salvation of mankind; I adore Thee with my whole heart: flow then within those infant Veins and beneath that tender Flesh, to quicken It, and to lead It on towards Its perfect growth: I have a right over every drop of which Thou art composed, for Thou art the price of my ransom, the sacred material and the glorious instrument of my redemption.

O Adorable Blood, Thou burnest with ardent zeal to be shed, without delay, in order to hasten my bliss; but my Saviour Who, according to the sure word of the Pro-

phet, wills that my redemption should be "plenteous," waiteth until His Veins be enlarged by the succession of years, that so They may contain and pour forth a greater abundance of it. But, alas! I shudder when I think that the Blood of this Saving GOD, Whom I adore, will be one day drawn from His Veins upon Calvary by the cruelty of the executioner: but that which is the cause of my fear and grief is also that of my hope and of my eternal happiness.—p. 198.

HOMAGE TO THE SOUL OF JESUS IN THE MANGER.

I adore Thee, O All-holy Soul of my Infant Saviour, and my whole soul consecrates herself to Thee for ever: Thou art the purest, the most perfect, and the most sublime production which hath ever come forth from the Hand of the HOLY GHOST, Who united Thee to the Adorable Body of JESUS CHRIST, when forming It of the most pure blood of a Virgin; and He placed Thee in that Body, which was the master-piece of His Power, of His Grace, and of His Love, in order to give It Life, and thus to consummate the ineffable mystery of our Redemption.

O wholly Adorable Soul of my Divine Saviour, *Thou hadst then, yea, from that first moment, the perfect use of reason*, albeit Thou wast enclosed within a small Body, but lately formed and *placed in* the sacred womb of Mary; Thou thoughtest then, and in a manner infinitely sublime; Thou adoredst the Father of Heaven, and in a way worthy of Him; Thou lovedst Him with an infinite love, and as much as He is the object of love; Thou didst already accept for my sake the humbled state to which Thou wast reduced, and the hardships to which Thou wast about to be exposed in the stable and in the crib, and the numerous woes of the three and thirty years of Thy mortal Life, the persecutions which Thou wast to suffer from the Jews; in a word, Thou didst accept the sacrifice of the Cross, that most bitter and most shameful Death, that Thou mightest redeem me at the price of all Thy Blood. I owe

my redemption, then, to Thee, O all-holy Soul! accept, therefore, the sacrifice of mine wholly; I consecrate it to Thee; accept it, purify it, enlighten it, sanctify it, and make it worthy to love Thee eternally in Heaven.—pp. 204, 205.

My object in quoting all these passages is, to guard against any one's supposing, that I am carping at passing expressions and incautious words—though words and expressions should be weighed in gold scales, when men undertake to guide their fellow sinners in their approaches to the throne of grace. But, here are specimens long and frequent enough, to put the reader fully and fairly in possession of the sort of piety which Dr. Pusey, and the party with whom he acts, are endeavouring to substitute for the piety of the church of England. Be this Romanism or not, it is fanaticism. It teaches men to use in their solemn prayers language which is untrue; and really, how the Catholic faith of the Incarnation can survive, if such books obtain general circulation and use, is more than I am able to understand.

HOMAGE TO THE DIVINITY OF JESUS IN THE MANGER.

O ye powers of Heaven, ye Cherubim shining with light, ye Seraphim burning with the most fervent and the purest love, impart to me both your light and your zeal, that I may know, that I may love, that I may adore within the Manger that same DEITY, to Whom Ye incessantly offer your homage and your adorations in Heaven; the DEITY in a Stable which serves Him as a palace, in a Manger which serves Him as a throne, in mortal Flesh and in the newly-

formed Body of a Babe, which serves Him as a Sanctuary, and *between two beasts*, which serve as attendants upon the King of Kings: GOD Almighty, enclosed and hidden under so many veils, He Who filled Heaven and earth, O unheard-of prodigy! O Miracle of miracles! O ecstasy! O transport! which ought to overwhelm and rejoice all mortals, because for their sakes it is, and on their behalf, that GOD has willed to bring it to pass, and that the GOD of mercy hath become man, in order that of men He should make gods.—pp. 211, 212.

Now what is the meaning of such language as this? Does Dr. Pusey seriously mean to pray to the angels to inspire him with the love of God? Does he mean *to teach others* to pray in this manner? Or if not, with all the experience of the church before him, and the tendency of human nature to idolatry recorded in every page of the church's history, what is to be thought of such fearful trifling with the safety of human souls?

A word or two is sometimes sufficient to show the tendencies of a system. Who told Dr. Pusey, that the Lord lay "between two beasts?" Does he really believe it a matter of indifference, whether the statements he makes, and teaches others to make, *in prayer*, have any foundation in truth or not?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR—FURTHER PROOFS OF THE FANATICISM OF DR. PUSEY'S TEACHING—HIS ADAPTATION OF AVRILLON'S YEAR OF AFFECTIONS.

THERE are particular doctrines advocated in this work of Dr. Pusey's which will require consideration hereafter. Doctrines and language, from which his party would, sometime ago, have recoiled with horror, and which, had any one accused them of, the accusation would have been treated as a slander, are now not only tolerated, but there is evidently a formed and deliberate design to familiarize them to the minds of the members of our church. Of these, the doctrine and language of Dr. Pusey, regarding the Virgin Mary, are such as will require a more lengthened exposure. What I particularly refer to is the superstitious reverence for the Virgin Mary, and the erroneous doctrines regarding her, which Dr. Pusey is now labouring to inculcate. There was a time when we might have hoped better. But the progress of error is steep and rapid. Nor is it possible to say, how deep may be the descent of him who trifles with truth in any one particular. And if men will allow themselves such liberties in their devotional exercises, and in their expositions and applications of the words of the living God, as no man would dare to venture on, in his use of the words of an earthly superior,

and no honest man would dream of using in the ordinary transactions of life, or in the treatment of a document which concerned his dealings with his fellow-men, surely, we need not be surprised at any amount of error into which they may be suffered to fall. And, indeed, as there is an inseparable connexion between the several parts of truth and articles of faith, and he who thoughtfully embraces one, is prepared to embrace the rest in due order, according to the degree of attention and integrity with which he approaches the school of truth—so in the school of error—there is an inseparable connexion of falsehood; and he who has habituated his mind to the first lessons of untruth and self-delusion, is prepared to imbibe all sorts of errors and heresies, and the measure of his departure from orthodoxy is more commonly determined by adventitious and external circumstances than by any other cause. Even to connive at error, and to keep silence when truth should be defended and falsehood rebuked, has a tendency too seldom suspected, and is the symptom of a disease which seldom ends where it has begun.

But just now, we have rather to do with the fanaticism which is developing itself among the leaders of this party;—and that, I apprehend, in nearer connexion with the works and practices of the Jesuits than the public has yet been made aware of. One of the latest of Dr. Pusey's works is another volume

in this same series, a translation of a second work of Avrillon, "The Year of Affections, or Affections on the Love of God, drawn from the Canticles, for every day in the year. By Avrillon. Translated from the French, and adapted to the use of the English church." I shall probably have occasion to revert to this work hereafter for another purpose, but at present I refer to it as affording specimens of this new school of fanaticism in the church of England. I suppose there is no one book in existence on which fanatics of every age have been fonder of exercising their enthusiasm than that which the sobriety of true devotion and humility,—and it may be added of true catholicity,—has ever approached with fear and cautious reverence—the Song of Solomon. To attempt here to enter on the true mode of considering and expounding the language, with which the Lord communes with his church in that mysterious canticle, would be impossible. But this much may safely be said: that, if there be one employment more mischievous than another, it is teaching beginners to throw the reins on their ill-governed fancy, and to make the words of that song whose meaning no man yet (it may well be doubted) has ever been able to learn, the sport of a youthful and excited imagination,—and, by means of extravagant perversions and misapplications, to torture language which can apply only to the church, into the expression of the almost sensual feelings of a heated en-

thusiasm. It is impossible to open this volume of Dr. Pusey's, and to reflect on the hands it must fall into, and on the use that will be made of it, if it be circulated and used at all, without such feelings of horror as do not admit of being expressed in words. A few examples must suffice for the present.

Terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata.

There is no man who has not his weak side, by which the devil beats out for himself a road into his heart, by which he may bring in corruption; and *this weak side is a ruling imperfection*, which is most commonly the ground which he has to contest, and which he ought to make the subject of his fears and precautions. But it is wonderful, O GOD of strength, that *Thou hast Thy weakness as well as mortals*. But Thy Apostles teach us that this weakness is stronger than the strength of all men together. (1 Cor. i. 25.) Thou hast vouchsafed to reveal it to me, *to give me an advantage over Thee*, by making known to me that *this Divine and Almighty weakness* is nothing but the love which Thou hast for me. This is the weakness which conquers the strong man and even strength itself. Love is, then, stronger than an army in battle array, since by it *I can take my God on His weak side*, and by it He suffers me to wrest from His Hand the thunderbolt which was ready to crush the sinner. It is, then, *by the strength of my love that I shall have a hold upon the Heart of my Creator and my Judge, that I can incline Him towards me, and make Him propitious to me*. Since I know this I should be very miserable if I did not avail myself of it.—pp. 105, 106.

I pretend not to say, to what a pitch of enthusiasm the exercises of a Jesuit noviciate may exalt the imagination, during that terrible process of fusion, by which the human soul is gradually re-

duced to the consistency required by those who require the machinery of living corpses to effect their purposes. But looking to the members of *our church*, for whom Dr. Pusey has prepared this book, I would ask, whether it is possible to believe, that anything short of mental derangement could render such language endurable to any one that feared God, or had real humility and contrition of spirit? To comment on such a passage would be an affront to piety.

If there be any subject which a truly catholic mind will desire to approach with caution and reverence, it is that of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper—and on no other subject, next to the nature and attributes of the Divine being, is true wisdom more careful and exact in confining itself as much as possible to the very words and phraseology of the scripture and the church. I would ask my reader to imagine such language as the following in the mouth of young and excitable persons:—

FIFTH DAY.

Quis mihi det te fratrem meum sugentem ubera matris meæ? (Cant. viii.)

O that Thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! said the bride. *My sympathetic love*, LORD, delights not to see Thee always seated on the Throne of Thy Majesty, nor armed with thunderbolts, ready to crush the guilty, nor as the LORD of Hosts, subduing the nations which are Thy enemies: Love does Thee more honour; and it is more in accordance with the inclinations of Thy Heart than fear. I desire to love Thee as a Brother *with Whom I partake of the same milk and the same Blood;*

I desire like the bride, to caress Thee, as an infant brother who sucks the breasts of my mother Love has humbled Thee even to take upon Thyself this low estate, in order to render Thee nearer, lovelier, and better suited to me; I am permitted to seek Thee out of Heaven, and in the Manger to adore Thy Divine Infancy, and to embrace Thee, like this favoured spouse, with the utmost reverence and tenderness of which I am capable.

SIXTH DAY.

Quis mihi det te fratrem meum, &c.

It is at the Holy Table that I perceive in Thee, Heavenly Bridegroom, all the tenderness and the sympathy of an affectionate Brother. Thou givest me there Thy Flesh, Thy Blood, Thy Heart, Thy Spirit, and Thy Soul: Thy Flesh sanctifies mine, Thy Blood purifies and consecrates mine; my heart is inflamed by Thine, and *Thy Soul a second time* quickens and *redeems mine:* there all that is Thine becomes mine, and I am transformed into Thee. Desire then, ardently, O my soul, to draw near to *This Divine Brother, This Adorable Bridegroom, to give Him the chaste kiss of a sister and a spouse, and to stain thy lips with His Blood; there caress tenderly this Infant Brother,* WHO ABRIDGES HIS IMMENSITY THAT HE MAY BE CONTAINED IN THE ELEMENTS; there suck the milk of the children of GOD, which is the grace of the Sacrament; run eagerly to feed on this most pure Flesh. The more worthily thou receivest It, *the more wilt thou strengthen thy Sympathy with this Adorable Brother,* Who is thy Spouse and Thy GOD; and the impression which He will make in thee will render thee firm against the torrent of vice.—pp. 273, 274.

The familiarity of this language is perfectly shocking. And besides this, is it not palpable, that, if it be proper in any sinful creature to address such language to our blessed Redeemer, it is not one in a

million, even of honest Christians, that can use such vehement and impassionate expressions without actual untruth? But what church will own as orthodox the expression Dr. Pusey has here used?

WHO ABRIDGES HIS IMMENSITY THAT HE MAY BE CONTAINED IN THE ELEMENTS.

Certainly, not the church of England for one. And if this be not the doctrine of our church, am I not justified in asking, likewise, whether the following bears any resemblance to her chastised devotion?—

FAMILIAR LOVE.

A common charity truly renders the soul pleasing to God; but a perfect charity *affectionately constrains this Supreme Greatness to descend from the Throne of His Majesty in order to become familiar with a bride*, and to bind Himself in close affection with her. All that can be said of the strongest affections does not approach to that between GOD and the soul which loves Him heartily. These affections are considered to consist either in *the pleasure of conversation, in the communication of secrets, in reciprocal liberality*, in conformity of sentiments, or in courage to suffer all things for one another. But, in the first place, what is more familiar and tender than the converse between GOD and the soul which loves Him Alone? What outpourings of heart! what Divine caresses! what chaste pleasures! what *reciprocal complacencies!* In the second place, *what secrets does He not confide to her, as a Friend to His intimate friend!* and what confidence has not this bride to open her whole heart unreservedly to Him! In the third place, if He gives her all his treasures, His light, His graces, this bride also gives Him all that she hath; and the more she gives, the more she receives. In the fourth place, a close union of feelings is formed be-

tween GOD and this beloved soul; *it no longer wills anything but what God wills and as He wills; and God humbles Himself also to will only what it wills: so that from these two wills there results but one.* Finally, *they mutually support each other's interests;* the bride remembers that her Bridegroom exposed Himself to death for her; and there is nothing which she will not sacrifice for His Love. —pp. 282, 283.

The very term "*Familiar Love*" is enough. One more extract must suffice:—

INEBRIATED LOVE.

As excess of wine causes a shameful inebriation which gives death to the soul, so *the pious excess* of Divine Love causes to the soul *a wise inebriation* which gives it life. The one is an inebriation of intemperance; the other an inebriation of soberness, grace, and love. The one weakens and disfigures the body; the other sustains, purifies, and consecrates it. So was it with the Apostles on the day of Pentecost: they were all filled with fire kindled in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, Who is a Spirit of Love; *this fire burnt in their eyes, their gestures, their words, and their whole persons. It is not surprising that the gross people supposed them drunken with new wine.* (Acts, ii.) It is, indeed, says St. Bernard, the new wine of Divine Love which causes to the soul a holy inebriation and a most wise folly: mustum divini amoris in sapientem compellit insaniam (De dign. div. Amor.); this happens when burning more than ordinarily in prayer, it is now surprised and carried away by fresh and delightful discoveries; now dazzled by a brilliant and insupportable light; now tastes an exquisite sweetness which delights it, carries it away, and transports it out of itself; now is, as it were, overwhelmed by an excessive abundance of affections, joys, and caresses. Those torrents of Divine Consolations inundate, absorb, and *deprive it of sense; it knows no more what it*

says or does: in a word, it is *inebriated with the delicious excess* of what it sees and of what it feels.

The King, says the bride, brought me into his wine-cellar: introduxit me rex in cellam vinariam. (Cant. ii.) There He so inebriated her with His Love, that she swooned and required support. Inebriated with this mystic wine of the Spouse, she says these admirable words: Eat, O friends; drink, yea, be inebriated; O beloved: comedite, amici, et bibite, et inebriamini, charissimi. (Cant. v.) A soul inebriated with the Love of GOD, far from losing true reason, is filled with ardent zeal for the Glory of GOD, and for the salvation of man: it would have its Beloved the Beloved of all the world, and would have all its friends inebriated with His Love.

AFFECTIONS.—FIRST DAY.

Introduxit me rex in cellam vinariam. (Cant. ii.)

The King, says the bride, brought me into his wine-cellar. Is not this mystic cellar, into which Thou broughtest Thy beloved, Thine own Heart? for she loved Thee with all the tenderness of hers, and Thou bringest there all who love Thee like her. Is not this delicious wine, with which Thou hast inebriated her, that of *violent love, which deprives her of all human feelings*, to be conscious only of Thy Divine operations; which causes in the mind *a happy alienation of natural reason*, that it may reason henceforth only on the supernatural principles with which Thou inspirest it, and which carnal men regard as true intoxication; which extinguishes in the heart all fires kindled by self-love, to inflame it with that of Thy Charity; which makes it perform for thy Glory *bold and extraordinary actions*, which the guilty world considers as extravagant? *Bring me, Lord, into this Divine Cellar, inebriate me with the precious wine of Thy Love:* I shall never have more temperance and more wisdom than when I shall have entirely surrendered myself to *the holy inebriation and the wise folly* of Thy Love.—pp. 318, 320.

Could any *sane* person commit such writing as this to print, without reflecting on the infinite impieties and blasphemies and insults, to which he was exposing the most awful truths by putting such a volume into the hands of the public?

I should feel thankful indeed to be convinced that Dr. Pusey is ignorant of the use which such books as he is now publishing may be applied to. But whether he knows it or not, it is absolutely certain that it is the class of devotional writings he is now recommending and endeavouring to circulate among the members of our church—young and excitable females, and others,—by means of which the Jesuits have been able to wield and turn the minds of their disciples to the most infamous purposes. For if they had not such minds to work on, imaginative,—sentimental,—predisposed to a poetical and dreamy fanaticism,—easily inflamed by the raptures of an enthusiastic and extravagant pietism,—unless, I say, they knew how to use such minds as these, and had tools at hand to shape and fashion them to the iniquitous ends of their unchristian selfishness, their works of darkness must stand still for want of those unsuspected agents by which they are mainly carried on. The books Dr. Pusey is translating, and recommending, and forcing into circulation, are just the tools which Jesuits work with, and by which Jesuits are made. Is he ignorant of this?

CHAPTER IX.

FANATICISM—DR. PUSEY'S MEDITATION ON INEBRIATED LOVE.

THE last of the passages quoted in the preceding chapter was broken off before its termination. It is, however, so exceedingly characteristic of the sort of fanaticism which this school is substituting for Church-of-England, or, to speak more truly, for Christian piety, that it would be wrong to omit the remainder. I hope my reader will recollect that it was taken from Avrillon's "Year of Affections," which Dr. Pusey has translated and adapted to the use of the English church. The passage, of which I have already transcribed the commencement, proceeds as follows:—

SECOND DAY.

Introduxit me rex, &c.

Follow Thy Spouse, O my soul; He will bring thee into His Divine Cellars, to inebriate thee there with His Love. Thou wilt find there exquisite wines of all sorts; and all these different wines increase, sustain, and perfect, love. Choose; it is in thy power: the Spouse will give thee what thou demandest. Wilt thou have the *strong wine* of constant and noble love? thou wilt find it in this abundant Cellar; thy Spouse Himself first drank of it plenteously when He suffered Death for thee; drink, and thou wilt find the flavour of constancy and strength. Dost thou desire fervent and zealous love? thou wilt find *this fiery liquor* in the Cellar of thy Spouse. This Cellar is His Heart, and this Heart is burning with zeal for thy salvation. Dost thou thirst for the wine of *tender love*,

full of sweetness, to console thee in dryness and in bitterness? thou wilt find it in abundance, thou shalt be His delights, He shall be thine, and He will *inebriate thee with chaste pleasures.*

THIRD DAY.

Introduxit me rex, &c.

If thou art so happy as to be brought into the Cellars of the Spouse, O my soul, make good use of this great favour, and come not forth till thou art inebriated with the delicious wine of His Holy Love. Drink deep draughts of this Heavenly liquor, which will fill thee with ineffable sweetness. Be not afraid to be thus inebriated, it is permitted thee, and will do thee no dishonour; be drowned and swallowed up in this Ocean of innocent delights: it is *not only a Cellar*, it is a vast unfathomable Sea. If thou lovest pleasures, thy Spouse presents thee with the most delightful. *Abandon thyself entirely to this holy inebriation.* Far from destroying the body, it sustains it; far from blinding the mind, it enlightens it; far from causing the loss of reason, it perfects it; far from carrying corruption into the heart, it purifies and consecrates it.

FOURTH DAY.

Introduxit me rex, &c.

Thou dost not invite me into Thy Cellars till *Thou hast entered them Thyself;* before *pressing me to inebriate myself* with Thy love, that which Thou bearest me caused Thee *to go out of Thyself in a Divine and Holy way*, which is all my glory and all my happiness. It made Thee descend from Heaven to earth to save my soul, and make it Thy bride, notwithstanding Thy Greatness and my low estate; it deprived Thee for thirty-three years of the splendour of thy Divinity, and clothed Thee with my flesh; it caused Thee to faint while suffering horrible torments for my love; it made Thee die, GOD though Thou art, to give me life; it made Thee *espouse the holy foolishness* of the Cross (1 Cor. i. 23) to redeem me from death;

it made Thee shed all Thy Blood, to inebriate me with that Sacred Liquor which love drew from Thy Veins; it *brought Thee down* to me in the Holy Communion, to serve me as food and drink. To what, LORD, can I attribute these extraordinary steps, but that *Thy Divine Love overcame Thee?* Shall I refuse to do for Thee what Thou hast done for me?

FIFTH DAY.

Comedite, amici, et bibite, et inebriamini, charissimi. (Cant. v.)

Eat, O friends, and drink, said the bride, and be drunken, O beloved. To eat, to drink, to be drunken; what gross expressions for a man of the world, who has only the polish of the world! But, O my GOD, what sublime language for a soul that Thou hast carefully instructed in the Divine operations of Thy love! The carnal man prepares a table of intemperance, the bride one of soberness: he gives material wine in excess, which causes the loss of reason; she offers in Thy Name the spiritual wine of Thy love, which procures true Wisdom: he often falls shamefully; she is *supported by her own inebriation*, because strength is the inseparable character of the Love which inebriates her: he loses his memory, forgets Thee, and forgets himself; she forgets herself, only because she is entirely occupied with Thee. Receive me, LORD, to that Divine repast where Thou makest Thy nearest friends *so blessedly inebriated* with the excess of Thy love, until I shall possess that kingdom which Thou hast promised me, where I shall be filled and overwhelmed with *the delights of Thy Table* throughout Eternity.

SIXTH DAY.

Inebriamini, charissimi.

How is it possible, LORD, to be *overfilled* with the delicious wine of Thy love, when *Thy most perfect lovers are always insatiable*, and the more they drink of this Heavenly Liquor, the more they thirst for it? The most exquisite

wines at first flatter the senses, while their excess disgusts; but that of Thy love ever excites the thirst of the soul. It is true that a single drop of this sacred wine always procures true pleasures; but I feel also assuredly, that abundance would infinitely increase my thirst and my desire. If this delicious wine of Thy Love entered my heart like an impetuous torrent, it would still desire Thee; if this insatiable heart were plunged, drowned, swallowed up in it as in a vast sea, its thirst would yet be more ardent. But *I understand, Heavenly Spouse*, that in Thy Love *thirst exists with inebriation*, and that Thou art never more ardently desired than when thou art possessed, and when we are entirely filled with the precious wine of sublime charity.

SEVENTH DAY.

Inebriamini, charissimi.

To lose the mind, the memory, and the senses, to say and do extravagant things, are the monstrous consequences of the inebriation of wine; but *they are also the effects of the inebriation of Divine Love;* and when we go forth from the Holy Table of the Spouse, *if it is not so with us, we have failed in our duty*, because we have not loved sufficiently. Yes, LORD, I desire to love Thee *even to the loss of my mind*, I mean this human mind, this worldly mind, which is not in accordance with Thine, that I may think and reason only according to the rules of Thy love; I desire *to lose the memory of all sensible things*, that I may remember only Thy Goodness and Thy Mercies; I desire to lose, *by my inebriation*, all sense of pleasure, insults, and amusements, that I may feel henceforth only the ardours of Thy Charity; I desire to speak only the language of Divine Love, and I *consent to stammer in all beside;* I desire also to undertake, with holy boldness, all that Thy Love shall command me, even if I pass for a madman in the eyes of men: happy and wise madness, for it will proceed only from the inebriation of Thy Love, which is sovereign Wisdom!—pp. 318—323.

I suppose, in most persons, who have a repugnance to the mixture of gross language and images with acts of devotion, and whose religious feelings are anything better than romance and poetry, the first impression on reading such writing as this, will be simple horror and disgust at its coarse irreverence. And when they have recovered the stunning effects of the first perusal, the question will force itself on their minds, What good can any one expect to do by such writing?—How many persons in the whole circle of any one's acquaintance are there, into whose hands one would desire to put such a book! How many are there, to whom it could be given with safety?—without a certainty of its doing positive injury, whether by filling the minds of enthusiastic young persons with the notion of their being capable of sustaining such transcendental devotions, or else by tempting them to adopt language and work themselves into feelings, utterly beyond their real experience, and therefore false and delusive? In how many cases, also, will not this sort of writing fill the mind with really gross and improper thoughts and recollections? In how many more will it not inevitably lead to such blasphemies—such ridicule and scorn of sacred things—such hardening the heart against religion altogether, as something which its votaries acknowledge to be a species of mental inebriation and pious frenzy,—that it is impossible to think of the mischiefs such a book

will do, without a sickening of the heart. In truth (and this has repeatedly struck me while examining these productions) it is scarcely charitable to suppose, that those who prepare such books for the public can be in their right senses. But, without stopping to consider either the effects of such a volume, or the sanity of the persons concerned in its publication, much less the use which the book is capable of being put to, (and very possibly may,) in furthering the schemes of the Jesuits, there is a question which, if I mistake not, is of far more importance—namely, whether the representations here given of the spiritual state of the Christian be true or scriptural. I believe them to be both unscriptural and false; and I should be glad to know if Dr. Pusey, or any of his friends, will venture to defend them on this ground. I believe it to be false to say, that the effects of the sanctifying indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Christian soul (and if this be not what Dr. Pusey means by the inebriation of Divine Love, I should wish to know what he does mean,) are "to loose the mind, the memory, and the senses —to say and do extravagant things,"—to be deprived "of all human feelings," or to suffer a "happy alienation of natural feelings." I believe such a statement to be both false and unscriptural. And further, I believe, that to persuade people, that, when they go forth from the Holy Table of the Spouse, *if it is not so with them*, they have failed in

their duty, because they have not loved sufficiently, —is to turn the Lord's Table into an instrument of fanatical excitement and enthusiasm, and is such a representation as is not only calculated to drive the humble Christian to despair, and to send away the excitable sentimentalist puffed up with self-satisfied conceits and raptures,—but is false and unscriptural also. Consequently, it is not merely the disgust caused by the revolting image of piety tricked out in the most loathsome accompaniments of debauchery, loss of mind, memory, and senses, extravagant words and gestures, stammering, and fiery eyes, and insatiable thirst—it is not merely the horror which one must feel, at seeing the most sacred and reverential act of communion with our Redeemer profaned by an unnatural association with the excesses of a depraved sensuality —nor is it the effects which such a book must have, in making some men fanatics, and others scoffers and blasphemers—it is not any, nor all of these, I confess, which forms, in my view, the *real* evil of this book and its companions. The real evil I believe to be this—that these writers are putting forth notions of Christian piety which are untrue, and contrary to Scripture; and, however lightly this school seems to think of the value and sacredness of truth, nothing can be more certain to me than that false and unscriptural notions of piety have for their source and author the father of lies

and the deceiver of mankind, and that what begins in disregard of truth, is likely to end in profaneness and immorality—at best, in a drivelling fanaticism and superstition.

As to the manner in which Dr. Pusey speaks of the Almighty as entering into his cellars himself, and being *overcome* by His love; the ideas such language expresses and suggests are so shocking, that it is more fitted for the enthusiasms of a heathen, than the prayers of a Christian. But I must entreat my reader to observe, how slight a regard for truth this imagery discovers. In one part of the Meditation, the Lord is described as entering into his cellars, and *going out of himself* in a divine and holy way; in another, *the cellar* is explained to signify *the Heart* of Christ, as if the two ideas of its being *his heart*, and *his going out of himself to enter into it*, were not totally incongruous. I am perfectly aware, that some persons regard these poetical fictions in prayer as harmless, if not actually edifying. Others, however, and the greater number, I hope and believe, view the matter in rather a more serious light.

CHAPTER X.

MORE SPECIMENS OF FANATICISM—ST. GILBERT'S NUNS.

THE passages I have transcribed from Dr. Pusey are not the only instances I have noticed of the tendency of this school to give encouragement to fanaticism. A very extraordinary example of this kind is found in the life of St. Gilbert, and is particularly curious from its connexion with the effort Mr. Newman's party are making to propagate a taste for the monastic life. The passage is as follows, and I shall beg my reader to observe, in passing, the manner in which the temptations of Christ are spoken of:—

Females require direction in a different way from men. It is the unruly intellect of man which leads him into error, while a woman errs from disorganized affections and untamed feelings; and, what is most pitiable to think upon, often those who aim highest, have the most terrible and signal fall. She who moves along the beaten path of life without being either very good or very bad, is in little danger of fanaticism; while she who is placed *above ordinary ties and affections*, and strives to fix her desires on God alone, finds at once a class of temptations of which others have no conception. *The devil placed before our Lord temptations so subtle, that we can hardly tell the meaning of them, or discover how it would have been sin to yield to them.* Again, in the unfathomable mystery of those words, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me? spoken upon the cross by Him who was Very God, it is possible to gather that the soul, most closely united to God, may be deprived of the consciousness of His presence in

an incomprehensible way. All these are temptations, pressing upon *the highest souls*, of a kind quite different from those which beset the path of *common-place christians*. And to withstand these, it requires *an implicit faith, and an utter resignation of the will*, which very few possess. Hence, the wild and terrible forms of fanaticism which have appeared from time to time in persons, who, with proper guidance, might have been Sisters of Charity or contemplative nuns. On the other hand, by *the sweet and gentle ways of holy obedience*, a character is formed of a nature distinct from any other, and which no austerities can alone bestow. Of course, God in His mercy can guide peaceful and holy souls through any difficulties even without these aids, but it is dangerous to be without them, for who can stand in the hour of trial when it comes across the soul that after all she may be contemplating herself instead of God, and all her feelings may be illusion? A gentle voice is needed to bid the soul wait in darkness till God give her light, as He assuredly will do, sooner or later.

Any one who knows by what processes the Jesuits succeed in persuading their disciples to give up the use of reason and the exercise of will, and submit to be moved and governed, as if they were living corpses, destitute of volition and responsibility, will understand what is meant by these commendations of implicit faith, and utter resignation of the will, and the sweet and gentle ways of holy obedience, and will not need me to tell him, what is the real drift and aim of such exhortations. When young people have been brought to believe that their duty is to forsake their duties, and to transfer the obedience which God and nature require them

to pay to their parents, to their self-constituted spiritual superiors, the most unprincipled persons are not so well adapted as these silly enthusiasts, for working out the schemes of crafty and designing men. And one method by which they are cajoled and bribed into this state of abject slavery of mind and body, is the encouragement given to expect such raptures and visions as this author proceeds to dilate upon.

On the other hand, corresponding to these trials, there are joys in contemplation which *ordinary souls* cannot know. They are described by those who have felt them with a substantive clearness, which shows even to those who have never felt them, that there is a deep philosophy in the cross which simple and crucified souls can know, but which is beyond the reach of the mere student, however learned he may be. We are so tied down to things of sense, that we can only aim at immaterial and invisible things through sensible objects; spiritual things can only be discerned by spirit, and therefore can but be understood by us indirectly, till our bodies, after the blessed resurrection, become spiritual. But it is possible to conceive that there is a way of seeing the invisible, analogous to, and yet totally distinct in kind from, the perceptions of sense; and for a short time, and in a small degree, God has vouchsafed such an opening of the invisible world to His saints on earth. Few, indeed, there are to whom such a grace is given, but there are many states short of this to which *more ordinary souls* may attain, remembering, all the while, that of the highest, as well as the lowest, charity is the essence, and that which alone gives them value. *Obedience to authority*, [I hope my readers will notice this language, and that by this time they understand what it means,] which comes to us in the place of God, and

humility, are the steps by which the Holy Spirit thus exalts souls dead to the world and to themselves. It was to produce in the soul these virtues that the Gilbertine canons were instituted, and what were the general results of the system may be gathered from one case which is confessedly an extraordinary one. "In one of the monasteries, says St. Aeldred, which under the venerable father Gilbert, are daily sending up to heaven plentiful fruits of chastity, there was once, and perhaps may be still, a holy virgin, and she had so expelled from her breast all love of the world and carnal affections, all care for bodily wants and outward anxiety, that with a burning soul she loathed earthly things, and longed after heavenly. And sometimes it happened, that when her mind was occupied in her wonted prayer, a mysterious and wondrous sweetness would come over her and put an end to all the movements of the soul, to all quick-coming thoughts, nay, even all those spiritual thoughts which concerned her friends. Then her soul, in a manner bidding adieu to all worldly burdens, would be rapt above itself; it would be caught up by a strange ineffable and incomprehensible light, so that it saw nothing else but That which is, and which is the being of all. Nor was this a bodily light or any likeness of a bodily thing; it was not extended nor shed abroad, so that it could be seen everywhere; without being contained itself, it contained all things, and that in a wonderful and ineffable manner, just as Being contains all that is, and truth whatever is true. When, therefore, this light was shed around her, then she began to know Christ no longer after the flesh, for the breath of her nostrils, Christ Jesus had led her into the truth itself. After lying a considerable time in this trance, the sisters could only with difficulty bring her back to her bodily senses by shaking her. This happened several times, and they entreated her to explain what took place in these trances. *Then began the others to long to attain to the height of this vision;*

wherefore, they strove to withdraw their minds from all worldly cares and anxieties; and by tears and continued prayers many obtained the same grace, so that among the sisters, many were, *even against their will*, plunged into this light. There was there in the convent a nun of *consummate good sense*, and she, knowing that it is not right to trust to every spirit, thought that this state was to be attributed to disease or fantastic illusions, and as much as she could, tried to dissuade the sisters from having these visions frequently. One day she asked the Superioress why no such thing happened to herself, and she received for answer, Because thou dost not believe us, nor love in others that virtue which thou hast not thyself. Then the nun answered, Do thou pray to God for me, that if this be from Him, the same thing may happen to me. And when they had prayed for some days to no purpose, she asked the same question of the Superioress, who answered, Thou must renounce all the things of this world, and *affections for every mortal*, and employ thyself in thinking about God alone. What, said she, *am I not to pray for my friends and benefactors?* Then, answered the Superioress, when thou wouldst ascend by contemplation to the higher powers of thy soul, thou must commend and entrust to God all whom thou lovest; and as though thou wert quitting this world, bidding adieu to every creature, raise up thy soul to the sight of Him whom thou lovest. She, however, still believed not, but begged of her to pray yet more, that if these things came from God, she should receive what she desired. Still she said, I would not have my soul so rapt from the body, and raised on high, that the remembrance of all things, and *above all, of my friends*, should be wiped away from my mind; I shall be satisfied to know whether these things be of God. Now, on the day of Pentecost, when she was tossing about with anxious thoughts, the light of which we have spoken was shed upon her, so that she was wafted up into it in an unspeakable

manner, and was raised on high. Then unable to bear with her weak vision that inaccessible light which was beaming upon her, she prayed that her soul should be recalled, as far as it might, to the contemplation of the passion of the Lord. Then, though she had before seen in a rapid glance that which is very being, she was suffered to descend from this lofty vision to a lower one, and was transferred in spirit to that vision of the Passion, and saw in the spirit Jesus hanging on the cross, pierced with the nails, smitten through with the lance, and the blood flowing through the five wounds, and Him looking on herself with a most tender look. Then bursting into tears, and repenting, she begged pardon of her sisters, and declared herself unworthy of this light." *There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and we might have learned this from him* who was carried up into the third heaven, whether in the body or out of the body he knew not, and heard things which human words could no more express than the eye can hear, or the ear see.

And who were these in whom God showed forth these wonders? They were not persons sitting with their hands across all day following the fancy or the feeling of the moment; their vestments were not long and flowing, nor their veils elegantly disposed about their foreheads; their churches were not magnificent, nor did beautiful strains of devotional music float from the pealing organ through their long-drawn cloisters. They were simply little, quiet-looking nuns of St. Benedict; the wimple which enveloped their head and throat was plain and coarse, and so was their veil; and even the ample cuculla or long white mantle which they wore in choir was not to sweep along the ground, "for they who delight in this or in beauty of apparel without doubt are rejected of God." For the winter they had a tippet of rough sheep-skin, and a cap lined with white lamb's wool, for it was very cold when

they rose in the night and went into the church, when the wind blew across the fens of Lincolnshire, or the chill mist rose from the waters of the river which surrounded their little islands.—St. Gilbert, pp. 84—90.

Truly the young people of the present day must be very differently constituted to those that went before them, if some very strange results do not follow from such notions as these being put into their heads. There is no great difficulty in persuading a silly young female, that if she forsakes her duties and fancies herself "placed above ordinary ties and affections," her foolish whims and fancies are temptations which "*common-place* Christians" have no conception of, and her joys such as "*ordinary souls* cannot know." If "*ordinary souls*" and "*common-place* Christians" should question the reality of these temptations, and doubt, whether there be any evil in that to which these victims of delusion imagine themselves tempted, the answer is ready—that the temptations of Christ himself were "so subtle, that we can hardly tell the meaning of them, or discover how it would have been sin to yield to them;"—though to "ordinary minds" and "*common-place* Christians," such an answer would rather increase the difficulty than otherwise,—as one of the temptations of Christ was, to cast himself from the pinnacle of the temple, and another, to fall down and worship the devil—of neither of which is it very obvious, what this author

can mean, when he says, that they are "so subtle, that we can hardly tell the meaning of them, or discover how it would have been sin to yield to them;" —in both cases, I should have thought the meaning and the sin being intelligible enough.

But it is easy to see how young people, puffed up with conceit and the spiritual pride of a false humility, can be taught in this way to regard as extraordinary temptations and conflicts with Satan, the diseased vagaries to which they have subjected their imaginations by accustoming themselves to sneer at "*ordinary souls*" and "*common-place*" Christians, by abandoning their duties to their families, by disfiguring themselves with wimples and cucullas, by working up their minds to impassioned flights of devotion, by punishing their bodies with voluntary torments to expiate their offences, and (as Dr. Pusey recommends after Bonaventure) by disciplining themselves to blood, under the monstrous delusion that, by such self-inflicted lacerations, they can "experience" the sufferings of Christ, and *know* in themselves, "what he suffered at the pillar." To such persons, likewise, the transition is easy enough from temptations to ecstasies and revelations:—though a sober Christian might have supposed that to require people to renounce their affections for every mortal, so as not even to pray for their friends and benefactors, and to wipe away from their minds the remembrance of those they ought to love, would carry

rather the appearance of a temptation of Satan, than of a preparation for the enjoyment of the beatific vision. However, be this as it may, I think it is of some importance that people should be fully aware, what is the character and nature of the devotional spirit which this school professes to cultivate. And this fanaticism is not confined to devotional exercises, but is shown in the claims they are laying to supernatural light and inspiration. Most extraordinary passages of this description are found in Dr. Pusey's books. For example, in his *adaptation* of Surin to the use of the English church, where he talks of truths which God inspires him to propound,* and says, "As for me, I only follow His direction, and am hardly master of my pen,"†—and in another place he says, "We feel ourselves, in fact, more enlightened in this one instant, than we should be after ten years of study in the schools. This is done by the operation of the Holy Spirit, and by the infusion of a light which is quite simple, with no variety of objects, but which contains within itself the essence and abridgment of a thousand truths;"‡ and to illustrate the superiority of this inward light to that of reason or study, he says—

This has been proved in very many instances, and particularly with respect to St. Theresa. Fifteen learned men were assembled at Avila to judge by what spirit she was led. When the examination was finished, they concluded that

* Page 234. † Page 245. ‡ Page 189.

the astonishing things that God worked in her were the operations of the devil. But a holy monk, of the Order of St. Francis, passing by, perceived and declared, that it was the Spirit of God that governed her; and St. Francis of Borgia, more illustrious for the gift of contemplation which God had given him than for his learning, confirmed this declaration.

It is written in the life of St. Clara of Monte-Falco, that she discovered a concealed heretic, who was universally regarded and revered as a Saint. God has worked many other wonders in His servants. He sent St. Bernard to destroy many errors, and to undeceive many heretics. Yet the Saint in his youth had given but little time to study, and with all his talent, what he had learned could not have sufficed to write the many admirable works which he has left us.

Even women, as St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Theresa, and some others, have discoursed so well on the Mysteries of the Faith, that their works cannot be read without admiration. St. Ignatius, the Founder of the Company of Jesus, had received such light on the Ineffable Mystery of the Trinity, that he undertook to write a book on it without having studied. St. Francis of Assissi, when consulted on many difficult passages of Scripture, instantly replied so clearly, that learned men were surprised at him. You have only to read the Chronicles of his Order to see some remarkable instances of this; and all this proceeds, not from the strength and penetration of the human mind, but from Divine Illumination. Therefore it is more fitly called wisdom than learning.—pp. 190, 191.

It is impossible to imagine any extravagance of fanaticism to which such teaching will not lead;—or, let me add,—any crime, which a person inflated with such notions cannot by skilful management be induced to commit, and imagine all the while he is

doing God service. And how impervious to all argument from reason or Scripture must be a mind imbued with this theory of Dr. Pusey's. Indeed, between explanations, developments, and meditations, the letter of Scripture can have but little influence in such minds—after a while, probably, but little reverence. Alban Butler, in his life of St. Teresa, (who seems an especial favourite with Dr. Pusey,) tells a story which may not be inappropriate in this connexion:—

> At Toledo, a young woman who had gained a reputation of virtue, petitioned to be admitted to the habit, but added, "I will bring with me my Bible." "What!" said the Saint, "your Bible?" Do not come to us. We are poor women who know nothing but how to spin, and to do what we are bid."

From which it may be gathered, that one of the fruits of this inward light is *not* any particular affection for the Holy Scriptures, but rather a dislike of them—which is, perhaps, a consequence more sad than surprising.

And that, in fact, this doctrine does go to dègrade the authority of the Holy Scriptures by its monstrous elevation of the light it attributes to the Saints, is plain from another passage of Dr. Pusey's adaptation of Surin:—

> The Saints, through faith, perceive things in a way to which human reason cannot attain. What they say is true in a sense which the Holy Spirit teaches them, and which they alone comprehend. It is enough to know that *St.*

Paul and St. Francis were enlightened from above, and that they said nothing of which they were not fully convinced, nothing which they were not able to assert without exaggeration or deception. *If others do not understand it, how can they dare condemn it?*—pp. 29, 30.

A doctrine which, in theory, must put the commentaries of the so-called Saint, and the letter of the Word of God, on a footing of perfect equality;—but, in practice, puts them far above it, and fixes any meaning upon the letter of Holy Scripture which St. Francis, or St. Teresa, or St. Ignatius Loyola may choose to put upon it.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. PUSEY'S JESUITICAL DOCTRINE OF HUMILITY.

I HAVE already remarked, that the disregard of truth, so remarkable in this movement and its details, is nowhere more conspicuous than in the doctrine of humility which these writers inculcate. As Surin happens to lie open, I may as well quote a passage or two from it, illustrative of this remark, which will also serve to show the false and delusive system of Jesuitical morals Dr. Pusey is now labouring to propagate:—

Lastly, the third sort of persons who do not dream of excuses and apologies, are those who, being unjustly accused and blackened to the world, say nothing in their own defence. Of this number were Saint Theodora, Saint Peter Martyr, and some others, *who chose* rather to live long in disgrace, and to endure rigorous penances, *than to clear themselves of the enormous crimes with which they were charged.* They rejoiced to be treated as great criminals, and suffered this humiliation in silence for the love of our Lord, Who at last took their cause in hand, and made their innocence known. The truth being then acknowledged, their past shame served greatly to increase the renown of their sanctity.

Our author, by the words which I have quoted, encourages those who find themselves in any similar circumstances, to profit by them, gladly to receive *this portion of Christ's Cup* as the most precious treasure in the world. The way to do this is to consider contempt and dishonour as a very great advantage. And hereby the maxims of

those worldly philosophers of whom I have spoken, are manifestly condemned. For they maintain that we are not permitted to neglect our reputation, and that we must defend our honour at the expense of worldly goods and life, if only it can be done without offending God. *What offence would Saint Peter Martyr have committed, if, when he was accused of having introduced females into his cell, he had confessed that they were sainted women, who came from Heaven to visit him?* Does it not appear that God would have been thereby more honoured, *since he would have prevented the scandal caused among his brethren by his silence?* Yet he did not defend himself; he resolutely concealed the truth, being *desirous to imitate our Lord*, Who, during His whole Passion, spoke no word to justify Himself from the great crimes of which He was accused. We find that *God approved of his conduct*, and bounteously recompensed his rare and heroic humility. But *these great examples are far beyond the reach of our human wisdom*, which teaches us only to love honour, to avoid contempt, and to seek our own interest in all things, instead of following Christ, Who saved us by the foolishness of the Cross.—pp. 31, 32.

I suppose few well instructed persons would consider themselves justified in imitating the conduct which Dr. Pusey here recommends as nothing less than sanctity. A Christian should indeed be dead to the slanders of those who hate him for his Master's sake; and he should bear patiently those misunderstandings of his brethren, which he fails to remove by a simple statement of truth and a denial of misrepresentation. But that, under the deeply erroneous notion of taking a "portion of Christ's cup," and imitating his passion,—he should allow his brethren to be scanda-

lized, and perhaps turned away from the truth, rather than contradict a falsehood, and should suffer his Master's name and religion to be blasphemed, rather than deny that he was guilty of a gross and enormous crime, is such a notion of humility as never could enter into the mind of any one, who had a just value for truth, or a clear perception of its nature.

In the same spirit is the following specimen of Jesuitism, which occurs in a subsequent part of the same volume:—

Thus, to disguise ourselves for the love of Christ, and to deceive the eyes of the world, is something heroic, and a sign of great perfection; it is a secret of the Gospel which has been revealed to Saints only, that is, to those who burning with the desire of resembling the Saviour, of being despised, rejected, calumniated, and condemned, as He was, perfectly imitated the first Christians, whom St. Paul represents as *being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy.* Heb. xi. 37, 38. They not only practised this themselves, but also recommended it to all the faithful as the most heroic thing in the world. But no one has done so in stronger terms, and more expressly, than St. Ignatius,* who will have his children desire nothing so much as to wear the livery of their Divine Master; that is, to suffer, after His Example, outrages, false witnesses, and injuries. He will have them desirous even to be accounted fools, yet never giving occasion for it, and by this shame to obtain great merit with God.—p. 176.

When people are taught that deception of any

* It may be as well to repeat what I have already observed, that here and elsewhere Dr. Pusey means by St. Ignatius, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, or the Company of Jesus, as Dr. Pusey calls them.

sort is "something heroic, and a sign of great perfection," it is to be feared that their sanctity may take dangerous and disreputable modes of developing itself.

Of course, Dr. Pusey does not mean that those to whom he recommends these practices of deception, should deceive *their confessors*, or conceal the truth from *them*. And can he be ignorant, that what the Jesuit Surin really means to recommend, is that sort of abnegation of self by which the individual Jesuit is taught to lose and sacrifice himself in and for the interests of his order, and cheat the whole world, whenever the aggrandizement of the order and the power of the Papal throne may be promoted by the fraud, "for the greater Glory of God," as they impiously express it. Should not Dr. Pusey know that this is the real drift of Surin's exhortations, and that it is by confusing men's notions of truth and falsehood in this way they are prepared to execute the worst purposes of the worst of men?

But even though there should be no intention to teach men to practise deception, the school of morals Dr. Pusey is now advocating encourages a habit of exaggeration in the expression of feelings of devotion and humility which is destructive of the love of truth.

St. Vincent Ferrier found in himself so little cause for vanity, that he looked on himself with horror, and was unendurable to himself. St. Ignatius *wished after his*

death to be refused Christian burial. St. Catherine of Genoa said, that *she would rather see a demon*, however hideous, than herself in the state she was in. The Saints, by thus despising and annihilating themselves, obtained the enjoyment of God, while those who do otherwise, separate themselves from Him by their vanity, according to these words which our Author makes Him speak: "The more thou canst go out of thyself, so much the more wilt thou be able to enter into Me. B. iii. c. 56. To go out of ourselves, is to think not at all of ourselves, nor to speak of ourselves, except when we are obliged to do so, or *when we are about to confess.*—pp. 105, 106.

But such extravagant and unnatural expressions of humility as these of St. Ignatius and St. Catherine, are anything but "to *think* not at all of ourselves,"—to say nothing of *speaking*. Are they not much more like the language of people who think and speak of scarcely anything else? And how any one —much less a Saint—who, however lowly in her own eyes, retained any love for God, could really prefer the sight of an evil spirit to herself, seems impossible. In truth, the remark is too obvious to be worth making: it is, however, very well worth noticing, what sort of notions of humility and piety and morals Dr. Pusey and his friends are gathering from the writings of the Jesuits, as a substitute for the humility and piety of the church of England. Another extract, and we may close Dr. Pusey's adaptation of Surin for the present.

St. Theresa declared she had no fear of death, because she knew that in dying she should fall into the hands of

Him Whom she loved the best. Another Saint, carrying in one hand a torch, and in the other a pitcher of water, said that *she desired with the one to burn Heaven, and with the other to extinguish the flames of hell, that she might think no more but of love, and that henceforth she might serve God for His goodness only.*—p. 113.

One really seems in a dream when reading such language as this. Does Dr. Pusey mean to teach people that it is a proper and Christian-like desire, to wish to be able to burn heaven, or even to extinguish hell? Is this piety? Is this that love of God which is inspired by the Holy Ghost, and taught us in the sacred Scriptures? If not, it is simply a falsehood:—and if any one can be induced by the reading of these pernicious books, to set about bringing himself into such an unnatural and unchristian state of mind, it can only be at the risk of losing his salvation. Jesus Christ teaches his followers, to govern their affections and their conduct by the fear of hell, and by the hope of heaven. Is this true, or is it not? Is it true, or is it not, that the Word of God teaches men to act on these motives? Does the Bible teach mankind to live above them? Does it teach them to regard them as low and unworthy motives—fit, only, for "ordinary souls," and "common-place Christians," and people of "common sense"—and to aspire to an heroicity of sanctity, which shall love God, without any consideration or regard for one's own eternal happiness or misery? That it is

the duty of a creature—to say nothing of a Christian—to love God so much, and to acquiesce so entirely in His will, as to be willing to commit his eternal destiny, without reserve, to His disposal,—and that such piety is possible,—who can doubt?—however few there be that really attain to it, so as to possess it as anything more than a passing feeling in a moment of devotional excitement or contrition. But this is not the feeling which Dr. Pusey is recommending, nor anything resembling it; but such a love for God, as shall make the soul deliberately desire to have the motives which God himself has enjoined us to act on, annihilated, in order to render possible a sort of piety which has no real existence, and which, if it had, would render it impossible to obey that law which God has implanted in our nature, and which His Word makes the foundation of our duty to Him, and to our neighbour, when it requires us to govern our conduct towards Him by hope and fear, and to love our neighbour *as ourselves*. After all, the just impressions such monstrous exaggerations should make, may be left to themselves to produce, at least in all reasonable minds. A charitable person will hope that the unknown Saint, to whom the sentiment is ascribed, either had no real existence, or is very much misrepresented by Dr. Pusey and his author.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. PUSEY'S DOCTRINE CONCERNING THE VIRGIN MARY—HIS ADAPTATION OF AVRILLON'S GUIDE FOR PASSING ADVENT HOLILY.

I HAVE already referred to the language Dr. Pusey has used concerning the Virgin Mary, and the superstitious reverence for her, and the erroneous doctrines regarding her, which he is endeavouring to inculcate. It is time to turn to this part of the subject. The volume to which I now propose to refer, I have largely extracted from already. It is, A Guide for passing Advent holily—another work of Avrillon's, which Dr. Pusey has translated from the French, and adapted to the use of the English Church. This expression, "adapted," it is very important to notice; not only because it implies, that Dr. Pusey has published these works in such a state as he considers safe and edifying to the English reader, but because he has, in point of fact, made several alterations in these works for the purpose of rendering them so. They may fairly be considered, therefore, authentic specimens of the doctrinal views he now desires to advocate, as far as he thinks proper to disclose his purpose. It is plain, that Dr. Pusey had misgivings that, after all his adaptations, some of the passages in this volume, relating to the Virgin Mary, would still be rather stronger than the English Church is as yet prepared

to receive. Of course, as in every other party movement, there are abundance of young people of both sexes ready to take on trust anything that Mr. Newman or Dr. Pusey may say. But the great mass of the English church are not yet disposed to acquiesce in the Romish doctrine or practices on *this* point; and, therefore, Dr. Pusey has, in his preface, thought it necessary to say a word or two on the subject:—

It is probable that the actions and example of the Blessed Virgin, although exhibited very partially, will still have more place in this work, than they now have in the thoughts of most persons. For it is not perhaps too much to say that a large class of religionists have ceased to set themselves any Exemplar at all, their very ideal of Christian life being St. Paul's picture of the unregenerate. And even apart from this, it ought to be said plainly, that there is a diseased dread of any reverent mention of her who was taught by the HOLY GHOST to say, "All generations shall call me blessed," which threatens very serious evil, and even heresy. For *the thought of her is inseparable from meditation on the true doctrine of the Incarnation*, that our LORD was "GOD, of the Substance of His Father, begotten before the world, and Man of the substance of His Mother, born in the world." To deny the word θεοτόκος is, of course, heresy; to shrink from it then, is to be ashamed of the truth of GOD; to shrink from dwelling on the doctrine conveyed in it, that He "abhorred not the Virgin's womb," is secretly to have entertained some heretical counterfeit." —pp. lvii. lviii.

There are several points worthy of notice which this extract would suggest. For instance, the word θεοτόκος. *It is, undoubtedly,* heresy to deny the

DOCTRINE which the primitive church intended to assert by that word; and to be ashamed of that DOCTRINE, *is* to be ashamed of the truth of God. But is the *word* used now in the sense it was then, or with the same intention, or anything resembling it? Is it not absolutely certain, that, in the language of Roman Catholics, the phrase, *Mother of God*, is not used to imply, or to defend any doctrine whatever, *relative to the person of Christ*—except it be, their infinitely false and pernicious heresy, (for no less it is, and no less the primitive church would have regarded it,) that the Lord is under the dominion of the Virgin Mary, and that she governs Him with the authority of a mother;—which, however it may be disclaimed on occasions, is, in fact, the belief of the great mass of Romanists, and is the main foundation of a very large part of their acts of worship. And well would it be, if those whom Rome calls saints, and whom Dr. Pusey now venerates as saints, had not encouraged this delusion in their unscriptural and erroneous writings. The word θεοτόκος is no longer popularly used. But the term, "Mother of God," *is;* and this is used in a false and mischievous sense; and Dr. Pusey well knows, that it is *to this false and mischievous sense of the term*—and *not to the catholic sense of the term of which it is taken to be a translation*—that any protestant objects,—any one at least who is acquainted with the doctrines of his own church. It is a most

unworthy artifice (to say nothing of its dishonesty) to endeavour to raise a cry of heresy against those, who have no idea of shrinking from the defence of any catholic doctrine even at the cost of their lives, —but who, in the fear of God and the love of human souls,—abstain from using a term, which no one now uses or understands in any other sense except a false and erroneous one.

But, according to Dr. Pusey's notion, (which he has borrowed from the Romanists,) "the thought of her is inseparable from meditation on the true doctrine of the Incarnation"—which, if *meditation* be understood in Mr. Oakeley and Dr. Pusey's sense of the term, may be true enough of this *thought*, and of many more. But, that it *is* possible to meditate on the *true* doctrine of the Incarnation, and to meditate truly, without any reference to the Virgin Mary, Dr. Pusey may satisfy himself by a perusal of the epistles of St. John; and he would do well to ask himself,—if the connexion he imagines be so intimate, or rather "inseparable," how comes it, that the gospel of St. John contains not only no additional particulars concerning the previous history of the Virgin, but not even any account of those particulars of the Annunciation and Nativity, for which Mr. Oakeley is obliged to draw upon his imagination? On Dr. Pusey's theory, one would have expected the Gospel of St. John to have given a narrative of the Virgin's life from her birth,

and to have supplied all the information of which the Divine wisdom has seen fit to keep the church in ignorance, relative to the passages of her intercourse with Christ, during his infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood. The greatest part of the period of His sojourning on earth He passed in her society, and subject to her. Will Dr. Pusey consider, how much of what was said and done during that period has been recorded by that Evangelist, who wrote expressly in defence of the "true doctrine of the Incarnation"? Dr. Pusey's theory is simply and wholly a fiction. It never would have been thought of by him or by any one else, except for the purpose of propping up error and superstition. A really humble Christian does in no one particular manifest his humility more, than by the shrinking reverence with which he abstains from allowing his imagination to intrude into those subjects, which the goodness and wisdom of our Creator has (if we believe in the inspiration of the New Testament) *purposely* concealed. But, to be sure, in Dr. Pusey's calendar, "St. Paul and St. Francis" are to be listened to with equal reverence.

And then, as to taking the blessed Virgin for an exemplar:—in all points where the Holy Scripture informs us of her following His example who is the great Exemplar of all—both hers and ours—every humble Christian is thankful to be enabled to follow her; and so her example has ever been regarded,

and her memory revered, by all true sons of the church of England, and so they were, before ever Dr. Pusey and his friends had thought of commencing the "blessed work" of Romanizing. But *true piety is founded on truth*, and can breathe no other element: and therefore, when Scripture refuses information, it forbears; and the exemplar which it follows, is that which the Virgin herself followed,—the exemplar proposed in Holy Scripture for the imitation and guidance of all, at all times, and under every circumstance,—the example of the Son of God. But what does Dr. Pusey mean by saying that "a large class of religionists *have ceased to set themselves any exemplar at all*, their very ideal of a Christian life being St. Paul's picture of the unregenerate"? Does Dr. Pusey mean to insinuate, that all those persons who consider the seventh chapter of the Romans to describe the state of the regenerate, have ceased to set Christ to themselves as their exemplar? Does he mean to say this? If not, what does he mean? Above all,—what can this insinuation mean, which can in any way whatever serve his purpose of palliating, or rather of recommending, the superstitious and erroneous doctrine concerning the Virgin Mary, taught in this book, which he has adapted to the use of the English church? The impression made by the whole of this extract is extremely painful. It is too much in the style of one who is conscious of the untenable-

ness of the cause he has undertaken to defend, and is endeavouring to conceal its weakness by raising prejudices against its opponents. If there be at present "a *diseased* dread of any reverent mention" of the Blessed Virgin among *true* churchmen, Dr. Pusey and his party must bear the blame of it; since they are the very persons who have given such innumerable and melancholy proofs of the necessity of guarding, with unceasing vigilance and jealousy, against any the slightest approach in the direction of Romish error.

Avrillon has a meditation on the conception of the Virgin Mary, which Dr. Pusey has retained with considerable alterations. As it now stands, therefore, it represents the doctrine Dr. Pusey is prepared to adopt as his own, and which he considers safe and edifying for English readers. Nothing can be more certain than this, that the Romish doctrine of the conception of the Virgin Mary, and her super-angelical purity, is neither scriptural nor primitive. It is a superstition designed not to exalt the human nature of Christ, but to exalt the Virgin herself and give colour to the idolatrous reverence with which she is regarded. The mode of argument adopted by its advocates clearly proves this. No attempt is made to prove it from Holy Scripture, but an argument is constructed in this manner;—that, in order for the Lord's human nature to be absolutely pure, the nature of his mother, from

whom he derived it, must have been so likewise. The argument sometimes proves too much—or rather it always does so;—and in the extracts from Dr. Pusey's book, which I shall lay before my reader, it borders on profaneness. It is perfectly plain, that if there be any weight whatever in this argument, something more must be proved than merely the purity of *the Virgin Mary*. For if it be true, that, because the flesh of *Christ* was absolutely pure, therefore *hers* must be so also—for, it is in this way Mr. Newman applies the rule, a clean thing cannot come from an unclean—then this immaculate purity and freedom from original sin, must extend not only to the Virgin herself, but to all her progenitors up to Adam—for, plainly, the immaculate perfection of *her* nature only removes this difficulty one stage backwards,—if such a difficulty have any real existence. It will be seen now to what extravagant lengths Dr. Pusey has carried this notion:

MEDITATION UPON THE PURITY CONFERRED UPON ST. MARY, FROM THE GOSPEL.

Of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.

FIRST PART.

All the festivals of St. Mary have reference to her Son, for Whom she herself was; and so in the two festivals, which seem to centre in herself, her Conception and her Nativity, the Gospel appointed is that portion which relates to the birth of her Son, to conceive and bear Whom was the end of her Conception and Birth. To-day, on the festival "of a child who will not be born for nine months,"

is rehearsed "her glorious destination, and her Divine maternity;" she is conceived to-day, and the Gospel relates, "That it is of her that was born JESUS, Who is called CHRIST."

Verily, *how much more than angelic purity* must have been conferred on that body from which will one day be taken That of JESUS, which signifies a Saviour. The flesh of Mary is to become That of JESUS, says St. Bernard, and *the blood which shall be taken from her will be That of* CHRIST. That Flesh will one day be torn, and *That Blood* shed upon the Cross, and will be the instrument and the price of the redemption of mankind. *What degree then of purity* must not have been bestowed *on that flesh and blood!*

This "JESUS is called CHRIST," that is, the most pure and the most glorious of all anointings, since it is the anointing of the Divinity: that flesh now formed, will be, after the ineffable operation of the HOLY GHOST, *the Flesh of* GOD; the Divinity will therein corporeally dwell; *she* will be the ark, and overlaid with gold within and without, which shall receive the whole treasure of sanctification. For "the Angel having said, 'Hail, full of grace,' added, 'the Lord is with thee,' no earthly husband, but the Lord Himself of holiness, the Father of purity, the Creator of incorruption, the Giver of freedom, the Bestower of salvation, the Dispenser of true peace, Who of the virgin earth formed man, and of his rib took Eve, this LORD is with thee, and, again, of thee. For from the pure and chaste and undefiled and holy Virgin Mary cometh forth JESUS CHRIST our Lord, perfect in his Godhead and in his Manhood, consubstantial with the Father, consubstantial with us also in all things except sin." *What purity then must not that flesh have!*—pp. 51, 52.

Now, to say nothing of the unscriptural doctrine of Mary possessing "more than angelic purity"—what is to be thought of this notion, that it was

necessary for the blood which Mary received in her conception to be perfectly pure, (and if so, it was equally necessary for it to be *infinitely* pure,) *because* it was by that blood the sins of the world were to be atoned for. Because Christ was to shed on the cross his blood for the redemption of mankind—and, (according to Dr. Pusey,) the blood he then shed was in fact to be the blood of Mary, because derived from her;—therefore, it seems, it was necessary that her blood should have a corresponding degree of purity bestowed on it in the moment of her conception, to render it capable of being shed for the sins of the world. It is really horrible to be obliged to expose such infinite impiety. Will Dr. Pusey say distinctly that it was the blood of Mary which was shed on the cross for our redemption? If not—what becomes of the meaning of this disgusting rhapsody? But this is not all:

SECOND PART.

Of whom was born JESUS, Who is called CHRIST. (Matt. i. 16.)

It appears as if this oracle of the Gospel gives me the right, nay, even invites me to *enter respectfully* into the eternal decree of the predestination of Mary, the Mother of GOD, since it developes it before us, with sufficient clearness, by telling us beforehand that it is of her that JESUS was born. Mary then was only fore-ordained for JESUS' sake, because she was to be His Mother, without having man as His father, that is, that her blood and her flesh were to concur in unity of principle in the formation of HimWho is both GOD and man; and JESUS CHRIST was

fore-ordained, only that he might redeem man with *His most precious Blood, Which is That Which He hath taken from Mary.* "The Author of all things derived His origin from her, and *from her body received the blood which was to be shed for the life of the world; He took of her what He was also to pay for her.*" The decree of the Mother's fore-ordainment is enclosed in that of her Son, Who is JESUS and the CHRIST. JESUS must be Purity Itself; it must needs be fitting, that she of whom He was to be born "should by him have been purified from sin, and in that her purity from Him, He was taken from her; and since the purity of His Mother, whereby he was pure, was only from Him, thus also it was from Himself and by Himself that He was pure." "Yea, it was fitting that with purity, *than which no greater can be conceived short of God Himself, should that Virgin be arrayed,* to whom God the Father so purposed to give His Only-Begotten Son, Whom being born of Himself, Coequal with Himself, He loved as Himself, that One and the Same should be by nature Son of GOD the Father and of the Virgin; she, whom the Son Himself chose to make to be a mother to Himself of her substance; she, of whom the HOLY SPIRIT willed, and was about to operate, that He should be conceived and born, of Whom Himself proceeded."—pp. 52—54.

Here, then, it is distinctly stated that the purity of the Virgin is so great that "no greater can be conceived short of God himself." And no less clearly is it intimated that the blood by which man was redeemed was the blood of Mary. It is in vain to attempt to escape from this conclusion. For if it were not the blood of Mary, then the fact of its being shed for the sins of mankind, could be no reason for its being necessarily endued with all but infinite purity in *her* conception. As to exposing

the fallacy of such an argument—if it deserves such a name—it is needless. The argument proves either nothing at all, or a vast deal too much. But be it valid or not, can any one living imagine what object Dr. Pusey could have in preparing such a work for the members of the English Church?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED: DR. PUSEY'S DOCTRINE CONCERNING THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE more I examine the works which Dr. Pusey is at present publishing for the use of the members of the church of England, the more difficult I find it to understand, how any one could desire to put such books into circulation, who had not already been reconciled to the communion of the church of Rome. That, however, may be considered a personal question, and as such, I have no wish to touch it,—although the answer would, no doubt, throw considerable light on the character of the movement in which he takes so conspicuous a part. But, whatever may be the truth as far as *that* question is concerned, this much is certain—that the adaptations of Roman-catholic writings, which he has taken the trouble to prepare and publish, could not be calculated more effectually to insinuate the errors of popery, and prepare the public mind for a complete reception of them, if they had been edited by a professed member of the order of Jesuits. The extracts I have given in the preceding chapter, are demonstrative, that, although Dr. Pusey may not yet have begun to teach the English Church to worship the Virgin, *as* the church of Rome does, he has laid in these books the foundation for every development of error which

he may, by-and-by, think fit to advocate. Romish writers may have expressed themselves with less caution; but, as far as the theory is concerned, there is no substantial difference between their doctrine and that of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.

Any one who considers Mr. Newman's arguments to prove the necessity of the purity of the Virgin Mary's nature, and her "*present* power and influence;" and likewise the passages I have quoted from Dr. Pusey's *adaptation* of Avrillon, in which it is maintained that no greater purity than the Virgin's can be conceived short of God himself; and that this was fitting, and indeed, necessary, because it was from her body the Lord received the blood which was to be shed for the life of the world;—any one who calmly considers what such language means, and must mean, will not think it at all too much to say, that there is no substantial difference between this and the doctrine of the Romish writers. And, indeed, if it had been felt that any serious misapprehension regarding their designs could have been caused by their adopting such language, it is in the last degree improbable, that Mr. Newman would have committed such passages to press, or that Dr. Pusey would have selected such works as these for translation and adaptation. For, let it never be forgotten,—these books are *adaptations*, and are stated by Dr. Pusey to be so; and not merely translations. He continually acknowledges

such an amount of alterations, as must compel any one who reads the books to feel, that unless one had the originals before him, it would be impossible to form any conjecture, how much was Avrillon's,—for example,—and how much was Dr. Pusey's. So that it is absolutely certain Dr. Pusey has made himself responsible for every word and syllable contained in these books. They must, in fact, be taken as nothing less than the deliberate enunciation of the doctrines which he desires at present to propagate. To return, then, to his adaptation of Avrillon's Guide for passing Advent Holily. The third Wednesday in Advent, Avrillon calls "the Day of Grace," and this is Dr. Pusey's adaptation of the Meditation.

MEDITATION UPON GRACE.

TAKEN FROM THE GOSPEL. FIRST PART.

Hail, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. (Luke, i. 28.)

Here direct thy whole attention to this heavenly interview between the holy Gabriel and Mary, for in it wilt thou both discover all the most lovely features of grace, and wilt hear the deepest, the most impenetrable, and the most important of all the Mysteries of our religion treated of, even that which is the greatest of all the Mysteries of grace, and the fountain of all mercies; namely, the Mystery of the Incarnation, which was fulfilled in Mary at the moment she accepted the message of the Angel, who was speaking to her on the part of GOD.

This was an *interview between two Angels and two Virgins*, for Angels are Virgins, and Virgins are Angels; the one from Heaven, the other of earth; and though both then on earth, yet both of Heaven. Here grace shone

most brightly; for the more the Angel exalted Mary, the more she abased herself; the more he spoke, *the more she kept silence;* and it was this humility which made her grace shine so brightly. Gather then from hence, that if thou wouldst obtain the grace of thy Lord, thou must begin by humbling thyself, for the measure of grace is that of humility, and GOD, Who "resisteth the proud, giveth grace to the humble."

"Hail, thou that art full of grace, the Lord is with thee," said the Angel: "He Who is before thee, to-day is with thee, and shortly shall be of thee; the one in eternity, the other in time. O boundless Loving-kindness! O the gracious goodness of GOD! It sufficed not to point out the joy, without mention of the Author of that joy, in the Virgin-Birth. The words, "the Lord is with thee," show plainly the presence of the Lord Himself, wholly Incarnate in her, yet going not forth from His own glory. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." Joy, thou instrument of joy." Yea, indeed, how blessed to possess not only grace, but the fulness of grace! Remember, however, that *Mary was not as yet the Mother of* GOD, she was not so until a little while after these words, *for the* HOLY GHOST *vouchsafed to await her consent*, ere working within her chaste womb that Incarnation of the WORD which raised her to the sacred quality of Mother of GOD, and heaped upon her yet new graces infinitely more sublime and more abundant:

If the Incarnation had not yet taken place, how could "the words, *the Lord is with thee*, show plainly the presence of the Lord Himself, wholly Incarnate in her," as Dr. Pusey has just stated?

nevertheless she was already "full of grace;" but from that moment did the HOLY SPIRIT give *her soul a new capacity for containing larger grace than all men and Angels together*, THAT "through her might come forth that inef-

fable Grace, whereof the Apostle spake aloud, 'the saving grace of GOD hath appeared unto all men;' through her might come forth the True Light, our Lord JESUS CHRIST, Who saith in the Gospel, 'I am the Light of the world,' 'the Light Who lighteneth every one that cometh into the world,' and we might 'have JESUS through that same Spirit by Whom she conceived JESUS.'"—pp. 122—125.

Why the infinite grace which was to reside in Christ, should render it necessary, that the soul of Mary should receive "a new capacity for containing larger grace than all men and angels together," Dr. Pusey has not attempted to prove,—any more than he has adduced any proof or testimony of his assertion, that she did receive such a capacity, or such a measure of grace. The whole statement is pure fiction; but it is a fiction invented for the purpose of exalting the Virgin to all but Godhead.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED: THE MONTH OF MARY — THE GLORIES OF MARY—DR. PUSEY'S DOCTRINE—HIS LETTER TO DR. JELF.

My reader will have observed, that, whatever alterations Dr. Pusey may have made in this adaptation of Avrillon, he has not omitted that idea, so common among Romish writers,—for which, it is needless to say, they have not a shadow of authority in Scripture,—that the Holy Ghost awaited Mary's consent (on which consent, Romish writers tell us, the salvation of the world depended)—an idea which Mr. Oakeley also has preserved in his Life of Christ, where he tells his reader to put himself in the presence of God, and contemplate the Blessed Trinity awaiting the answer and consent of this beloved daughter.

How Roman-catholic writers treat this subject is notorious. The following passage, in a volume in extensive circulation among Romanists—The Month of Mary—will give a sufficiently clear example:

> What a momentous mission was that on which the archangel Gabriel was sent to Mary, when he announced to her that she should conceive and bear a son, who was to be called Jesus, because he was to "save his people from their sins."
>
> *On the assent of the Virgin to the proposition made her, hung the destinies of the human race.* How the angels of God must have paused in breathless expectation of her

answer! And when they heard issue from her mouth the words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word;" how the vaults of heaven resounded with the glorious anthem of "Glory to God on high and peace to men of good will," which, on the night of Christ's nativity, re-echoed from the earth! *What would have been our condition if Mary had not yielded this ready compliance with God's will? We have every reason to conclude, that man would not have been redeemed.* God could, of course, have employed other means; *but there is nothing to make us believe that he would have done so. On the contrary, all that we know of the ordinary course of his providence, tends to warrant the contrary inference.*—pp. 50, 51.

The Glories of Mary also, the work of Alphonsus Liguori, will furnish another illustration:

What do the fathers, the doctors of the church teach us, by texts so strong and so precise? Do they intend to prove, that all graces come to us through Mary in this sense only, that she has given us the Author of grace, as our adversary would fain persuade us? Far from it, they on the contrary, give clearly to understand, that every grace given to man in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, is conveyed to him by the hands of Mary. This is the conclusion of the venerable Father Suarez, S. J. He writes: "It is now the general sentiment of the church, that the intercession of the mother of God, is not only useful, but even necessary to salvation."—"For the Lord," says St. Bernard, "wishes to grant us nothing, without the agency of Mary." Before him, St. Ildephonsus said to the holy Virgin: "O glorious Lady! the Lord has confided to you all the gifts he wishes to dispense to his creatures—all the treasures of grace are committed to your care." St. Peter Damian goes still further, asking himself this question: "*Why has God before he became incar-*

nate in Mary's womb, applied for her consent? For two reasons," he replies; "First, *to oblige us to be very grateful to her:* and secondly, *to teach us that our salvation depends on the will of this blessed Virgin.*"—pp. 122, 123.

Such is the use the Romish writers make of this fiction. But, perhaps Dr. Pusey was not aware of this; or, it may be, he failed at the moment to recollect that this fiction had ever been turned to a purpose so fearful. I should be thankful to have any reason to believe either supposition to be true. But the facts of the case render it impossible that they could. The words, as he has adapted them for the use of the church of England, are, "Mary was not yet the mother of God, she was not so until a little while after these words, for *the Holy Ghost vouchsafed to await her consent* ere working within her chaste womb the Incarnation of the Word—" These are the words in his adaptation of Avrillon; and to the word "await" he has put the following note at the foot of the page.

* Attendait. There is often, in writers of the Roman communion, a mode of speaking on this "awaiting of the consent" of St. Mary, which gives us *a sort of shock*, as though they were intent on magnifying the creature, whose consent was awaited, rather than the unutterable condescension of the Creator, Who vouchsafed to make His dispensations of mercy wait on the conformity of the will of His creature with His own. Yet so that it be kept prominently in mind, that all is of GOD's grace and overwhelming condescension, it is, of course, an acknowledged truth, that GOD in all His designs towards man, does make them depend upon the concurrence of the will of His

creature, to whom He has first given grace and power to will what He willeth, with his own. He forms His own instruments, so that they shall accomplish that for which He forms them; yet they become His instruments, by responding freely, with that will which He has made free, to his grace, and concurring with His purposes in and through them.—[ED.]

Now one might have thought that the language of Romish writers, such as is quoted above—language which it is not too much to call blasphemous and profane, should have made any sane person cautious of indulging his imagination where the Holy Scripture is silent. What authority has any one to endeavour to penetrate into the mystery of the Incarnation, and conjecture, (I shall not say—dogmatically assert,) what the Holy Spirit has thought fit to conceal? Who that has any humility, any fear of God, any reverence for holy things, any regard for truth, will presume to take such liberties—will feel the slightest desire to do so—will feel anything but an instinctive horror and recoiling from such intrusion into secret things—such mixture of truth and falsehood in the most sacred mystery of our religion. But waving this, I cannot imagine how any person that has any acquaintance with Holy Scripture can believe, that the Divine purpose and promise of redeeming the human race, could have been frustrated by the unbelief or disobedience of any particular person, who should refuse to bear her allotted part as an instrument in the work of redemption? The doctrine

is as false as the supposition is indecent. But Dr. Pusey defends it. And, what is worst of all, he not only defends the statement as a doctrinal truth, but he glosses over the manner in which it is treated by Romanists,—as a "*mode of speaking*" "which gives us a sort of shock." *A sort of shock!* Truly, that mind must be in a most deplorable state which can speak thus lightly of such language as has been quoted from Liguori and the Month of Mary, as giving one "a sort of shock." Is it not the doctrine delivered by Liguori as the doctrine of his church, that God, before he became incarnate in Mary's womb, *applied for her consent*, in order "to teach us that our salvation depends on the will of this blessed Virgin"? Is it not the doctrine taught in the Month of Mary that "if Mary had not yielded this ready compliance with God's will," "man would not have been redeemed"? Is this what a clergyman of the church of England—what any one but a Roman-catholic, and not a very moderate one either—will call "*a mode of speaking*" "which gives us *a sort of shock*"? Is this language which any one but a partisan of Rome would undertake to palliate, as requiring only to be properly understood, in order to its being seen to contain nothing more than an "acknowledged truth"?

But what grounds have I for assuming that Dr. Pusey had ever seen the "Glories of Mary"? This question may occur to the reader, and it may be right

to satisfy him on the subject, though in all probability, some will not have forgotten that "the Glories of Mary" is a book with which Dr. Pusey is well acquainted. At the end of his letter to Dr. Jelf, in vindication of the interpretation of the articles advocated by Mr. Newman in the Tract No. 90, Dr. Pusey added an Appendix from Archbishop Ussher, on the difference between ancient and modern addresses to Saints; and to this Appendix he annexed a Postscript. A few extracts will serve to prove that he is not unacquainted with "the Glories of Mary:"

Since the above has been in type, I have been furnished with a melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mr. Newman's words, that the received "doctrine of the Roman schools of that day" is "unhappily that of this day too;" that

> "The present authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome, to judge by what we see of it in public, goes very far indeed to substitute another Gospel for the true one. Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity—it does seem to me as a popular system to preach the Blessed Virgin and the Saints."

It would probably be a first impression on reading these extracts from Abp. Ussher, that he had with much learning brought together a mass of objectionable language, which it might be hoped was now done away; that all these were the exaggerations of individual minds, and that it was not fair to charge them as teaching now received in the Roman Church. This was my own hope; I reprinted them in illustration of the meaning of the Article, but certainly, little thinking of imputing them to Rome at the present day. The contrary, however, of all this is sadly the case. The same extracts which Abp. Ussher adduces

as illustrating the difference between "the Romish doctrine of the invocation of Saints" and ancient addresses to them, are, in "the Glories of Mary Mother of God by Saint Alphonsus Liguori, and carefully revised by a Catholic Priest," (third ed. Dublin, 1837,) adduced as authoritative teaching. The subjects of the early chapters, which they are adduced to establish, are "how great should be our confidence in Mary Queen of Mercy," (§. 1.) "as our mother," (§. 2.) "the great love borne us by Mary, our Mother," (§. 3.) that "Mary is *the* refuge of repentant sinners" and so (§. 4.) "our life, since she obtains us the pardon of our sins," (c. 2. §. 1.) "because she obtains us perseverance," (§. 2.) "the *necessity* of Mary's intercession in order to obtain salvation," (c. 5.) &c. The sayings of Bernardine of Sienna, Albertus M., Bonaventure, &c. are alleged as authorities. It is still alleged as a true saying, "All is subject to Mary's empire, even God," (p. 138, see Abp. Ussher, above p. 196.) It is not, of course, to be supposed that no mention should be made of her SON, or from time to time that her intercession is available through her SON, or that "Jesus is our Redeemer, Mary our Advocate," (p. 88.) "Jesus is my only hope, and after Him you, O Virgin Mary." (p. 90.) One could not imagine anything written by a Christian in entire forgetfulness of his Lord; but these are but scanty; the main object of the work is, (as it professes,) "the Glories of Mary," and these are so set forth, as for the most part to end in her, to place her where a Catholic would expect mention of his Lord.—pp. 204, 5.

Dr. Pusey then went on to quote several passages at length from the "Glories of Mary," to prove the erroneous nature of the Romish system. His conclusion is too remarkable to be omitted:—

Lastly, it should be noticed that there is an essential difference between the way in which men's salvation is in

any passages of the fathers said to be derived through S. Mary, and that in which it is attributed to her by these later writers. The object of S. Irenæus and other fathers, in the first place, is not to magnify S. Mary, but to point out the reality of the Incarnation, which was denied by the Gnostic heretics; but then, further, the benefits are said to be derived through her, in that, of her according to the flesh, Christ was born; in the later writers, they are attributed to her by virtue of the dignity, *since* bestowed upon her: in the fathers, they are spoken as coming from her indirectly, in later writers, directly; in the fathers, from her when on earth, in later writers, from her in Heaven; in the fathers from the Nativity of our Lord, later, from *her* sovereignty, rule, Intercession, Command, with which for her merits she is alleged to be invested. The expressions of the fathers do not go beyond St. Paul's words, "Adam was not deceived, but, the woman being deceived was in the transgression: notwithstanding, she shall be saved through the childbearing," as though the blessed fact that our Lord was "born of a woman" had some mysterious relation to the fall by a woman; that there is a correspondence between death coming through the transgression of the woman and life coming through her. In the "Glories of Mary" it is expressly denied that this is the sense in which the modern sayings should be taken.

"That God has constituted Mary the ordinary dispensatrix of His graces, was the opinion of St. Bernard: it is now the common opinion of all theologians, and all doctors. It is taught by Tega, Mendozza, Poire, Pacciuchelli, Segneri, Crasset, and a crowd of others. Even Father Noel Alexander, so reserved in his propositions, says, 'That God wishes that all the favours men expect from Him, they should be indebted for to the intercession of Mary.'"

"But this doctrine does not please a certain modern author: this person, who otherwise speaks with much piety and learning, of true and false devotion, is very parsimonious when there is question of the worship of the holy

Virgin, refusing her that glory, and those privileges, which a St. Germanus, a St. Anselm, a St. John Damascene, St. Bonaventure, a St. Antonius, a St. Bernardine of Sienna, and innumerable other holy doctors, made no difficulty to grant her. He pretends that the aforesaid proposition, 'God confers no grace but through Mary's intercession,' is an hyperbole which fervour caused some saints to utter, and that it is only correct in this sense, that, 'Mary has given to the world, Jesus the Author of grace;' for, adds he, the apostle formally teaches, that we acknowledge but One sole Mediator between God and man—viz., the Word made flesh."—(p. 116, 7.)

It is for earnest-minded Romanists seriously to consider the tendency of all this; Faith is not holding truth in the abstract, it must penetrate the life and run through a man's whole belief; worldly-minded persons are often, in the whole habit of their mind, Socinians, although if asked they would acknowledge or think that they believed the Divinity and Atonement of our Lord; and *persons may be practically worshippers of the Blessed Virgin only, while they would acknowledge in the abstract that she derives all her power from her Son.* It ought probably to awaken some fears in them that *they habitually contemplate and speak of S. Mary as "the Mother of God" only*, still speak of our Lord, in reference to her, as her Son only; there may be in this a subtle Humanitarianism, which, while they are encouraged to shrink from the thought of their Lord as their Judge, thinks of Him only as the Son of Mary, and *while it acknowledges S. Mary as the Mother of God, practically forgets that He created her*, and *in that they hold her to have been without sin, denies that He redeemed her.* The term "Mother of God" expresses Catholic truth; *yet may it be, and it is, continually used by Romanists in an heretical sense.*

While these things are so, although we did not separate from Rome, yet since God has permitted that Rome should separate us from her, *we see not how the Anglican*

Church could re-unite with her, without betraying the trust which she owes to her own children.—pp. 215—217.

Such was Dr. Pusey's language in 1841. Little, perhaps, did many suppose that, in 1845, he would have been employed in poisoning the minds of his countrymen by his adaptations of such works as Avrillon's and Surin's. But now he is found propagating some of the most erroneous and unscriptural doctrines of Romanists on this very subject. Indeed, in a note to the preface to his adaptation of Surin, he seems to apologise for what he had formerly said of the "Glories of Mary;" at least, if this be not included in his retractation, he should certainly have guarded himself from misapprehension. The note referred to is as follows:—

> The editor would take this opportunity of saying, that nothing was ever further from his intention than criticising *any whom he knew to be Saints of God.* In anything he ever said, *he was following, he hopes, authority, or regarding words only in themselves, or in what seemed their natural or unavoidable effect on ordinary minds,* such as his own, quite abstractedly from those who used them.—p. viii.

What this may be intended to refer to, it may be fruitless to conjecture; but certainly, a Romanist would be apt to suppose, that Dr. Pusey intended it to be taken as an apology for the manner in which he had formerly spoken of St. Alphonsus Liguori's work,—whatever else might be intended by it.

CHAPTER XV.

REVIEW OF DR. PUSEY'S DOCTRINE CONCERNING THE VIRGIN MARY CONTINUED—MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATION ON THE ANNUNCIATION.

To return, however, to Dr. Pusey's adaptation of the Meditation of Avrillon:—

SECOND PART.

"And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." (Luke i. 38.)

After having fixed thy attention upon the fulness of grace in the Blessed Mary, thou must again direct it anew to her acquiescence and humble submission to this grace, in order to profit by her great example, and to learn to submit thyself to its guidance the moment it approaches thee; this is the lesson thou shouldst derive from thy reflections upon this mystery of grace.

The surpassing love of virginity cherished by this Virgin, "purer and holier than the whole human race," united to her deep humility, had "troubled" her. "Shall I, she thought, alone of women, form a new thing in nature? Can I alone bear a Fruit alone? What may be this salutation? Who that hath brought me this promise, and whence is he?" "She answered with modesty because she feared, with prudence because she marvelled at this new form of benediction, which was never used, never before known. To Mary alone was this salutation reserved. For well is she alone called "full of grace," who alone had obtained that grace, which none besides attained, to be filled with the Author of grace."

But *as soon as she was sure of remaining ever virgin*, and that it was GOD Himself Who desired to exalt her lowliness to the awful dignity of the Divine Motherhood, she expressed her consent by these beautiful words: "Be-

hold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word:" and she had no sooner pronounced them, than *she felt herself* wholly filled with His Divinity, and consequently with Grace, because she had conceived the Author of all Grace.—pp. 125, 126.

Will Dr. Pusey say—What authority does the Word of God give to this notion, that the *trouble* the Virgin felt at the appearance of the Angel arose from her "surpassing love of virginity"?—what authority does it give to the assumption, that she had been pledged by a vow,—or in any other way whatever,—to perpetual virginity, and that she suspended her consent to become the Mother of the Lord, until she had been made "sure of remaining ever virgin"? What authority, what countenance do the words either of the Angel or of Mary, as recorded by the inspired Evangelist, give for any one of these assumptions? None whatever. Really one cannot help asking one's self again and again, where is all this to end? If people will allow themselves to weave such monstrous fictions on the text of that word, which the fear of God should have led them to approach with greater reverence, it is folly to suppose the evil can end there. The tendency of such writing *within* the church of Rome is mischievous enough. Yet *there*, much of it is likely to be read without much attention to its meaning; because it is the language men have been accustomed to from their childhood, and some, perhaps many, may adopt it from force of habit, without attaching

any very definite idea to it. But for a clergyman of our church to do violence to all his natural feelings, and all the habits of mind induced by education and association in an English university, for such a person to trifle—and to teach others to trifle—in this way, with the Word of God, in support of a baseless superstition,—the end is most likely to be nothing short of Neologianism; nor is it very easy to imagine, that any one thus educated could ever have brought himself to take such liberties with Revelation, unless his regard for truth had, at some former period of his life, been undermined by a semi-infidel system of explaining away the inspired records. The step from English theology to such irreverence for Holy Scripture seems almost unaccountable on any other supposition.

This mode of perverting the language of St. Luke is pursued in a subsequent meditation, the "Day of Modesty." The manner in which Dr. Pusey endeavours to defend the errors of the Romanists in his notes to this passage, is so remarkable, that I think it better to print them along with the words to which they refer:—

Mary is "troubled" by the saying of the Angel, *because, though she is a Virgin, and a Virgin pure as*[1] *Angels,*

[1] "Purer than." Orig. Yet this refers to the time before the Conception. For, *by the Conception, indeed, any one who meditates on the mystery of the Incarnation, must think that the Blessed Virgin has a nearness to* GOD, *closer than that of any other created being*; in the words of St. Gregory the Great, "by

yet he speaks to her of becoming a mother: a second reason of her uneasiness, and a second proof of her excellent modesty. How useful is this example of modesty to Christian virgins, and how it is worthy of their attention!

Be often present in spirit at this Heavenly interview between Mary and the Angel of the LORD; go to the school of wisdom of this wisest and purest of maidens; for there wilt thou learn that modesty which so beseemeth thy sex; there wilt thou learn not to see men, except through necessity, and then even with fear; not to converse with them, except with circumspection; not to reply to them, but with bashfulness; not to hear their praises and their flatteries, except with terror. Deeply engrave on thy heart the portrait of Mary whilst discoursing with the holy Gabriel, albeit he was an Angel sent from GOD; the modesty of her looks, the purity of her sentiments, the exactness of her replies, the disquietude of her mind, and the innocent trouble of her heart, will teach thee, that thou shouldest ever be in fear and trembling, even though thou wert speaking to Angels.

Mary was the purest of Virgins; and *the supreme love she had for her virgin state had separated her from her infancy from the world, in order to consecrate her virginity*[2]

the dignity of her election she transcends all elevation of all elected creatures. Is not Mary a 'high mountain,' who, that she might reach unto the Conception of the Eternal Word, reared the eminence of her attainment above all the choirs of Angels, *even to the Throne of Deity?*" (On 1 Kings, c. 1, § 5.) See others, (as Chrysippus Hieros. A. 455; "*The Heavenly Queen,*") ap. Petav. de Incarn. xiv. 8. [ED.] Dr. Pusey's note.

[2] St. Augustine infers from the answer of the Blessed Virgin (Luke i. 34), that she was under a vow of virginity, *for there had been no ground to marvel had she been betrothed under the ordinary laws of marriage.* "This she would not have said, unless she had previously vowed herself as a Virgin to GOD. But because the customs of the Israelites as yet admitted not of this, she was betrothed to "a just man," who should not by violence rob, but rather guard against the vio-

to GOD *in the Temple.*[3] Judge, then, *if a heart as pure as hers could hear her future motherhood*[4] *spoken of without her modesty being frightened by it*, and without that virgin heart experiencing that interior and mysterious "trouble" which *tinged, even up to her forehead*, those innocent features where her purity and modesty were engraved.

Nevertheless, Mary assents, because GOD commands her to do so by the mouth of this heavenly spirit, and *she is now sure of remaining ever Virgin*, despite her Maternity, and humble, despite her Greatness: and she shows, by declaring herself the "handmaid of the LORD," that obedience to the orders of GOD, and modesty, are blended in her heart.—pp. 132—134.

Now, to any one who has reverence enough for

lent, what she had already vowed. Although had she only said, "How shall this be?" without adding what follows, assuredly she would not have inquired this, how, as a married woman, she shou d bear the promised Son, had she been wedded under the laws of marriage." S. Aug. de S. Virg. c. 4. S. Greg. Nyss. makes the same inference, de die nat. Dom. t. iii. p. 347, quoted by Petav. de Incarn. xiv. c. 5. [ED.] Dr. Pusey's note.

[3] This rests on distinct ground, from *the fact* of the Blessed Virgin's vow of virginity. The earliest statement to this effect is in a history quoted as "apocryphal" by S. Greg. Nyss. l. c., who says, that it is so far authenticated, in that *Holy Scripture shows that she was under a vow* (*vide previous note.*) Tillemont (note v. sur la S. Vierge) disparages the history. There is one very grave historical error in it, that the Mother of S. Mary prayed "within the holy of holies:" else the history has analogy in the offering of Samuel, and the education of Josiah (2 Kings, xi.), and Anna "departed not from the temple," day or night, "for fourscore and four years." S. Ambrose did not know of the history, for he says, "she went not forth from her house, except to the Church" ["Temple," for he is speaking of her early life]. De Virg. ii. 2. 10. Dr. Pusey's note.

[4] "The Angel announces the Birth, but she clings to her Virgin state, judging integrity to be more honourable than the manifestation of the Angel." S. Greg. Nyss. l. c. Dr. Pusey's note.

sacred things to take the Word of God as His Spirit has seen fit to indite it, it really must appear perfectly amazing, how any human being could presume to take such liberties with a Divine Revelation. But the evil lies deeper than this. No person who had any real regard for truth would tamper with any historical document whatever. If we know more of what passed at the Annunciation than St. Luke did, and have private sources of information regarding the history of the Virgin Mary, to which the Evangelists had no access,—let it be said so. But if not, then such treatment of the only authentic records we have, is incompatible with truth and honesty; and, if it gain toleration in the church, it must shake men's faith in the evangelical history altogether. The Evangelists, so far from saying anything that could lead to the notion of Mary's having taken a vow of virginity, will tell us that she was a wife. Her astonishment at the words of the Angel needs no further explanation, than she was still in the period of betrothment. And this would be obvious to any one, who had not allowed himself to indulge his imagination in fanciful and mystical explanations. It is worth while to compare with this passage of Dr. Pusey's adaptation, Mr. Oakeley's account of the matter in his translation of Bonaventure. One or two sentences I have transcribed already; but it is well to put the whole passage before the reader, not only on account of its

similarity to Dr. Pusey's meditation, but as a specimen of the manner in which this school treats the Holy Scriptures:—

When the fulness of time was now come, the Everblessed Trinity having decreed to redeem mankind by the Incarnation of the WORD, it pleased ALMIGHTY GOD to summon to Him the Archangel Gabriel, and send him to Nazareth, *to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the Virgin's name was Mary.* Gabriel, with a calm and beaming countenance, reverently and devoutly prostrate before the Throne of God, listens to the gracious message, and accepts the embassy. Then, rising on the wings of joy, he quits the heavenly courts, and is instantly present, in human shape, before the Virgin Mary, whom he discovers in the innermost retreat of her lowly dwelling. Yet not so rapid was his flight, but that *the Blessed Trinity, preventing their ambassador, was in the dwelling before him.*

For you must know, that although the Person of the Son alone was made Man, yet the Whole Blessed Trinity took part in His Incarnation, the Father and the Holy Ghost co-operating with the Son in this august mystery. Here then be specially attentive, and try to embrace all that passes, as if present at the sacred scene. O what scope may not be afforded for your meditation in that lowly dwelling, where *such Personages* are assembled, and such unutterable Mysteries accomplished! For though the Holy Trinity be undoubtedly always everywhere present, yet, in this place, on this occasion, you must conceive It present in a more especial way, by reason of the unspeakable work then and there effected. The Angel Gabriel, then, *this faithful proxy* of the heavenly Bridegroom, having come into the presence of the blessed Virgin, thus began his message: "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women." To which, not a little disturbed, she made no answer. Her disturbance,

however, proceeded not from any guilty confusion within her; nor could it be occasioned by the sight of the Angel, for *to such sights she was well accustomed.* But, in the words of the Evangelist, "*She was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be,*" so unlike *his u ual manner of greeting her.* Nor could the lowly Virgin be otherwise than disturbed at the threefold praise contained in this salutation. To hear herself commended because full of grace, because the Lord was with her, and she blessed above all women, was more than one so rich in humility could bear without a blush of emotion. Her discomposure then was wholly the effect of a virtuous and becoming bashfulness. Moreover, she was not without fear of giving too easy credence to the tidings. Not that she mistrusted in the least the Angel's word; but it is ever the manner of the truly humble rather to dwell upon their failings than to weigh their merits, and thus continually to advance towards perfection by taking little account of their high attainments in holiness, and greatly magnifying their least defects. Thus, as became a prudent, fearful, and modest Virgin, our blessed Lady remained silent; for what could she find to answer? Learn from her example the study and practice of silence; for a virtue it is of great price, and serviceable withal. Not till she had heard the Angel *twice* deliver his wondrous message, could she prevail on herself to make any answer; so odious a thing in a virgin is talkativeness. Then the Angel, understanding the reason of her trouble, said, "*Fear not, Mary,* be not abashed by the praises I utter; they are but truth: for thou art not only full of grace thyself, but art to be the means of restoring all mankind to the grace of God, which they have lost. For behold thou shalt conceive, and bring forth the Son of the Highest. He, who has chosen thee to be His Mother, shall save all who put their trust in Him." Then the blessed Virgin, waiving the subject of her praises, *was*

desirous of knowing how all this could come to pass, without the loss of her virgin purity. She, therefore, *inquired of the Angel the manner of the Conception*, "*How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? I have dedicated myself to my Lord by a vow of perpetual virginity.*" "It shall be done (replied the Angel) by the operation of the Holy Ghost, who, in an unspeakable manner, shall overshadow thee, so that by this power thou shalt conceive, *without prejudice to thy virgin purity:* and therefore shall thy son be called the Son of God," &c.—Life of Christ, pp. 9—11.

As I have already stated, I have transcribed this passage here, chiefly on account of its giving the same turn to the Virgin's question as Dr. Pusey does; but the manner in which plain, palpable fictions are foisted into the narrative—such as, that Mary had been *well accustomed* to see visions of Angels, and that she required the Angel to deliver his message *twice*—is exceedingly illustrative of the want of reverence for Scripture and the disregard for truth, which is so continually to be deplored in the writings of this party.

The fable of the Virgin Mary having lived from her childhood in the Temple is repeated by Dr. Pusey in a subsequent meditation, the "Day of Obedience," in this "Guide for passing Advent Holily." The passage contains a variety of circumstances for which the author had to draw on his imagination; for truly, the text itself, "Mary went into the hill country with haste," gave him but small assistance.

Obedience ought to be willing to undertake everything,

even impossibilities: that of Mary was indeed devoted, and could neither be abated by *the steepness of the mountains*, nor *the exceeding heat of the season*, nor by *the tenderness of her age*, nor by *the delicacy of her constitution*, nor by the difficulty of the journey.

How pleasant a sight was it to see this youthful virgin, *scarcely advanced beyond childhood*, courageously walking through *deserts and over mountains*, despite *the extreme heat!* What effect must not the *burning warmth of the sun have had upon her!* for (it is said) since she was three years old she had never before come out of the Temple; and so *this would be her first journey;* but in obedience did she find resources against her weakness; so true is it that he who obeys with readiness and courage finds nothing difficult.—p. 149.

Dr. Pusey has put a note to this passage to inform his reader that he had added the short parenthesis "(it is said.)" It seems he does not choose to vouch for the truth of the fable of the Virgin's residence in the Temple. But why not? No doubt, the temple was not at Nazareth, and Mary was not at Jerusalem;—yet, surely, as far as reverence for Holy Scripture or regard for truth is concerned, this is but a trivial matter amidst such a crowd of mere inventions. "The steepness of the mountains," "the deserts," "the exceeding heat of the season," "the tenderness of her age," "scarcely advanced beyond childhood," "her first journey"—what authority is there for all these particulars? But, what matter? They are edifying; they serve to make up a pleasant sight, and an example of obedience (though what *obedience* had to do with the

matter Dr. Pusey has not explained,) and if so, we may piously imagine them. There *may* have been steep mountains and deserts to be passed; the season *may* have been exceedingly hot; and this *may* have been her first journey, (she must have taken a *first* journey some time or other, and why not then?)—she *may* have had a delicate constitution; and she *may* have been so young as to have scarcely advanced beyond childhood. In effect, as Mr. Oakeley would say:—"You cannot prove me wrong, nor suggest any alteration which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable. And, at last, what great harm, though I be mistaken? I do no violence to the sacred text; I am guilty of no irreverence towards the holy Persons in question, for reverence towards them is the very basis of my supposition: [a theory which would go far towards justifying idolatry, pious frauds, and what not] and for myself, I rise from such meditation, as I trust, holier and better than I went to it; more indifferent to the world, more dissatisfied with myself, and fuller of love to God and my brethren."*

It may be so: but yet, when these men have succeeded in persuading themselves and their disciples, that, provided they *trust* they are benefited by their religious exercises, it is immaterial whether truth or falsehood form the basis of their devotions, —that it is lawful to take such liberties as these

* Life of Christ, pref. p. vii.

with the Word of God,—and that, when called to account, it is enough to say, "I do no violence to the sacred text—I am guilty of no irreverence to holy persons"—when they have reduced their consciences, and the consciences of their followers, to this state, it can require no great sagacity to foresee that a reaction will take place, such as, in all likelihood, will leave matters, in more particulars than one, in a worse state than before this movement commenced. However the question may be mystified, it is beyond all controversy, that he, who teaches men to trifle with truth, to mix up fact and fiction with their devotions, to seek edification in the flights of a poetical imagination, and to take liberties with the letter of the Word of God—however he may impose on himself by a forced solemnity of manner, by devotional raptures, by mental habits, or by the practice of ascetic mortification—is, in reality, doing the work of the enemy of truth and righteousness, and is undermining men's belief in the religion of the Son of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. PUSEY'S AFFECTIVE PARAPHRASES—THE SIXTH GENERAL COUNCIL.

In a subsequent part of this Guide for passing Advent, there are some "Affective Paraphrases" to "occupy the mind during the day and festival of Christmas." The fourth of these is worth transcribing as a specimen of the sort of devotion which Dr. Pusey thinks it desirable to recommend to the use of the members of the church of England. He has carried his licence of *adaptation* here, (as in other places, it would seem,) to a considerable extent. On the fourth paraphrase, which shall be given presently, he puts the following note:

> The following "Paraphrases" to the 12th inclusive, have been altered from Invocations of the Blessed Virgin to prayers to our Lord, the words being, as far as might be, retained.—Ed.—p. 216.

One might have supposed that finding a prayer to the Virgin, he would have felt it more decent to omit it; and that the bare fact of the same form, mutatis mutandis, being equally suited for an address to the Almighty, and to one of his creatures, would have led him to seek some more wholesome provision for the spiritual wants of a Christian [illegible]h. Yet this does not appear to have struck [illegible]ll; and really when one has read the address,

as he now gives it in his adaptation, it cannot seem very wonderful that it did not. The wonder is, how any one, brought up in the church of England, could endure such an effusion for a moment, even in its present shape.

TEXT.

"Joseph also went up with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child." (Luke ii. 4, 5.)

PARAPHRASE IV.

O my Saviour, Thy Divine Mother was a meet depositary of the most rich and sacred of all treasures; *a goodly chariot bearing the King of kings within her chaste womb; a bed of state, a bed of joy whereon Thou my Saviour mightest repose*, Thou Who art hereafter to be the Spouse of Virgins, of holy souls, and of the whole Church; *the most sacred of all Temples which ever has been, or will be; a holy Altar whereon Thou the Immortal God hast placed Thyself*, clothed with that flesh of ours, which was of the substance of Thy Virgin Mother; with deepest reverence do I adore Thee, O my Saviour, in Thy Divine fulness, which is meet to be adored, not by mankind alone, but by all the Heavenly Host; Thou fillest all things, and Thou art, as Thy well-beloved disciple saith, "full of grace and truth," for Thou art GOD, though *hidden beneath a double veil, even that of Thine Own and of Thy Mother's flesh, O Adorable Fulness!* now our only hope, and for ever the joy of all who have been, who are, and who will be, to the end of time, if they correspond thereto by their faithfulness.

O Infinite Fulness! Whose sacred stream of grace and mercy I am sure of receiving if I am found worthy. Ah, holy JESUS! *surely no sanctuary on earth is so sacred or so worthy of all reverence as was the Virgin at once and Maternal Womb of Thy Mother, since it contained Thee our God and Saviour*, the Lord of Heaven and of earth.

Be gracious unto us, O Immortal God! who now abhorrest not the Virgin's womb, and art *about to be born* for the salvation of all men. Translate us, we most earnestly beseech Thee, from the strict tribunal of Thy Justice to that of Thy Divine Mercy; and this we beg, for the sake of Thy glorious name, Jesus.—pp. 216, 217.

This may be catholicity. One begins almost to doubt the evidence of one's senses;—but if such an effusion had been heard from the lips of the wildest fanatic or ranter, it would have been thought rather extravagant. However—again and again it must be repeated—this is a secondary consideration. Is such language scriptural? Is it true? Is it consistent with reverence—is it lawful or innocent—to offer up prayers to the Son of God, as if he were yet unborn? Dr. Pusey and his party may consider it edifying; but if it be false and unscriptural, the feelings it excites, in minds capable of feeling anything but disgusted by it, are and must be nothing better than delusion.

The meditation proceeds—

TEXT.

"Joseph also went up with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child." (Luke ii. 4, 5.)

PARAPHRASE V.

Be Thou borne, O Son of Righteousness, until Thy rising; but, oh! rise quickly, Thou pure and shining Light, Light eternal, in Whom is no darkness, and Who art to lighten all men in the paths of righteousness and of salvation. Show us Thy Face, O my God and Saviour, which as yet Thou hidest, which the Angels so ardently

desire to look upon, and which the Prophets call the "Desired of all nations," "and we shall be saved." Reveal to our eyes that Infant Flesh, more pure than the heavenly spirits, which is to be the instrument of our bliss.

Be thou borne, O Heavenly and glorious Burden, *as far as Bethlehem; no hindrance art Thou to her who beareth Thee on Thy journey: for rather dost Thou upbear her by Thy grace and Divine virtue*, since Thou, Who art her Son, art yet the Almighty GOD: portans a quo portaberis. (S. Bern. Serm.)

But remember, O sweet JESUS! that *for us Thou art borne, and for us too wilt Thou be born*, and live and die, and thus work out our redemption. *Far more noble, indeed, and more sublime is the manner in which Thou dost work out that of Thy Holy Mother, by preventing her from falling:* ours Thou wilt work out, upraising us when fallen; be merciful to us, O merciful Saviour; be Thou our Mediator, according to Thy Name of "Mediator," between GOD and man. Thou who wert born for us in time, grant that at this holy season we may again be born in Thee by new fervour, and may never more be separated from Thee, either in time or in eternity.[2]—pp. 217, 218.

Of course, as Dr. Pusey thinks it necessary that the Virgin Mary should have possessed more than angelic purity, because from her the Lord was to receive the blood which he was to shed for the sins of the world, it is not to be wondered at, that he should believe the Virgin was *prevented from falling*, or that her redemption was worked out in a more noble and more sublime manner than ours. He adds the following note to this passage:—

[2] Some of the Greek fathers of greatest name made no

scruple to infer from some words of Holy Scripture, that S. Mary was not exempt from slight infirmities (as S. Basil, S. Chrysostom, and S. Cyril of Alexandria, Amphilochius also, besides Origen and Tertullian). In the west, Pelagius first makes mention of her sinlessness with other righteous persons, but with the remarkable addition "whom piety must needs confess to be free from sin." S. Aug. in answer, sets the question aside, not as certain but as irreverent to discuss: "Expecting [*sic*, a misprint for *excepting*] then, the Holy Virgin Mary, of whom, out of reverence to the Lord, I will make no mention, when the question is of sin; for how know we what greater grace to conquer all sin was conferred on her, to whom it was vouchsafed to conceive and bear Him, of Whom it is certain that He had no sin." This hint and natural feeling seem to have been followed in the Western Church, although Eadmer (A. 1121.) still speaks of her being cleansed at the Incarnation, "from any remains, if such there were, of original or actual sin." The Council of Trent *does not so much rule it, as declares it to be the received belief of the Church*; "No one can, his whole life through, avoid all even venial sins, except by a special privilege of GOD, *as the Church holds of the Blessed Virgin.*" The statement of Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, *that Mary was holy, pure, God-minded, free from all spot in body, soul, and understanding*, was received by the sixth Œcumenical Council, *and so by us also.* (From Pet. de Inc. xiv. 1.)—[ED.]—pp. 218, 219.

It is exceedingly painful to express a doubt of any man's integrity of whom one would hope better things. And, indeed, we must always recollect, that trifling with truth and manufacturing authorities, when grown into a habit, may lead a man to do that, almost unconsciously, which in another, would be nothing less than deliberate dishonesty

and fraud. Any one but moderately experienced in controversial writing, will have had abundant opportunity of confirming the truth of this observation. Does Dr. Pusey mean to assert, that the church of England, since the Reformation, has ever committed itself to the doctrine, that Mary was "free from all spot in body, soul, and understanding?" It seems scarcely credible, and yet the last sentence in this note seems to imply this. However, this is not the first time that Dr. Pusey has asserted that the sixth general council is received by the church of England. I think it right to notice this, because it affords an instance of the manner in which authorities are alleged by this party.

In his letter to Dr. Jelf, he states, that "our Church receives the six Œcumenical Councils;" and in proof of this, he says, in a note, "the homilies speak of these six councils, which were allowed and received by all men;" and cites the homily against Peril of Idolatry. But, any one who will turn to the homily will see, that, however a few words thus picked out of their context may be made in this way to serve a purpose, the homily makes no assertion whatever about the church of England having received any of the six general councils—but merely states the estimation in which the six councils were held in the eighth century. The point aimed at in the homily is, to show the cause of the schism between the Greeks and Latins—and it ascribes its

origin to the offence which the Greeks took, in consequence of Constantine, Bishop of Rome, having—

> caused the images of the ancient fathers, which had been at those six councils *which were allowed and received of all men*, to be painted in the entry of St. Peter's Church, at Rome.

From which it is plain, that the words on which Dr. Pusey relies, are most unfairly cited by him, it being obvious to any one who will read the sentence and context with attention, that the sole object of the words, "which were allowed and received of all men," is to show that the displeasure of the Greeks did not arise from their making any question as to the authority or orthodoxy of any one of the six councils—but from the fact of images having been painted in a church. The words can mean nothing else—and if Dr. Pusey had but observed, that the homilist does not say, "*the* six Councils which *are* allowed and received of all men,"—but "*those* six Councils which *were* allowed and received of all men,"—he must have seen that to cite them as he has done, is to give them a meaning which they cannot bear. But even if the word had been "*are*" and not "*were*," how could the homily serve his *present* purpose? In 1841, he cited the homily in order to help towards establishing his unfounded distinction between General and Œcumenical Councils. Now, he cites it to support the Romish doctrine of the sinlessness of the Virgin Mary.

But, supposing the words of the homily had been intended to declare that "our Church *receives* the six Œcumenical Councils,"—as Dr. Pusey cites it,—suppose the homily to pledge our church to all the doctrines determined in every one of them—and even to exclude these six (as he will have it) from the number of those general councils which the article declares "have erred," how will this serve his present purpose? Does he really mean it to be believed, that by any such general reception of the council, the church of England could be committed to every word in the letter of Sophronius?* If not, what end can this reference to the sixth council serve, except to impose on his reader, in a manner which has too much appearance of disingenuousness?

This, however, is a digression. Still it will help to show by what arts superstitions and errors are now sought to be propagated.

Our business just now is with Dr. Pusey's adaptation from Avrillon: and for the present, it will suffice to extract another passage from these paraphrases. Whether it be the Lord or his Mother, who is most honoured in them, it is not easy to say; but we can hardly avoid remembering, that Dr. Pusey has in-

* As to the meaning of Sophronius' words, I have not thought it worth while to enter on that question here. Whatever they mean, it is preposterous to attempt to make the Church of England appear pledged to them. Dr. Pusey seems to have taken them at second-hand, from Petavius the Jesuit.

formed us, they were, originally, invocations of the Virgin:—

TEXT.

"And she brought forth her first-born Son." (Luke ii. 7.)

PARAPHRASE X.

O blessed JESUS, Thou the Saviour of all mankind, art now brought forth, Thou Who art the Virgin's Son: Thou camest forth from her chaste womb, but Thou didst not depart from her heart, Thou didst not cease to abide in her: now art Thou beneath her eyes, now art Thou the Object of all her pleasure; Thou didst permit her the honour of embracing Thee, of bestowing on Thee a thousand loving and holy kisses, of closely pressing Thee to her venerable bosom, which hath borne Thee, and wherein Thy Holy Flesh was formed; of nourishing Thee now with her own substance, giving Thee the food of her breast, on which depends Thy Life, O Thou Author of Life. Thou didst give her the enjoyment of Thy first tender love; GOD as Thou art, Thou didst owe this to her, for as she was Thy Mother, and Thou hadst not man for father, Thou didst derive from her alone Thy Body and Thy Blood.

She then, O my LORD, was, at the blessed moment of Thy Nativity, Thy first worshipper, as she is now, too, the first and most perfect of those who love Thee. She only, of the whole world, had a right to adore "That which was born of her." What in any other creature would have been an abominable idolatry, deserving the extremest punishment, is in her a rightful worship, and obtaineth for her everlasting crowns, because she was not the mother of man only, but also the Mother of GOD; *and in this glorious quality Thou wilt not admit the Angels of Heaven, or the kings of earth, until after her, to offer Thee, O Divine Saviour, their homage and their adorations.*

TEXT.

"And she brought forth her first-born Son." (Luke ii. 7.)

PARAPHRASE XI.

What honour and what a glorious distinction hast Thou bestowed upon Thy holy Mother, O blessed LORD, *in making of her own blood the rightful object of her adoration, the material, the instrument, and the Author of her own redemption*, in that she brought forth Thee, O JESUS, Who art her Son, her GOD, her Saviour! Thus did she ever have the consolation, both during the whole course of her life, and now during an endless eternity, of adoring the Fruit of her chaste womb, of having concurred in Its production as Its only source, so that no other mortal could partake with her in this privilege. *Thou didst redeem her by this same Blood, Which, before It flowed in Thy Veins*, O Adorable Son of GOD, *did first flow in hers.*

Her redemption was more glorious than that of other men; *in her it anticipated falling*, and *she had no sins to weep over*, whilst we can but offer to GOD a liberty whose beginning was soiled by sin. Such, O All-Holy Son of a holy and a Virgin Mother, was the glorious privilege which thou didst accord. But remember, O Blessed Jesus, that Thou, the Son of Man, deignest to call us brethren; that Thou hast redeemed Thy brethren by Thy Blood, and that I am one of them. Yet will Thy Name, Thy mark, Thy Sacraments, avail us not, unless we imitate Thee; O let us not bear Thy Holy Name to our punishment; conform us, O LORD, to the holy poverty of Thy Manger, that we may be united to Thy true worshippers; choose for us, LORD, what, for love of us, Thou chosest for Thyself; destroy in us what Thou hatest, and love in us Thy likeness which Thou givest.

TEXT.

"And she brought forth her first-born Son." (Luke ii. 7.)

PARAPHRASE XII.

Adorable JESUS, I see Thy Mother in the stable prostrate at Thy Feet, at the moment that Thou wert born of her pure Womb, in posture the most humble, and as if the least and vilest of all creatures, albeit she was thy Mother: for thou art at once her GOD and her Son, and the adoration she offers Thee, although she was the most favoured of all creatures, teaches me what I owe Thee, my GOD and my Saviour. *Let her go still further, O Holy Child, let her wholly give herself up to sweet transports of joy and love: let her take Thee in her arms; let her, after adoring Thee, caress Thee with all the tenderness with which a mother's love can inspire her; let her closely press Thee, her Divine and beloved Child, upon her maternal bosom, and unite her lips to Thine by a multitude of holy kisses.*

She had more right to do this than the Spouse in the sacred Canticles, who yet had the boldness to ask this of her spouse; this was her privilege, whilst *we sinners* consider ourselves too much honoured if Thou suffer us to remain humbly prostrate at Thine Infant Feet; let her there take Thee, O Holy Child JESUS (as the daughter of Pharaoh said to the mother of the young Moses), and *nourish Thee up for me*, that so Thou mayest hereafter teach me those Divine Truths which will proceed out of Thy Mouth, in order to instruct me in the ways of Heaven, and to finish the great work of my redemption.

I hope it is needless to make any comment on such writing. It would be sad, indeed, to think that it could be read by many with any other feeling than disgust and horror. What would Dr. Pusey himself have said of such a document in 1841?

CHAPTER XVII.

MEDITATION—DR. PUSEY'S ADAPTATIONS—AVRILLON'S GUIDE FOR PASSING LENT HOLILY—THE DESIGN OF THESE ADAPTATIONS.

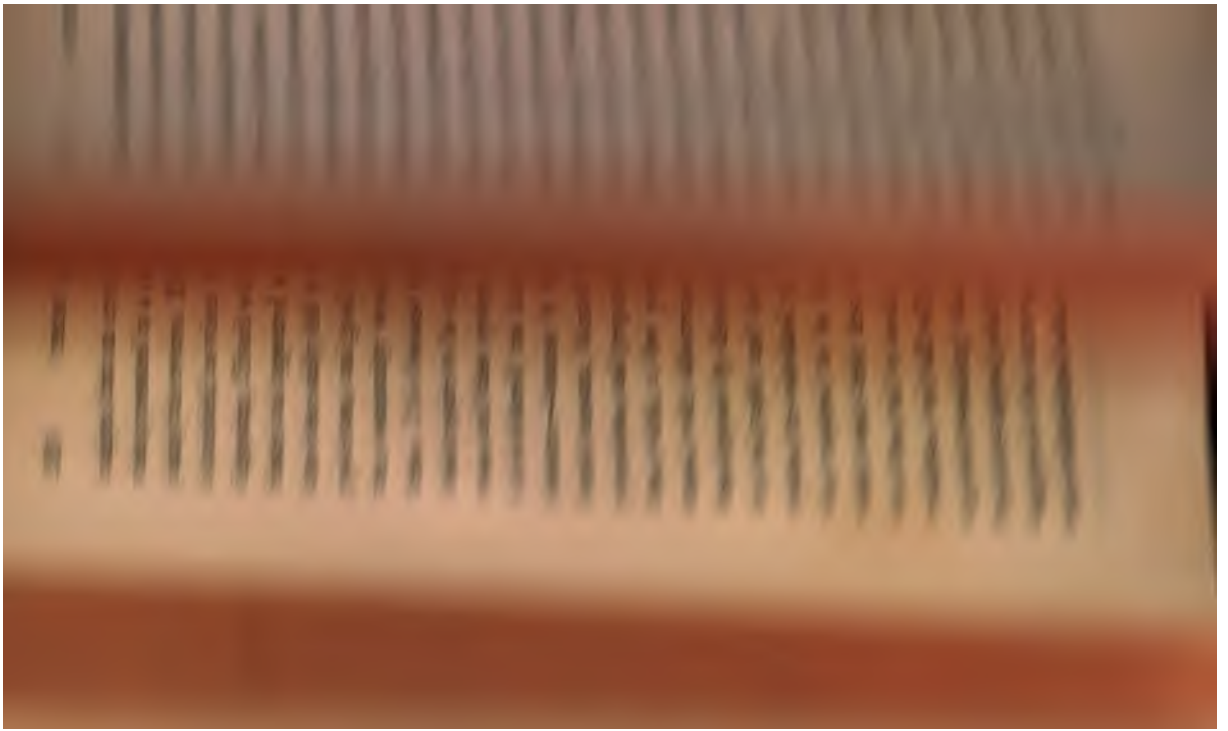
FROM what I have already laid before my reader it may be gathered, that Dr. Pusey entertains no serious objection to the system of meditation advocated by Mr. Oakeley. At least, any one who has read the extracts I have made from his adaptations of Avrillon will not think such a supposition uncharitable or unfair. However, in fact, there is no need of discussing this question, as Dr. Pusey has himself taken an opportunity, in one of his late publications, of defending the system.

The passage I refer to is in the preface to his adaptation of another work of Avrillon's:—

A Guide for passing Lent Holily, in which is found for each day, Advice as to Practice, a Meditation and Thoughts on the Gospel for the Day, and Passages from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers; with a Collect, and one point in the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Avrillon. Translated from the French, and *adapted to the use of the English Church.*

In the preface to this volume, Dr. Pusey plainly avows his approval of the method of tampering with Holy Scripture, which is now recommended by this party under the name of Meditation;—and on precisely the same ground as Mr. Oakeley has taken.

But, before I quote what he says on this subject, it will be necessary to transcribe another passage, which occurs earlier in the preface. I have already observed, that Dr. Pusey avows that these books are not merely *translations*, but that he has *adapted* them to the use of the English church; and by the fact of his professing them to be *adaptations*, and still more by the *alterations* and *omissions* which he is continually acknowledging, he has obviously made himself responsible for their contents, in a way very different to what he would have done had he confined himself to a mere *translation*. Not that I mean by this, that he would have incurred *no* responsibility by editing mere translations, and sending them forth to the public with the sanction of his name. To select the works of foreign writers, and translate them with never so rigid a fidelity, and then publish them, in order that they may be read by the members of the church of England, and used as helps for their private devotions, could not be done without incurring a very serious responsibility indeed. And I am far from insinuating, that if Dr. Pusey had confined himself to this, and people had afterwards cited his translations, as proofs of the nature and tendency of the system he is endeavouring to propagate, he would have been so disingenuous as to say,—"I am not responsible for anything in these books; they are mere translations. I have done nothing more than edit them, and given my



language, opinions, or even his authorities, have survived the process of *adaptation.*

Some persons may be disposed to question, whether it be fair to take such liberties with the writings of any man, especially since, after all this transmutation, the books still carry their authors' names upon the title page. But whether such treatment of the writings of the dead be fair or not, it surely is not an unreasonable question to ask—Why one should pitch on works which required so much alteration to make them safe? Why not write new ones? Why not reprint some of the devotional writings of our own divines? This I consider a question of real importance, because the answer will help to throw light on the character of the movement.

From what Dr. Pusey states in the preface to this Guide to Lent, regarding his object in making these adaptations, it would seem that *English* theology could furnish nothing suited to his purpose.

> The object of the following little work, and of any others of the like sort which it may be permitted to the Editor to publish, is to meet, as far as may be, some of the wants which the mighty stirring of minds within our church for some time past has created.—Guide to Lent, Pref. p. v.

Which is a plain acknowledgment, that the wants and cravings created by the movement he has been engaged in carrying on, are not to be supplied by the writings of the divines of the English church. Still, it may be asked, why not meet these wants by

compositions of his own, or of his friends? Are these new wants of such a nature as the Tracts for the Times, and the poetry and sermons of the tract writers and their associates, are inadequate to meet and satisfy? In a word, why resort to the writings of Roman catholics? Because, it appears, these new wants are such, as are not to be adequately supplied by the writers of a church which has not monastic orders and sacramental confession. So Dr. Pusey himself will inform us in this same Preface.

The Editor, then, wished to minister through others what he was not qualified to provide himself. Directions as to holy seasons, contemplations of our Lord, guidance in the habits of meditation and mental prayer, to self-knowledge, to penitence, the spiritual life, the bearing of His Cross and conformity to Him, holy performance of the ordinary actions of daily life, Divine love, enlarged and deeper views of the Christian graces, were objects on which he wished to furnish such assistance as he might, for those who hunger after it.

For both the large heads, under which these and the like wants would fall,—contemplation and self-discipline,—the spiritual writers of foreign Churches have, as yet, some obvious advantages over our own;—for the discipline and knowledge of self, through that knowledge of the human heart which results from habitual confession; for contemplation, in the Monastic Orders, as joining, in all cases, contemplation and mental prayer with charity and mortification.—Guide to Lent, Pref. pp. x. xi.

This being the case, Dr. Pusey has taken up the writings of Surin the Jesuit, Avrillon the Friar, and we are promised, in due time, the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius Loyola. Still, dissatisfied

with *all* churches, even the writings of his new allies require to be subjected to the crucible of adaptation. To what extent, then, has Dr. Pusey gone in this process? Further on in this Preface he makes the following statement:—

With regard to doctrine, there was little in the present work which created any difficulty. A very few sentences only (as far as the Editor recollects) have been omitted or modified. And generally, in books of the Continental churches there are two distinct classes; some having so little of what is foreign, or would be painful to us, that one should hardly be aware that they were not written for our own people; others, in which what is distressing or would be strange to us meets us everywhere. Yet, *to mention, once for all, the plan pursued as to these works*, the Editor could not think it consistent with the commission he had received as a Pastor in this portion of the Lord's flock, to lay aside the office of guidance with which, however unworthy, he was, by the condescension of God, invested. He could not, as far as in him lay, *turn any of the little ones in the Church adrift* into a large pasture *to discriminate for themselves.* He has thought it his duty to *omit not only what he could not himself receive, but even some things which he could, which yet, he thought, would have been most naturally, from whatever cause, in us or in them, misconstrued. Such omissions it seemed inexpedient even to mark.* To insert them any how, was to raise the very questions which he wished to remove from the mind; to retain, but to guard them, would have been to turn books of practical religion into controversy. To what end to speak of the supremacy of Rome, when the question is of men's souls, of avoiding the snares of self-esteem and self-display, and living the hidden life with Christ in God? Controversy, as taking men off themselves and their own souls, has become a sore evil of the day. Without, it is, through the

overruling Providence of God, working what He wills; it were to aggravate the evils incident to it, to admit it into the province of the inward life.

These omissions, or even such few changes as have been ventured upon, in no way affect the general meaning of the Authors. Even in those few places in which it seemed desirable to modify a particular expression (and these have, as matter of honesty, been acknowledged,) still (it need scarcely be said) no expression has been introduced foreign to the tone of mind of the writer,—nothing which he might not acknowledge as his own. Indeed, the very words have, as nearly as possible, been retained. These changes seemed, then, to do the writers no injustice, even as they thought of these subjects while yet on earth. Rather, since it has been thought that departed saints receive an accession of bliss from the fruit of their labours, even after they have themselves rested from them, and since "there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and Holy Scripture says of our Blessed Lord himself, that "He saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied," so one cannot but think that in that abode of love those blessed spirits must rejoice in benefiting those from whom, when on earth, they seemed estranged; and that, longing that He only, Whom they love, should be glorified, would joy in thus aiding to win souls, or to bring them closer to Him, the Lord of the One Church, to Whom all live.

The Editor felt no scruple then, in considering the state of our church alone, *in any adaptations which Christian wisdom or tenderness seemed to require.* The *works* thus adapted, cannot, it must be thought, promote sympathy with doctrines which do not occur in them.—Guide to Lent, Pref. pp. xiv.—xvii.

And as to any objection which might be made to his having selected *Roman-catholic* publications, he goes on to say:—

With regard to the other possible objection, an *undue* sympathy with the Churches from whom we are separated, any such sympathy as would lead persons to forget their duties to the Church wherein God in his mercy has placed them, and undervalue His exceeding mercies to them in her and through her, would indeed be very miserable. Yet such an abuse is to be corrected by other means, not by mere ignorance of God's gifts to other branches of the Church, or by the refusal to profit by those gifts when fitted to ourselves. On the contrary, since an especial grace is promised to the lowly, and love is the first-fruit of the Spirit, it must even be a benefit, if, as time goes on, any such publications should contribute *to a kindlier feeling towards those Churches* through whose members we have been benefited, or *a more instructed estimate* both of ourselves and of them. An increasing tone of humility is one of the most hopeful signs in God's dealings with our Church. So may one hope, that as we humble ourselves, He will exalt her to the office which, in the course of His Providence, He seems to have marked out for her.—Guide to Lent, Pref. pp. xvii., xviii.

From all which, it is plain, that Dr. Pusey expects and desires these books to produce in their readers' minds a higher opinion of the church of Rome, and a lower opinion of the church of England,—or what he would call "a more instructed estimate" of both. But, as to his own concurrence with the *doctrines* taught in these works, and particularly in the work immediately under notice, the Guide to passing Lent Holily, "there was *little*," he says, "which created any difficulty." And as to its present state, he has subjected his author to so severe a course of adaptation—in order to render the book precisely

what he thinks it desirable to provide for the present wants of the public—that he has pruned away from the original, "not only what he could not himself receive, but even some things which he could, which yet, he thought, would have been most naturally, from whatever cause, in us or in them, misconstrued."*

If, then, this book shall be found to contain statements which contradict the doctrine of the church of England, and to prescribe a pattern of devotion hostile to the tone and spirit of the English liturgy, —in effect, no matter what it shall be found to contain,—Dr. Pusey has here deliberately and distinctly made himself responsible for it all. Had there been anything in what he has published which he could not receive, he declares that he would have omitted it—he should have "thought his duty" to omit it—he should have considered it inconsistent with his commission as a Christian pastor to have retained it, or to have turned "any of the little ones in the church adrift into a large pasture to discriminate for themselves." Nay, he has omitted, "not only what he could not himself receive, but even some things which he could, which yet, he thought, would have been most naturally, from whatever cause, in us or in them, misconstrued." From which it plainly

* The whole of this passage can hardly fail to remind the reader of Mr. Oakeley's account of his mode of preparing Bonaventure's Life of Christ for the English public.

follows, that if some persons should feel scruples at anything he *has* retained, he must either consider such scruples as undeserving of much consideration, or else he imagines the church of England to be in such a state, that there are not many to whose minds such scruples are likely to occur.

What is taught in this work on Lent, will be plain, from the extracts I shall in the next chapter proceed to lay before the reader.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. PUSEY'S DEFENCE OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDITATION—HIS MEDITATION ON THE CRUCIFIXION—MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATION ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE first place is due to the theory of Meditation. As I have already observed, enough has been transcribed already, to show, that Dr. Pusey does not disapprove of what his party call *meditation*. If he had thought it sinful to make additions to the sacred text in order to render it more edifying, of course, he never would have published what I have extracted from his adaptation of Avrillon's work on Advent. But in his preface to this work on Lent, he undertakes to defend the principle,—and that precisely on the ground taken by Mr. Oakeley. The plan of the work includes Meditations on the Lord's Passion,—"one point" of which is made to form the subject of meditation each day during Lent. The liberties which these meditations take with the gospel narrative I hope to notice hereafter. But, from the preface, it is evident Dr. Pusey felt that some persons were not prepared to receive such a mode of treating the Holy Scriptures, and therefore he has thought it necessary to meet the objection in this manner—

In the very contemplation of those awful sufferings, there will probably be a difference between the mode in

which most recent foreign writers dwell upon them, and our own, arising, it is to be feared, *from our want of the habit of meditation.* The foreign writers dwell (sometimes, it seems, almost too exclusively) on the visible Sufferings of our Lord; the habit of most of us has probably been to think only of His bearing the wrath of the Father. Yet both have been made known to us; and the very fulness of the Gospels in dwelling upon those Sufferings, is a plain indication to us *how we ought to meditate upon them. Even where circumstances are not actually told, since, if we think of them at all, we must think of them as taking place in some way, we cannot help, in our own minds, supplying them;* and *we may accept thankfully any suggestions which enable us to supply them reverently.* Thus, where it is said, in this little book, (p. 280,) that our Blessed Lord stretched out His Right Hand graciously, when laid upon the Cross, it seems *scarcely an addition* to Holy Scripture; it harmonizes with it and His Divine Meekness. So, again, with regard to what is so much dwelt upon, the Effusion of His Sacred Blood; it is involved in what Holy Scripture tells us. The disfiguring of His Form is the most literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah. (Ch. liii.) On the other hand, we must be careful, while dwelling upon his Bodily Sufferings, to keep in mind those which we can still less understand, and which foreign writers seem sometimes on the verge of passing over. Thus the present writer, in speaking of the words, "I thirst," although he quotes the prophecy of which these words were the fulfilment, almost seems, in his wish to set those Sufferings before us, to forget that the words were said in order to fulfil that prophecy—to represent them as too much direct and natural results of those Sufferings. There seems a risk, in a word, *lest such representations become too human.* But our tendency *is all the other way;* and this is said, as well that we may not take offence at what we have not, as that we may not part with what we have.—Guide to Lent, Preface, xlii., xliii.

Here then is Mr. Oakeley's principle distinctly avowed—

Even where circumstances are not actually told, since, if we think of them at all, we must think of them as taking place in some way, we cannot help, in our own minds, supplying them; and *we may accept thankfully any suggestions which enable us to supply them reverently.*

"If we think of them all."—But why should we think of them? Why should we not resist such thoughts, if they do, at any time, force themselves on the imagination? Is it not as much our duty to expel them on the instant, as to resist any other temptation? And why should we not draw back our foot, whenever the silence of inspiration warns us to beware of intruding into what the Almighty has seen fit to conceal? But really I cannot help asking,—what notion can men have of *reverence* who talk of *reverently supplying* what common sense tells them may be totally false, and what, if it be true, the wisdom and goodness of the Author of Revelation has thought it expedient for them to be ignorant of? There is no reverence in such feelings. It is a miserable delusion. Reverence would as certainly keep men from presuming to take such liberties with the Holy Scriptures, as honesty and the fear of God will keep any one who has much of either, from feeling any wish to trifle with truth on any subject, or any pleasure in falsifying historical documents of any sort. According to Dr. Pusey, to say, "that our blessed Lord stretched out His Right

Hand graciously, when laid upon the Cross," seems *scarcely an addition* to Holy Scripture." But, what confusion of a very plain question! It *is* an addition to Holy Scripture—or it is not. If it be, why not say at once,—"I think myself at liberty to make additions to Holy Scripture, whenever I imagine that my doing so will render the volume more edifying and better fitted to meet the wants of the human soul,"—instead of endeavouring to evade the guilt of such an act of daring irreverence by calling it "scarcely an addition"? It *is* an addition. An addition, for which a shadow of warrant is not even pretended. And if people are at liberty to make such additions, *they were always so.* And then, what becomes of the certainty of the gospel history? Who can tell how far the evangelical narrative may have been tampered with—to what extent circumstances may have been altered, omitted, or "reverently supplied" by former meditators—and, consequently, how much of it can be relied on, as a trustworthy record of the facts which actually took place, and the words actually spoken? There is danger, indeed, "lest such representations become too human,"—lest men learn to turn the gospel into a romance, a poem, or a tragedy, and deceive themselves by their endeavours to "*compassionate*" the sufferings of Christ,—as if the Son of God were a creation of poetic fancy,—and wail and lament, and take all this for piety. But an infinitely greater

danger lies at the root of this; namely, that truth is trifled with;—since without truth, religion is nothing better than a mischievous deception, where sentimental excitement is substituted for holiness, and integrity, and the fear of God.

But let us turn to the passage in this "Guide to Passing Lent Holily," to which Dr. Pusey refers, and see what sort of "suggestions" these are, which he tells us we should "thankfully accept." The passage occurs in the thirty-sixth point in the Passion—"Jesus transfixed to the cross." Dr. Pusey refers to the third paragraph: but it is better to transcribe the preceding matter, as a specimen of what is now called reverence.

THIRTY-SIXTH POINT IN THE PASSION.

JESUS TRANSFIXED TO THE CROSS.

No sooner was the Lord despoiled of His garments, than *they threw Him upon the Cross which was prepared and lying on the earth.* It was not difficult to cause that fainting and exhausted Body to fall. *Besides*, this Divine Saviour, Who burnt with love to mankind, and consequently for the Cross, which was to be the instrument of their salvation, allowed Himself to be stretched voluntarily and without resistance upon this Cross, which He Himself was so ardently desiring, and *which He regarded as the nuptial bed on which He was going to espouse the whole Church in general*, and in particular *all those faithful souls, whom He must ever cherish as His spouse.*

But O my GOD, what a nuptial bed was this, for a Spouse so beautiful, so noble, so majestic, and so holy! What rigour, what hardness! what courage in suffering for love of us, and what a condemnation for our softness

and for our cowardice! Ah, Lord! this is not a bed of delight, and covered with flowers, as Thou didst deserve, and as the spouse of the sacred Canticles described it, but a bed of sorrows and a bed of cruelty, because Thou wouldest be a Husband of Blood, and teach us that the paths which lead to Heaven are blood-sprinkled.

Laid upon the Cross, He extends His Right Hand with goodness, and gives It to the torturer who was to pierce It: All-Powerful Hand, Which could have overthrown and destroyed all His adversaries; kind and Divine Hand, upon Which they ought much rather to have imprinted a thousand respectful kisses, as signs of their worship, and to draw upon themselves His graces and His blessings! The torturer inhumanly takes that Sacred Hand, and pierces It cruelly with many blows; he causes the Flesh, together with the nail, to enter the wood of the Cross. They snatch His other Hand, they drag It with violence to make It reach the prepared hole, and thus cause Him a cruel and painful tension; at length they pierce It, and transfix It as the other.

It is thus, dear Lord, that Thou didst suffer them to treat Thy Hands, those workers of so many miracles.—Guide to Lent, pp. 279, 280.

And this, Dr. Pusey says, "seems scarcely an addition to Holy Scripture. It is shocking to be obliged to transcribe such writing, much more to be forced to make any comment on it. The subject is so awful—the feelings excited by seeing it made a plaything for an unbridled imagination are so inadequately represented by any words—that I would rather be silent, and leave my reader to his own reflections. But I must beg him to observe, that it is here distinctly stated,—not as Bonaventure would say—"we may piously imagine,"—but as

matter of historical fact—1st, that the Lord was thrown down upon the cross, which was lying on the earth; 2ndly, that the Lord allowed himself to be thrown down in this manner *because* he "regarded" the cross "as the nuptial bed on which he was going to espouse the whole church in general, and in particular all those faithful souls, whom He must ever cherish as his spouse;" and, 3rdly, that the Lord extended "His Right Hand with goodness," and gave "It to the torturer who was to pierce It,"—or, as Dr. Pusey says in his preface, "stretched out His Right Hand graciously:" in other words, that, (1), the *right* hand was nailed to the cross before the *left*; and, (2), that it was given *voluntarily* by the Lord to his torturer for that purpose, and not forcibly laid hold of. And these statements are not only made, as a record of facts which actually happened; but from history Dr. Pusey turns to prayer, and says, "*It is thus*, dear Lord, that *Thou didst suffer them to treat Thy Hands.*" Now, Dr. Pusey knows perfectly well, that what he is thus, in an address to the Almighty, assuming to have taken place, may never have taken place at all; that the *left* hand may have been nailed before the *right*, and that neither of them may have been given spontaneously, but both seized by violence. He knows this: he acknowledges that he knows and recollects it: for, in saying, "it seems *scarcely* an addition," he does plainly confess that he

is conscious of what he is doing. How any Christian could, with such consciousness and recollection, address his Redeemer in such language as implies an absolute certainty of the truth of the statements on which he founds his prayer, is inexplicable. But this, Dr. Pusey will tell us, "seems scarcely an addition to Holy Scripture; it harmonizes with it and His divine meekness." Indeed! But, suppose some other meditator should think it will *harmonize* better with both, to represent the facts to have happened in a directly contrary manner, has he not as good a right to alter the sacred history as Dr. Pusey has? The following, for example, is the way in which Mr. Oakeley chooses to represent the transaction, in his "Meditation on the Passion of our Lord for the sixth hour."

In this place, observe carefully the method of crucifixion. Two ladders are placed behind, one at the right hand, the other at the left; wicked men mount these with nails and hammers, while another ladder is placed in front, reaching to the part on which the feet were to be fixed. Observe, then, well each particular: *our Lord Jesus is compelled to ascend the cross by this small ladder* (whatever they will, He does meekly, without remonstrance or contradiction); and when He had come to the cross at the top of this small ladder, He turns His face round, and expanding His Royal arms, raises them up, and offers them to those who crucify Him. He looks up to heaven, and says to His Father, "Lo, here am I, My Father. Thou hast willed that I should be brought low, even to the death of the cross, for the love and salvation of mankind: it is My pleasure—I am content to do it; I offer Myself for those whom Thou hast

given Me, whom Thou hast willed to be My brethren. O Father, accept My offering; henceforward be propitious from love of Me; wipe away from them all former stains, and set them far from them. Father, I offer Myself to Thee for them." Then he who is behind the cross takes His right hand, and nails it down strongly to the cross; which done, he on the left side takes His left hand, draws it out as far as he can, puts in another nail, strikes it down and fixes it in. Then they come down from the ladders, which are all taken away, and the Lord hangs down by the weight of His Body, drawing Him downwards, supported only by nails through His hands. Nevertheless, another comes up and draws Him down by the feet as far as possible, and, while He is thus drawn down, yet another transfixes His feet with a most cruel nail.

Some there are, however, who think that this was not the method of crucifixion, but that, laying the cross along the ground, they placed Him upon it, then raised the cross, and fixed it in the ground. *If you incline to this*, behold how they seize him contemptuously, as though the meanest ruffian, and with mad fury throw Him down upon the cross, *taking His arms and fixing them most cruelly upon it, having first drawn them with violence in opposite directions.* In like manner, behold what was done to His feet, which they drew down with the greatest possible violence.—Life of Christ, pp. 222—224.

So that, according to Mr. Oakeley and Bonaventure, the cross was first raised and fixed in the ground, and the Lord compelled to ascend it by a small ladder; but "if you incline to" another supposition, then you may say that it was not erected first, but that while it lay on the ground the Lord was nailed to it; so far agreeing with Dr. Pusey, but differing from him in stating that vio-

lence *was* used in taking and fastening his hands. "If you incline to this."—"It seemed scarcely an addition."—And is it come to this, that clergymen of the church of England are endeavouring to teach mankind to regard the sufferings and sacrifice of the Son of God, with as little reverence as a novelist or dramatic poet would show to the facts of history?—just as if it was allowable to dress up, and alter, and invent, in describing the particulars of that awful mystery, as "you incline," or as you think may excite the compassionate feelings of the reader. If it be meant that it is lawful and innocent to treat this subject with as little ceremony as Shakspeare has shown to English History—if it be meant, that it is lawful to treat the gospel as a foundation for historical romance and tragedy—let it be said so, and that plainly. But, unquestionably, if this be not what is meant, by saying,—"where circumstances are not actually told, we cannot help, in our own minds, supplying them; and we may accept thankfully any suggestions which enable us to supply them reverently"—"Why may I not please to imagine?"—"What great harm though I be mistaken?"—if it be not meant by such language, to teach men that they have a right to take such liberties with the inspired writings, it very much becomes those who use it, to say what they really do mean.

CHAPTER XIX.

VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF THE LIBERTY DR. PUSEY TAKES WITH HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE AGONY OF CHRIST—THE SLEEP OF THE APOSTLES—CHRIST BEFORE ANNAS AND CAIAPHAS—THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST.

HAD I not patiently toiled through this Guide to Lent, (and no trifling exercise of Christian patience it was,) I should have thought the licence which Dr. Pusey allows himself in colouring the sacred narrative perfectly incredible. Words and circumstances are introduced as matters of fact, for which there is not the slightest foundation.

"He riseth from supper, and took a towel and girded Himself; after that He poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them." Peter, confused by so humiliating an action in One whom he had already acknowledged to be the "Son of the living God," and not yet enough enlightened to enter into the designs of His adorable Master, and knowing not that humility and charity *sometimes cause superiors to fall at the feet of their inferiors*, desired to oppose it; he thought even he ought to make some resistance. Then JESUS commanded; and *proceeded even to threats*. Peter was obliged to yield, and he suffered, through obedience, that his Master, his Saviour, and his GOD, should be at his feet.

What an unheard of sight! what a miraculous humility! what a surprising marvel! An All-powerful GOD, the King of Heaven and earth, *kneeling* at the feet of His servants, His disciples, and His subjects, in the attitude of a

servant, and His Apostles seated as if His masters!—Guide to Lent, pp. 25, 26.

Where did Dr. Pusey learn that the Lord was "kneeling?"

Again, in the meditation on the treachery of Judas, he ascribes his conduct to revenge.

Thus disappointed of a sum of three hundred pence, which he would have appropriated to himself, and with which he hoped to swell his unjustly-gotten treasure, *he now wished to revenge his frustrated avarice*, and indemnify it in part, *by selling* not a precious balm, but *the Person of* JESUS CHRIST *Himself*.—Guide to Lent, p. 41.

Again, in the account of the Lord's agony, he asserts that His prayer was not heard, in the very face of the statement in the epistle to the Hebrews.

It is not so with JESUS, because *He prays without being heard;* and although He begins His prayer three different times, although He prays with all possible reverence, all imaginable submission and fervour, and although His prayer is accompanied by sighs, and groans, and tears, He finds in it ever new agonies, since *He is not heard favourably*.—Guide to Lent, p. 64.

Further on in this same meditation he says—

Contemplate this humble Saviour, in the posture of a suppliant and a criminal, on His Knees, bowed even to the earth, because He is oppressed with the burden of our sins, *sometimes falling through weakness and fainting, sometimes making fruitless efforts to raise Himself;* His Eyes bathed in tears, now cast down by submission to GOD His Father, and now raised to Heaven to ask the help which He received not. *So many tears flow from His Eyes, that His whole Face, His garments, the "earth even are watered;"* His Mouth pronounces only trembling words, and those

interrupted with pitiable sobs; His Heart does but send forth the saddest, deepest sighs, which would seem able to melt the stones and to soften the most hard and insensible hearts, and with which His Heavenly Father only seemed not moved, because it was needful for Him to die, and the sentence of His death is pronounced.—Guide to Lent, pp. 65, 66.

Where of course it is needless to say, that the statements here marked in italics are pure inventions.

In like manner, in the meditation on the sleep of the Apostles—

EIGHTH POINT IN THE PASSION.

THE SLEEP OF THE APOSTLE.

JESUS, after having long prayed before His Heavenly Father, *fatigued by the constrained* posture in which He had been, and with the interior conflicts He had sustained, arose; and, like a man ready to die, who seeks some new situation to procure for himself some ease in his pain, but which he finds not, He went to find His disciples, who had fallen asleep whilst their Master was suffering the most cruel of all imaginable Agonies. This was without doubt an increase of grief for this suffering GOD; and this sloth was not pardonable in Apostles destined to vanquish tyrants, witnesses of His acts and of His miracles; and who had just before been making Him such high sounding protestations of courage and fidelity. They *knew* in what extremity of peril their Divine Master was, Who had forewarned them of it only a few hours before; *they knew that the traitor Judas, who had just parted company with them, was gone to the high priests*, His most cruel enemies, in order to deliver Him up to them; they knew that nothing less was pending than the death of Him Whom they had already acknowledged to be the Son of GOD. Besides

this, they saw Him prostrate on the earth, they perceived His extreme sadness and the hard conflicts He was sustaining; they heard the complaints, the sighs, the groans, which His heart, agonized with sorrow, raised towards heaven; they had but this last occasion in which they could show Him their love; *they knew also that it was for them, as well as for all mankind, that He was going to suffer and to shed His blood:* nevertheless, they are sleeping instead of praying, instead of watching, instead of preparing to defend at the peril of their lives Him Who was going to give His life for their sakes.

JESUS was affected at it, it was an addition of grief for Him. He rises from His prayer, He comes to them, and He makes them the reproach which they deserved for so shameful a sloth. "What!" says He kindly, "could ye not watch with me one hour?" Can a traitor subdue his desire of sleep in order to take Me, and do ye allow yourselves to be overcome by drowsiness, without putting any violence upon yourselves, *although ye know the extreme danger I am in!*—Guide to Lent, pp. 71, 72.

Did the Lord say these words? Did the Apostles know that Judas was gone to the high priests? Did they know that the Lord was going to suffer and shed His blood for all mankind? Is it not certain from the gospel narrative, that—however distinctly the Lord had spoken to them—they did not understand the object of His death, even after He had suffered, much less before it;—in fact, not until after His resurrection, when He himself had to open their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures?

Further on Dr. Pusey tells his readers, that the angel that appeared to strengthen the Lord brought

Him "a blood-stained cross and a cup filled with bitterness," (p. 81.)

It would be impossible to find room for every example this volume would supply of this sort of writing, but some passages are too important to be passed over without notice. In the following extract Dr. Pusey states, that it was when standing before Annas the Lord was struck, although it is certain this took place after He had been sent to Caiaphas.

SEVENTEENTH POINT IN THE PASSION.

JESUS STRUCK ON THE FACE.

JESUS being before the judgment-seat of Annas, and having replied to him upon His doctrine with singular modesty, His answer drew upon Him the extremest of all insults from a minister of the cruelty of this detestable judge, who, without respecting that Adorable Face before Which the Angels tremble, and Which they even dare not look at through respect, and that Divine Mouth from whence have proceeded only the words and the oracles of life, smote Him so insolently and so rudely on the Face that JESUS *fell to the ground, says St. Vincent Ferrier, and sprinkled the earth with much Blood*, which the violence of the blow caused to issue from his Adorable Mouth; so that *His Divine Cheek, bruised by this parricidal hand, kept its cruel mark, and thus remained disfigured even till after death.*—Guide to Lent, p. 143.

Surely if it were right to take such liberties with any history—still more with this awful mystery—one might have thought, that such additions as these are not needed to make a more useful impression, on any mind capable of receiving a useful impression

from them. But such admixtures of truth and falsehood have the most injurious tendency, even in the most devout mind. Nor is it possible to protect the truth from suffering by the contamination. It takes some time for the mind to recover the shock it receives, from seeing facts which it has never thought of without awe and trembling, disfigured by the meretricious daubing of a vulgar taste, insensible to the profoundly affecting majesty of the simplicity and brevity of the inspired narrative. It is only after we have forgotten these fictions, that we can return with our wonted reverence and composure to meditate, as God would have us meditate, on truth unsoiled by the polluting touch of falsehood. And this alone urges one on in this painful inquiry. It is for life we are contending. These men are poisoning the bread of life, and the water of life. To be silent in such a cause is treason against our own souls.

I know not how any one can read the writings of this school of Meditation, without the most distressing feelings of apprehension regarding the spiritual state to which their authors and admirers have reduced themselves. Beginning with mystical and spiritual explanations of Scripture, and slight verbal alterations of that word, which they ought (if they believe it to be the word of the living God) to tremble at,—they seem to have brought their minds to that condition, that the simple statements of the holy

Evangelists fail any longer to make any impression on them. They seem to write under a consciousness, that they need stronger stimulants *now*, and that without the additions and exaggerations of a licentious fancy, the letter of the sacred text would fall cold and spiritless on an unaffected heart. To what else can we attribute such treatment as this, of particulars which a devout mind can never allude to without horror and humiliation? To dwell upon them is unnatural. To a man educated as Dr. Pusey has been, I should have thought it would have been absolutely impossible. But, perhaps it is confusing the question to consider education to be any preservative against such depravity of taste. It is but justice to Bonaventure to say that (with the exception of the introduction of the name of Annas) his treatment of the following point is almost in the language of Scripture. This is Mr. Oakeley's version:—

> And now at length, when He is brought before the chief priests, Annas and Caiaphas, and the other elders assembled with them, they rejoice as a lion when the prey is taken, they interrogate Him, they suborn false witnesses, they condemn Him, spit on His most sacred Face, blindfold and buffet Him, smite Him with the palms of their hands, saying, "*Prophesy who is it that smote Thee?*" —Life of Christ, p. 215.

Compare this with Dr. Pusey's meditation, which is as follows:—

TWENTIETH POINT IN THE PASSION.

JESUS ABUSED AT THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS.

Scarcely had Caiaphas pronounced that JESUS is worthy of death, than the only question was, who should insult Him with most insolence; dreadful language, insupportable mockeries, cutting railleries, furious passions, execrable blasphemies, all are applauded there, and all pass for zeal for religion; and as if their effrontery and their fury against their Saviour and against their GOD was a merit in them, and as if there were a prize destined for him who should do Him the most bitter outrages, there was a cursed emulation in ill-treating Him, and in boldly heaping upon Him new insults.

They began these wicked treatments by spitting on His Face, without respecting that Adorable Face before Which the Angels tremble with fear and awe. These monsters, whose unworthy lips were so many sinks of horrors and impurities, *poured a thousand infected soils upon His Head, His Cheeks, His Eyes, His Mouth, and His whole Person.*

How afflicting a spectacle! to see JESUS alone, in the midst of these soldiers and ministers of the cruelty of a hateful judge, keeping silence, pierced with sorrow, *covered with* filth, and suffering all for the love of us! But what ignominy, O my GOD! Thou Who didst formerly use Thy "Spittle" for enlightening the eyes of the blind; and these blinded ones use theirs *to darken and defile Thine*, wherein shines all the Divine Majesty. Couldest Thou not turn that Adorable Face away, to protect It from that shame and spitting? But couldest Thou not confound and overwhelm these impious and sacrilegious men? Thou couldest, O my dear Lord, but Thou willest to be a Man of Sorrows, altogether given up to grief. Thou wouldest not hide Thy whole Face from this bitter

affront for love of me. Thou wouldest not turn It away, as Thou hadst said by one of Thy prophets; "I hid not My Face from shame and spitting." (Isa. l. 6.)

Others more cruel, "plucked off the hair" from His Cheek; and all conspiring to smite Him and to disfigure Him, made Him the most pitiable of all objects of pity. Yea, not content with having veiled and disfigured the beauty of His Countenance by the bruises, and the buffets, and the shameful defilements wherewith they had covered It, they devised to blindfold Him that He might divine "who it was that smote" Him, thus making Him their puppet and the object of their cruel mockings, turning into ridicule His Divine Knowledge, which deserved the respect and adoration of the whole world.

Perhaps, too, they put a veil over His Face, that they might smite Him with the more hardihood, and so as to be no longer moved to compassion by the sight of an object which was capable of inspiring the most savage heart with pity: thus hiding from themselves, by a cruel and horrible device, all which might have been able to soften them. The Majesty of His Forehead, the Divine glance of His Eye, His Mouth already livid and bruised with blows, His whole Visage covered with Blood, might perhaps have touched them; *they hide them then from their own eyes, that they may give more liberty to their murderous hands to strike Him, and to perpetrate new outrages against Him.*— Guide to Lent, pp. 166—168.

Such writing, if it be the result of a set purpose and design, *as this avowedly is,* can be considered no otherwise than an acknowledgment on the author's part, that the Word of God, as God has given it, is no longer able to satisfy the cravings of his mind. And whether, in such a case, silence and self-examination would not be more becoming the responsi-

bilities of a Christian minister, than these unceasing efforts to bring others to a similar condition, is a question which I should be thankful indeed to see considered with the seriousness it deserves.

A similar reflection is forced on my mind by the following, which is found in the Meditation on the Scourging of Christ.

JESUS CHRIST is given into the hands of the executioners, who began by stripping Him of His garments, and discovering to the eyes of an insolent multitude that Virginal Body, formed by the Hands of the Holy Spirit of God, and then *bound him to a pillar*, to begin the cruel Act of His Scourging. Oh be present in spirit at this bloody execution! Think of, see, feel for, refuse not some few tears and some few sobs for This GOD Who suffers, because He loves thee. See, a *number of executioners are occupied with searching for scourges, for chains, and rods of iron*, and now come with rage to strike His innocent Body. *These redoubled blows sound horribly, dolefully, sufficient to make the most barbarous shudder with horror; the whole hall echoes;* and those who looked on, far from being touched with compassion, find in it a cruel enjoyment.

AS *the whole Body of* JESUS *was tightly bound with cords, which served as ligatures to His veins, His Adorable Blood followed each stroke* they inflicted on Him; so *that the executioners and spectators were sprinkled therewith*, but alas! without being melted by it. *The pillar has lost its own colour;* it is all stained by the Blood of JESUS. [Mr. Oakeley says the pillar "still shews the marks of blood, as is related in some accounts," (p. 217.) Of course, the Evangelists have said nothing of any pillar.] *The pavement is inundated;* the *Feet of the Saviour no longer rest but in His own Blood. The executioners and their helpers*

walk over It, and trample It under their feet. Oh hateful profanation! This Adorable Body is all torn; they strike no longer on Him, but upon wounds—Super dolorem vulnerum meorum addiderunt. They break His Flesh: and *if that hall had been searched, morsels of His Flesh would have been found together with His Blood,* torn and dragged off by the exceeding violence of the blows.—Ibid., pp. 223, 224.

Who can read such writing without wishing, that Dr. Pusey would exercise his imagination on some other subject than the Word of God! And this feeling is not likely to be diminished by the following:—

JESUS, all His strength exhausted by a Scourging so long and so severe, all covered with Bruises, with Wounds, and with Blood, even from the Head to the Feet, was at length unbound from the pillar, when the executioners were weary and tired of striking Him. But the extreme Pains he had endured in this bloody execution, and *the prodigious quantity of Blood which He had lost,* had so extremely enfeebled Him, and made Him so unable to sustain Himself upright, that *when He was no longer held up by the cords to the pillar, He fell to the ground amid His Own Blood; and there would He have died of weakness, exhaustion, and pain, had they not raised Him up.*

O incomprehensible situation for an All-mighty GOD! O sad and doleful sight, enough to melt the very rocks! cries St. Augustine. Proh dolor! jacet extensus ante hominem Deus! Lying extended before men on the ground, in His own Blood, with a livid Body, bruised and marred, is GOD, in the presence of men, His own creatures, and who look upon Him in this dreadful posture, with a cruel, savage, and inhuman pleasure, a posture in which perhaps was never seen even the most wicked of men! *A* GOD *who gathers with pain and as He can His scattered garments to cover Him, and Who is so weak that*

He needs the help of one of His tormentors to aid Him in rising. . . . . .—Ibid., pp. 230, 231.

After having treated His Body with so great cruelty, in this Scourging, they would that His Head, worthy as It is of all respect, and to wear all the crowns of heaven and earth, should also suffer some new torment which till then had been unknown. They cruelly force upon Him a Crown of Thorns, whose sharp points *pierce even to the skull*, causing Him an exceeding pain, and *made a wondrous quantity of Blood to flow from Him. His Forehead, His Eyes, His Cheeks, His Mouth, were filled with It, and His Hair was so embrued, that, lying close upon His Head and Face, it disfigured them in a most pitiable and most grievous manner.*—Ibid., p. 232.

Is this true? If it be not, can it be edifying? True or false, what valuable effect is it calculated to produce on the mind, which the simple narrative of the Evangelists is inadequate to produce? In truth, this is one of the worst features in this school of meditation. It does really and in effect, teach men to regard the text of the sacred history as a dry and unedifying record. That which, according to this school, is *really* edifying, is the picture created by the fancy of the meditator. It is not the *fact*, but the *fiction*, which it regards as the means of sanctification. But to express my own feeling distinctly, I do not believe, that any one is ever edified by these fictions. And if the facts, as stated by the Evangelists, do not produce the feelings they are calculated to produce, my conviction is, that the feelings produced by the fictions created by the imagination, are a very mischievous self-deception.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE EXAMPLES—ECCE HOMO—CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS —THE CROWN OF THORNS.

THE reader will probably remember, that Dr. Pusey has stated, in his preface, that the disfiguring of the Lord's form is one of the points where these meditations afford only such suggestions as should be thankfully accepted, as enabling us to supply reverently those circumstances which are not actually told. He says—"The disfiguring of his form is the most literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah." (Ch. liii.) The reference is to words that need no comment or paraphrase, to enable them to awaken the feelings which they ought to excite in the heart of a Christian. The reader shall now see, what it is that Dr. Pusey thinks can be justified in this manner. It seems to be the following, which occurs in the Meditation on "Jesus brought out before the people":—

Ecce Homo: Behold the Man! Know ye Him in the state in which He is? Ah! *it needed to say He was a man; for without that they would not have known Him to be one, since He had lost even its appearance.* The outrages of His Scourging, the Blood which flows from His Head since His Crowning with Thorns, have wholly changed His form. Couldest thou thyself even recognize a friend in such a pitiable state? His torn Skin, His broken Flesh, His opened veins, His whole body bruised

and bloody, have most cruelly marred Him. *Is it then the body of some evil one escaped from the torture, and destined to the last punishments;* or that of the "fairest of the children of men," of the All-Powerful GOD?—Ibid., pp. 239, 240.

Does any one seriously believe, that this is what Pilate meant by saying—"Behold the man!"—and can religion be promoted by such exaggerations as these? But it is useless to ask the question. Those who think it lawful to trifle with truth, are likely enough to persuade themselves that it is expedient. As to the last sentence in this paragraph, I cannot trust myself to take any further notice of it. And yet these are the persons who have for years been talking as if all reverential feelings in the *English* church were confined to their own party.

Another point to which Dr. Pusey refers in his preface is this, that in these meditations it is constantly stated (as, for example, in the foregoing extracts) that, during the sufferings which the Lord endured *before* he was crucified, almost the whole of his blood was shed. What the object of such a fiction can be, it is useless to inquire. But it is so very gross, and so startling to any one who has read the New Testament, that Dr. Pusey thinks it necessary to palliate it in his preface, by saying—"With regard to what is so much dwelt upon, the effusion of His sacred blood, it is involved in what Holy Scripture tells us." *Where* Holy Scripture has done so, or has given any countenance to the state-

ments Dr. Pusey puts forth in this book, he does not say. Most persons will feel, that the nature of the subject demanded a more distinct reference. The following is, no doubt, one of the passages to which Dr. Pusey alludes:—

All move, all march towards Calvary, to immolate this innocent Victim, and *to complete the shedding of that little Blood which yet rested in His Veins, which yet feebly sustained some few painful moments of that languishing life*, which will not long resist the horrible pains prepared for Him.

Contemplate the sad array of this Man of Sorrows; see in spirit that pale and exhausted Saviour, coming forth from the house of Pilate, pushed, and dragged through the midst of the most frequented streets of Jerusalem, where but a few days before He had passed in triumph and was adored as the Messiah. In His train He was now accompanied by soldiers, by executioners, and by a numberless throng, who insult Him and look upon Him as the vilest of men. His Hands are bound with cords whose only colour now is that of blood; His crown of thorns is upon His Head, and from it flows *so wondrous a fount of Blood that scarcely can His Face be seen.* His heavy and dying Eyes cast but languid looks, wherein the deepest sorrow is expressed. The abundant tears He sheds are mingled and confounded with the Blood which flows from His Head. His Divine Cheeks are swelled with buffets, bruised with blows, and half washed by the Tears which trickle from His Eyes. His Mouth is livid and bloody, and *He opens it only to allow His Lips to utter some sigh or groan* which the excess of His sadness and of His sorrow tears from His Heart. His Shoulders are mangled with scourging, and laden with the heavy burden of the Cross. His Feet are still all red with the Blood which He shed during His cruel Stripes; and His whole Body

is so feeble that scarcely can he sustain it, *exhausted as it is by the wondrous quantity of Blood which He has shed.*

Let us then follow this suffering GOD to Calvary. *The ground covered with His Blood shall teach us the road thither; His Feet, whose form is imprinted in red, shall show us the path. His traces of Blood are too well marked for us not to perceive them.* Let us then follow in heart and mind the traces of this Man of Sorrows, and let us die with Him, since He goes to die for us; this death will give us life.—Ibid., pp. 256, 257.

Thus also, in the meditation on the words, "He gave up the Ghost"—

His Arteries were without Blood, there was no longer enough to sustain His languishing Life; He had lost too much during the sorrowful course of His Passion; already had He sprinkled with It, the Garden of Olives, the Pretorium, the streets of Jerusalem, and Calvary; and His Cross was imbued and penetrated with it.—Guide to Lent, p. 368.

The same idea is also contained in the following:—

JESUS CARRYING HIS CROSS.

When coming out of Pilate's house, they presented to JESUS the Cross to which he was to be transfixed: they cruelly laid this shameful and sorrowful burden upon Him, although His weakness was extreme, *from losing so lately so great a portion of His Blood.* The Saviour looked upon it with Eyes in which were marked both sorrow and resignation. He accepted it, in order to obey the Justice of GOD His Father, and for the love which He had for sinners. He took it then upon His Shoulders without hesitation, and the weightiness of this wood *caused His raiment to enter into His already torn Flesh.* . . . . —Ibid., p. 263.

Consider attentively this Man of Sorrows, *Who falls*

through faintness under the exceeding weight of the Cross, and *Who would indeed have died under this heavy burden*, if the Jews, who thirsted to cause His Death by a still more cruel and more shameful end, and to exercise their barbarous fury still longer upon His innocent Body, had not laid hold on a passer-by to lighten His burden.—Ibid., p. 264.

It is quite necessary to compare with this the account given by Mr. Oakeley in his translation of Bonaventure.

When He has resumed His clothes, they lead Him out, that they may no longer defer His death; and they place upon His shoulders THE ADORABLE WOOD OF THE CROSS,[1] long, thick, very heavy; and the most meek Lamb receives it with patience and bears it. (There is a current opinion that the Lord's cross was fifteen feet in height.) [*sic.*] Then He is dragged and hurried along, filled full of revilings, as was done at the first in the morning hour. He is dragged along with His two companions, even two thieves; lo, this is His company! O merciful Jesus, what shame do these, Thy two friends, cause Thee! They join Thee with thieves; nay, they do more to Thee than to them, for they load Thee with Thine own cross; which we read not of them; so that not only, as says Isaiah, *He was numbered with the transgressors*, He was reckoned more a transgressor than they. Unspeakable, O Lord, is Thy patience!

At this point then behold Him well, how He moves on, bent down with the weight of His cross, and how grievously He pants for breath; sorrow with Him as much as

[1] What can Mr. Oakeley mean by such language? Does he wish it to be believed that the wood was adorable even *before* the Lord suffered on it? No such expression is found in the Roman-catholic Translation of Bonaventure, which has merely, "the heavy wood of the cross."

you may, brought into so great a strait, enduring such repeated insults. And for that His Mother, truly sorrowing, for the multitude of the people could not come nigh to Him, nor see Him, *she went with John and the women, her companions, by a shorter way*, that, being before the rest, she might approach Him; but when, on meeting Him where the roads joined, without the gate of the city, she beheld Him laden with that heavy cross, which she had not seen before, she became half dead with sorrow, and could not utter a word; nor yet could the Lord speak to her, for He was hurried on by those who led Him to be crucified. But, going on a little further, He turned to the weeping women, and said, *Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me*, as is more fully set forth in the Gospel. And *on these two spots appear remains of churches, which existed, indeed, within the memory of man, as I had from one of our brethren who saw them, who tells me too, that the Mount of Calvary on which Christ was crucified, was about as far distant from the gate of the city, as our dwelling from St. Germanus's gate; so that the distance for His cross to be borne was very great.* When, therefore, He had gone further, and was *so wearied and crippled that He could bear it no more, He laid it down.* But these wicked men, unwilling to delay His death, fearing lest Pilate might recal His sentence, since he showed a wish for letting Him go, compelled another to bear His cross; but Him, thus relieved, they led as some thief bound to the place called Calvary. Do not then these sufferings of His *at matins, at prime, at tierce*, seem to you, even without His crucifixion, to have been most violent and bitter griefs, to have been awful and dreadful scenes? Truly, I think so; I think them most fitted for moving us to sorrow with Him, as being most fitted for moving Him to sorrow. Thus, then, we seem to have finished what was to be said on these three hours for the present; let us now see what came to pass at His crucifixion and death, i. e. *at sext and none;*

afterwards we shall take account of those events which followed His death, namely, *at vespers and compline.*—Life of Christ, pp. 220—222.

According to Mr. Oakeley, therefore, the Lord laid down his cross, when he "was so wearied and crippled with it that he could bear it no more." According to Dr. Pusey, *he did not lay it down*, but fell "through faintness under the exceeding weight" of it, and would "have died under this heavy burden if the Jews had not laid hold on a passer-by to lighten his burden." And to make this contradiction the more extraordinary, Dr. Pusey in the very next meditation represents the Lord as carrying His cross the whole way to Calvary—which really would give one the idea (shocking though it be) as if it seemed to him a trivial matter how the fact was represented.

"It was not without extreme pain that JESUS, *laden with a heavy cross*, ascended the Mount of Calvary to be crucified. The Saviour was weak, agonized, exhausted in strength through the severe fatigue He had gone through, of walking from court to court, *from one extremity of Jerusalem to the other;* through the different outrages which He had endured at the houses of His judges, and *through the prodigious quantity of Blood He had shed during His Scourging and His Crowning with Thorns.*—Guide to Lent, p. 271.

A little further on, another circumstance is introduced, which will show with what careless indifference to truth, or even to probability, these statements are made.

Scarcely had This Divine Saviour arrived on the mount, than they began to take off from Him His Crown of Thorns; and, in taking it rudely off, they caused fresh streams of Blood to flow from all parts of His Head. After this they took off from Him His garments; and the hands of His tormentors, accustomed to violence, tore from Him His raiment, glued as it was to His wounds by His blood, which renewed to Him all His Pains. Thus they discovered to the eyes of the people, for the second time, that virginal Body, Whose innumerable Wounds, Contusions, Bruises, Weakness, livid Colour, and clotted Blood, formed the most grievous and most sad of spectacles.—Ibid., pp. 272, 273.

If this be true, the crown of thorns was removed from His head *before* the Lord was crucified; but in a subsequent meditation the reverse is stated:—

From the sole of the Foot even to the Head, all in this crucified Saviour suffers, and all suffers in all extremity. His Head is pierced with a thousand Wounds; and this Son of Man, although Lord of heaven and of earth, has not where to lay His suffering Head, but upon His Cross. Oh, cruel necessity! for, alas! this hard Cross, by pressing His Head, far from easing It, *forces those pointed thorns which surround It yet further in*, and He must needs hold It bowed down.—Ibid., pp. 295, 296.

And again, later in the volume—

The Head of this expiring Saviour, surrounded with thorns, pressed cruelly, and pierced on all sides, has but the wood of the Cross on which to repose.—Ibid., p. 338.

And in describing the taking down from the cross, Dr. Pusey says expressly—

They begin by taking off that crown of thorns which was resting on his head, even after his death.—Ibid.

Totally forgetting, or else deeming it a matter of little moment, that he had previously stated that the soldiers had rudely torn it off as soon as the Lord arrived at Calvary. Would such indecent disregard of truth be tolerated in any other description of writing?

CHAPTER XXI.

MORE INSTANCES: THE DARKNESS—THE TAKING DOWN FROM THE CROSS—A SERIOUS QUESTION—DR. PUSEY'S PRAYER TO PROVIDENCE.

ANOTHER instance of this irreverent carelessness (for by no milder term can it be described) is found in the mention of the miraculous darkness. In one place Dr. Pusey states that from the sixth hour to the ninth the sun was eclipsed, (p. 337;) whereas, afterwards he represents this darkness as commencing immediately after the Lord expired.

JESUS DEAD UPON THE CROSS.

Scarcely had the Saviour closed His Eyes, scarcely had He consummated His Sacrifice, by expiring upon the Cross for the sins of men, than all things burst forth in prodigies, than all things weep, according to their manner, for the Death of their GOD. *The sun is darkened*, and refuses to lighten the world, because CHRIST, its Creator, the true sun of Righteousness, Who lightens heaven and earth, is eclipsed, &c.—Ibid., p. 372.

The account of the taking down from the cross has already been referred to, but it will be necessary to transcribe it, not only as a specimen of this style of meditation, but in order to place Mr. Oakeley's narrative of the transaction by its side. Having stated that Joseph begged the Lord's body from Pilate, Dr. Pusey proceeds—

Nicodemus, that true Israelite, who had been a secret disciple of the Saviour, then declared himself openly, by

joining with Joseph in this holy action. He bought the things necessary for the Burying and for the Embalming; and, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Evangelist, Mary Magdalene, and several other holy women, they came to Calvary, where JESUS was still Dead upon the Cross. They climb that Sacred Tree; they begin by taking off that Crown of Thorns which was resting on His Head, even after His Death; they unfasten His Hands and His Feet with a deep respect, mingled with sorrow; they lower slowly and reverently that Sacred Body. Mary, all desolate and weeping, receives him upon her maternal bosom; she presses Him closely in her arms, she imprints on Him a thousand chaste kisses, and she sprinkles with her tears that Body which the HOLY GHOST had formed from her blood, and Which she had nourished at her breast.

We may well imagine, that Mary Magdalene must again have taken possession of His adorable Feet, that she bathed Them with her tears and wiped Them with her hair, as she had done before at the house of the Pharisee; that John, whom He loved above others, took the liberty of kissing that Heart, upon which he had had leave to repose, and that all that holy company strove to mark their sorrow and their love.

They carefully wash that Body dyed with Blood, and in washing It they discover Wounds which before they had not perceived. They dry It with the linen, they embalm It "with an hundred pounds of spices, and they wind It in the clean linen clothes as the manner of the Jews is." Unite thyself to these holy souls, and render in spirit with them, the last duties to the adorable Body of thy Saviour.

They take up this Sacred Burden, to carry it to the sepulchre; they walk in order, whilst Angels were invisibly accompanying this funeral pomp; whilst sighs and sobs, cries and groans, were filling up the melancholy harmony. —Guide to Lent, pp. 382, 383.

Compare with this Mr. Oakeley's Meditation. Having stated that the Blessed Virgin, St. John, Mary Magdalene, and others, remained sitting before the cross after the soldier (whose name, Mr. Oakeley tells us, "is said to have been Longinus,"*) had pierced the Lord's side, he proceeds:—

CHAPTER LXIV.

MEDITATION FOR VESPERS.

BUT, again, they see several other persons coming along the road, who were Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, bringing with them others, with instruments for taking down the body from the cross; and they had brought with them about a hundred pounds' weight of myrrh and aloes, and they were coming to bury our Lord. Upon this, they all rise up in great alarm. Gracious God! how severe is this their affliction to-day! But John, looking about him, said, "I see that it is Joseph and Nicodemus." Upon this, our Lady taking courage again, says, "Blessed be our God, who has remembered us, and sends us assistance, and has not forsaken us. Do you, my son, run to meet them." John then goes quickly to meet them; and, upon his coming up to them, they embrace each other in turn with great weeping, not being able *for a full hour* to speak to each other, by reason of their tender compassion, and abundant weeping and grief; they afterwards come over against the cross. Joseph inquires, who those are with our Lady, and what has become of the other disciples. John tells him who the women are, that are there. But, touching the disciples, he answers that he does not know

* Mr. Oakeley says—"One of them, whose name is said to have been Longinus, at that time unbelieving and proud, but afterwards converted, a Martyr, and a Saint, &c." Is Mr. Oakeley ignorant of what respectable Roman-catholic writers would say to this fable?

what has become of them, for that none of them have been there during the day. He also inquires about what had been done to our Lord, and John describes to him everything as it took place. But when they came near the spot, bending their knees and weeping, *they worshipped our Lord.* Then, drawing near, they were reverently received by our Lady and her companions, who bent their knees, and inclined themselves to the ground. They, in like manner, bending their knees and greatly mourning, continued for a long hour. At length, our Lady says; "You do well in thus remembering your Master, for He loved you greatly; and I confess that, since you have come, a new light seems to have beamed upon me; for we were at a loss what to do. May our Lord reward you!" They, on their part, answered; "We are grieved with all our heart at what has been done to Him; for the wicked have prevailed against the Righteous; gladly would we have rescued Him from so great injustice had it been in our power. We will, at least, render this poor service to our Lord and Master." They then arose, and prepared to take down the Body of Jesus.

Do you now attend, as I have directed you in many places, diligently and fixedly, to the mode of taking down the sacred Body. They place two ladders, one against either arm of the cross. Joseph goes up the ladder at the right side, and tries hard to draw out the nail from His hand. But this it is difficult to do; for the nail is thick and long, and strongly fixed in the wood, and, without violently bruising the hand of our Lord, it does not seem as if it could be effected. But there is no rude violence in the act, for he does it in a loyal spirit, and it is thus our Lord graciously receives it. As soon as it is drawn out, John makes a sign to Joseph, that he should hand the nail to him, that our lady might not see it. Then Nicodemus drew out the other from the left hand, and, in like manner, gives the nail to John. Then Nicodemus came down, and proceeded

to draw out the nail which fastened the feet. Joseph, meanwhile, supported the Body of our Lord; happy Joseph! who enjoyed the privilege of thus embracing our Lord's Body! Then our Lady reverently took the right hand as it hung down, and presses it to her mouth. She gazes upon it and kisses it, with floods of tears and dolorous sighs. As soon as Joseph had drawn out the nail which fastened the feet, within a while he came down, and then they all receive the Body of our Lord, and lay it upon the ground. Our Lady receives the sacred head in her bosom, and Magdalene the feet, at which she had formerly found such grace. The others stand round, and all make great lamentation over Him, for they all mourn for Him in greatest bitterness, as one that mourneth for his only son.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE HOUR OF COMPLINE.

After a little delay, when night was approaching, Joseph asks our Lady to permit Him to be wrapped in linen clothes, and buried. She withstood, saying, "Do not, O my friends, take the Body of my Son so quickly; or, if you will, let me be buried with Him." Moreover, she wept with tears which nothing could assuage, as she looked on the wounds of his hands and side, first on one, then on another; as she looked at His divine countenance, and head, and saw the punctures of the thorns, the places where the hair had been plucked from the beard, and the face defiled with spittle and blood; nor could she gaze and weep enough. As to the plucking of the beard, it admits of proof from Scripture. For Isaiah says, *I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.* Thus His Mother, having diligently surveyed all these vestiges of His passion, *wished for time to dwell on them at her leisure.* However, as it was growing late, St. John says, "O Lady, let us grant the suit of Joseph and Nicodemus, and suffer the Body of our Lord to be composed

and buried; for, if we delay too long, It may experience some insult from the Jews." At these words our Lady, full of gratitude and prudence, considering that she had been consigned to St. John's care by her Son, would stand out no longer; and, blessing Him, permitted His sacred limbs to be composed and wrapped in linen. Whereupon John, and Nicodemus, and the rest, began to wrap the Body in linen clothes, according to the custom of the Jews. Our Lady the while held his Sacred head in her hands, reserving to herself the privilege of composing It, Magdalene applying herself, as usual, to the blessed feet. For when they come, in the discharge of their office of duty, near the feet, Magdalene interposes; "I beseech you, let me arrange the feet, for at these it was that I obtained mercy." Her petition being granted, she reverently took the feet into her hands, and held them. At the same moment she seemed on the point of swooning for grief; and those very feet, which she formerly wet with the tears of compunction, she now bathed with far more copious tears of grief and compassion. As she looked on those feet, so mangled, pierced, shrivelled, and clotted with blood, most bitter and profuse were her tears. For, as the Truth had said of her, *she loved much;* therefore was it that she wept much, and chiefly in these last funeral obsequies of her Lord and Master, thus bruised, scourged, wounded, and dead, and, as it were, brought to nought. Scarcely could her heart remain in her body for grief. Rather we may well believe that, if she could, she would readily have yielded up the ghost at her Lord's feet. She saw no remedy for her grief, nor was she an adept at offices such as this. It was a new and a last duty this which she was fulfilling towards Him; and, in the discharge of it, very bitterly was her soul wounded, because she could not perform it with the exactness and solemnity she could have wished. For she would have liked to bathe the entire Body, and to anoint it, and to compose it suitably; but

neither the time nor the place favoured her wishes. She could not do more; she could not do otherwise; she did what she could. If she did no more, at least she washed His feet with her tears; and, before she ended, she devoutly wiped them, embraced them, kissed them, wrapped them up, and arranged them carefully to the very best of her knowledge and ability. When the Body was thus prepared, they all turn their eyes to our Lady, as if waiting for her to complete the office; and all betake themselves to weeping. At length, our Lady, seeing that further delay was impossible, bends over the face of her sweetest Son, and says, "O my Son, I hold Thee dead in my bosom; very bitter is this parting; pleasant and full of delight was our intercourse, nor ever gave we cause of offence to others; yet Thou, O sweetest Son, hast erewhile been slain like a malefactor. Faithfully, O my Son, have I served Thee, and Thou, me; but, in Thy last bitter agony, it was not Thy Father's will to succour Thee, and I lacked the power. Thou didst abandon Thyself for love of mankind, whom thou wouldest redeem. Very painful and afflictive is that Redemption, in which nevertheless I joy, on account of man's salvation. Howbeit, in Thy pains and Thy death I have great cause of sorrow; for I know that Thou never sinnedst, and that, without a cause, Thou wert slain by this most bitter and shameful death. And now, O my Son, our union is broken, and I must part from Thee. I will bury Thee then, I thy most sorrowful Mother; but, Thy sepulture over, whither shall I betake myself? Where shall I tarry, O my Son? How shall I be able to live without Thee? Willingly would I be buried with Thee, that, where Thou art, there I might be with Thee. But, forasmuch as my body cannot be buried with Thine, let me be buried with Thee in mind; let me bury my soul in the sepulchre with Thy Body; to Thee I resign it, to Thee I give it in charge. O my Son, how bitter is this parting!" And again she shed torrents of

tears, and bathed His face much more effectually than Magdalene His feet. Moreover, she reverently and devoutly washed His sacred face, and kissed His mouth and eyes, and then wrapped His head in a napkin and carefully adjusted it. Then a second time she blessed Him. Then *all fell on their knees and worshipped Him*, and, kissing His feet, raise His adorable Body, and carry Him to the sepulchre. Our Lady held the head and the shoulders, Magdalene the feet, and the rest arrange themselves between.—Life of Christ, pp. 229—235.

Now, passing by all other fictions in these meditations, will any one consider, whether it is decent to detail these imaginary acts and sayings of the Blessed Virgin at the cross, when there is not the very slightest shadow of authority for supposing that she remained there after she had been consigned by the Lord to the care of St. John; much less that she assisted at His burial? Is it not reasonable to suppose, that if she had been present, the Evangelists would have mentioned it. However, they certainly have not mentioned it; and with whatever superstitious reverence this party affect to regard her, it seems hard to conceive, how any one can take such infinitely indecent liberties with her name, who entertains that just and natural reverence for her, which instinct, no less than Holy Scripture, must lead every devout mind to feel.

The truth is—and the more any one studies these mischievous books, the more painfully I am persuaded will it be forced on his mind—the sacred persons who are the subject of these meditations, are

treated precisely as if they were imaginary and fictitious personages, introduced merely as the machinery of a myth or a poem, and whose history may be altered and ornamented at the taste or caprice of each particular author. And how such writers can fail of leading their disciples into Neologianism, or absolute infidelity, it is for others to consider.

Continually, while reading this volume of Dr. Pusey's, I have been compelled to pause, and asked myself—Can these writers have any settled belief in the truth of the facts, or the reality of the persons, which they treat in this manner? Their very phraseology leaves a painful impression on the mind. "The crucified God," (p. 346;) "this suffering God," (p. 349;) "O dying God," (p. 371;) such language forces one to ask oneself, how can a person who allows himself to use such expressions, have any idea of whom it is he is writing in this way? Again, when it is said that the Lord "desired even unto death to do the actions of *a hero* and a Saviour," (p. 119;) and on the following page, "Contemplate Jesus Christ in this sad state as *a divine hero*," (p. 120;) I cannot avoid feeling, as if these writers had already begun to regard the Lord himself as little different from a mythic character. In a Meditation on John, xi. 54, (p. 305,) Dr. Pusey endeavours to recommend a solitary life—of which he says the Lord has set the example—and this is con-

cluded by a prayer to Christ, beginning with these words, "O *Adorable and Divine Anchorite!* permit me to follow thee in Spirit, and to dwell with thee in solitude," (p. 309.) Perhaps, however, a more striking instance is in the "Day of Providence," as the fourth Sunday in Lent is called, in which Providence is spoken of and addressed as a sort of mythological personage, just as if Providence had a real existence apart from God. The meditation begins thus—

DAY OF PROVIDENCE.

PRACTICE.

At thy first awaking, offer thanks to Divine Providence for all the succour thou hast received from *Her* since thou hast been in the world, for *the maternal care* which *She* has taken for thy guidance, and for the perils in which *She* has protected thee without thy having deserved it. Then beg *Her* humbly to continue and increase them towards thee. During the day recur continually towards *Her* by acts of faith, of confidence, and of resignation. Have *Her* ever before thine eyes; adore *Her*, that thou mayest be found worthy of *Her* favours and goodness; attribute to *Her*, and not to thine own industry, all thy good success; enter with a spirit of faith into *Her* adorable designs upon thee; go not forth, release not thyself from *Her* guidance at any time; and persuade thyself that *She* orders all that happens to thee for thy good and for thy salvation.—Guide to Lent, p. 209.

And at the end of the meditation is the following, in the former part of which Providence is addressed as a "blessed Mother;" and in the latter, the prayer is addressed to Christ, as if the whole were one

continued rhetorical personification, and the prayer directed to imaginary beings.

THOUGHTS.

O Divine Providence! powerful Disposer of all good, *blessed Mother*, ever willing to assist us in all our wants, I adore Thee, I love Thee, I put all my confidence in Thee, I render endless thanks to Thee for all the benefits I have received from Thee, and I humbly implore Thy pardon for all the unfaithfulness I have committed against Thee by my ingratitude, by my mistrusts, by my unjust complaints, and by my fears for the future. I give myself again to Thee; I put myself as a blind man under Thy adorable guidance, from which I will no more withdraw.

From henceforth I desire to follow Thee, even to the most barren deserts, to hear Thy Divine word, and admire Thy wonderful works. I will no longer be alarmed at anything if Thou be with me; and Thou shalt be my Strength, my Light, my Riches, my Hope, my Nourishment, and my Life. Thou didst lift up Thine Eyes upon the people who were following Thee; Thou didst feel for their necessities; Thou didst nourish them: Cast Thine Eyes, *O Lord*, upon my miseries; consider lovingly rather the wants of my soul than those of my body; open to me the Bowels of Thy Mercy, nourish me with that Heavenly bread of Thy Divine word; make me to hear it with the ears of my heart, and make me worthy to be often fed with that Living Bread of Thy Body and of Thy Blood, which, more supporting far than that which Thou gavest to the prophet Elias, will strengthen me for my journey, not to the Mount of Horeb, but to that heavenly abode which Thou hast promised to them that love Thee.—Ibid., p. 213.

How this sort of devotion can be compatible with really reverential feelings, it is for those who use it

to consider. But that such writing must tend to shake and loosen men's belief of the truths of Christianity, and to encourage persons of a poetical turn of mind in very deplorable self-deception, must be plain to every one who has much acquaintance with human nature.

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. PUSEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE RESURRECTION—HIS DOCTRINE OF THE SACRAMENT.

THE account Dr. Pusey gives of the resurrection is remarkable on more accounts than one:—

ON THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The third day after the Death of the Saviour began to dawn; that most glorious and most happy of all days, because in it He triumphed over sin, over death, and over hell by His Resurrection, and He caused His power to shine forth, to the confusion of all His enemies: the most happy, because It gave life to mortals; day of grace, in which the Lord of heaven and earth, coming forth from the place of departed spirits,* where He had set free all the saints of the Old Testament, broken their chains, fulfilled their desires, restored them to life, and given them the glory after which they had been sighing, the most part, for so many ages, came Himself, by His own virtue, to quicken His body in the tomb, where It had been enclosed since It had been taken down from the CROSS.

His glorious soul penetrated the stone of the sepulchre without opening it; He miraculously reunited Himself to His Body, restored to It life, feeling, colour, beauty, strength, motion, and *put again into His Veins the Blood He had lost during the course of His Passion.* His Body thus enlivened and become glorious, shook off the linen clothes and bands which had surrounded It, as well as the hundred pounds of spices in which It had been wrapped; and, clothed with all the attributes of that new glory which His Soul, united to the WORD, had communicated to it,

* "des limbes."—Dr. Pusey's note.

became Immortal, Subtle, Luminous, Agile, Impassible; and instantly issued from the tomb, *without removing the stone which closed it, and without breaking or hurting the seal which Pilate had caused to be put upon it*, thus beginning for the first time to exercise the functions of glory which It enjoyed.—Guide to Lent, pp. 390, 391.

These statements, that the Lord, at his resurrection, "put again into his veins the Blood He had lost during the course of his Passion,"—and that His body passed through the stone without removing it, or breaking the seal, (for which fictions Holy Scripture gives no warrant,) may possibly be intended to favour the theories, which the church of Rome maintains in order to give support to the doctrine of transubstantiation. Be this as it may, there are other passages in this volume which treat of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in such a manner, as it would be difficult to reconcile with the doctrine of the church of England. For example, the following—

What a difference is there, in truth, between the holiness of the Temple of Jerusalem, and that of the Sacred Temples of Christianity! That was holy, because of the animal sacrifices which were offered there before the Lord; but *is not the sacrifice of* CHRIST'S *Body and Blood, which is offered in ours*, infinitely more holy and more sacred? Instead of that mysterious cloud, and holy darkness, which but feebly represented the Majesty of GOD, we have the *Adorable Sacrament** of His Body and of His Blood.—Guide to Lent, p. 218.

* So also, at p. 33, Dr. Pusey speaks of "the Adorable Sacrament."

I must beg my reader to take notice of the language Dr. Pusey here employs. How can any one call the *sacrament* adorable who does not believe in transubstantiation?

Instead of the manna, we have in the Eucharist a Heavenly Manna, which nourishes the soul. Instead of the rod of Moses, we have the Cross of CHRIST, which has overcome devils, brought the dead to life, and saved all mankind; and instead of the shew bread, we have the Bread of Angels on our Altars.

How religiously ought we then to enter them, since all therein is holy! Look with the eye of faith upon the Altar, the Choir, and the Walls themselves, and think seriously of their sanctity. Is not the Altar sacred, since it is there that the most holy of sacrifices is offered?—Ibid.

And still more distinctly on the next page:—

Think with sorrow of all the irreverences thou hast been guilty of in our Churches by thy want of religion; those easy, slothful, and indecent postures; those wandering and curious looks; those useless words; those voluntary distractions; that want of faith; that inattention to the Divine Word; that little devotion during the august Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist, *in which the Blood of* JESUS *is shed, and His adorable Flesh given, and where this same Sacrifice wherein the Victim* is a Saviour and a* GOD, *is offered for the remission of our sins to an all-powerful* GOD, Who sees us, and Who hears us; a GOD to Whom we owe all our respect as our Sovereign, all our love as our Saviour, all our fear as our Judge.—Ib. pp. 219, 220.

* "Although CHRIST seemeth not now to offer, yet He Himself is offered on earth, when the Body of Christ is offered; yea, He Himself is plainly declared to offer in us, Whose Word sanctifieth the sacrifice, which is offered." S. Ambr. in Ps. xxxviii. § 25.—Note by Dr. Pusey.

The formularies of the church of England must be explained in a non-natural sense indeed, to make them tolerate such a statement as this. Nor is it easy to understand, how a clergyman of the church of England can use such expressions as the following:—

It is a matter of faith that the words which JESUS CHRIST pronounced over the bread and over the wine *make them His Body and His Blood*, yea convey to us His Flesh, His Blood, His Heart, His Spirit, His Soul, His Life, and His Divinity; in a word, perfect GOD and perfect Man. Behold That which we receive in the Communion; behold That which forms in us the Eucharistic Union, and a *miraculous extension of the Hypostatic Union*.

The Adorable Flesh of CHRIST, Which is purity itself, because It is the Work of the Holy Spirit, and the chaste production of *a Virgin more pure than angels, unites Itself to ours* by the Communion; It becomes its nourishment and its support, and communicates to it Its own incomparable purity. His precious and Divine Blood unites *Itself to ours;* It quickens it, It purifies it; and by this exalted Union we acquire a glorious relationship with JESUS CHRIST.—Guide to Lent, pp. 359, 360.

Thou wert going to quit us, O Divine Redeemer! Thou wert on the eve of suffering Thy Flesh to be broken, and of shedding all Thy Blood, and of giving up Thy Life for the love of us, and we were about to be deprived of Thy adorable Presence; but *thy ingenious and Almighty Love bringeth Itself back again*, and giveth us Thy Body and Thy Blood.*—Guide to Lent, p. 361.

* Se reproduit lui-même à la place du pain et du vin, et nous donne sous les espèces de l'une et de l'autre, &c. [Orig.] —Note by Dr. Pusey.

But a still more extraordinary passage is that in which Dr. Pusey thus speaks of Judas receiving the Last Supper:—

What must have been the feelings, and what must have been the grief of this Adorable Saviour, whilst *He gave Himself, and by His own hands*, to this sacrilegious traitor! *How sad an abiding must He have had in the heart* of that perfidious man, who was going directly after to treat of His Death, and to sell His Blood for money to the Jews, who sought how they might find occasion to take away His Life? * *Miserable and sorrowful union of the Flesh and Blood of this Lamb without spot, with the flesh and blood of this wretched and infamous profaner*, who is about to cause that Divine Flesh to be torn, and *that adorable Blood which he drank*, to be shed from a thousand wounds.

He goes to deliver up to death that living GOD Who now serves him at table, *Who gives Himself to him and Who dwells in him;* and this sacrilegious communion (which crucified JESUS beforehand, and pierced His Heart with more grievous sorrow than man ever felt,) soon concurred to crucify Him really upon Calvary.—Guide to Lent, pp. 33, 34.

To say the truth, this passage (and I must request the reader to observe, Dr. Pusey expressly states that he has modified the original, and therefore it is to be taken as a deliberate exposition of his own views on the question) seems rather to go beyond what a well-instructed Roman catholic would venture to say. But can words be framed in more direct and positive contradiction to the 29th Article

* The language on this awful subject has been modified.—[ED.]—Note by Dr. Pusey.

of the Church of England? And is it possible that the church can be destitute of power to take cognizance of such a violation of ministerial obligations, and that a person in high station, both in the university and the church, can advisedly maintain and publish such doctrine, without any one being able to call on him to retract it? Nothing can be more painful to me than to raise such a question at all; but this is so direct an affront to the doctrine of the English church, that it is impossible to avoid it.

This volume contains much more matter upon several topics, which will be found of great importance in pursuing this inquiry into the nature of the system Dr. Pusey and his party are now endeavouring to substitute for the doctrine of the English church. But, supposing the whole of the case to have now been laid before my reader, I cannot but think that I have extracted enough already (unless I am very much mistaken indeed) to satisfy any reasonable person, that there may be a greater danger to be apprehended from this movement than any that could arise even from its Romanizing tendencies. These writers have laid their hands on the foundations of the faith. Christianity itself is threatened. It is impossible that their system of meditation,—even if its details were freed from the disgusting coarseness for which Dr. Pusey evinces so incomprehensible a taste,—can fail of weakening the authority of the sacred volume, wherever this

party succeed in persuading people to adopt it. What particular form of error or superstition it is meant to disseminate, is a question of but secondary importance. It shakes the authority of revelation. It teaches men to tamper with the letter of the Word of God. It teaches men to treat the most sacred names and awful mysteries, as if the Gospel was an outline of legendary mythology, where the history of imaginary persons and events is sketched out, merely to furnish materials for the exercise of a fancy more or less refined. It undermines men's reverence for truth. And what other results can any one expect to follow from such a system, except those which have ever followed, and ever will, when ever men have been sinful and foolish enough to attempt to promote what they considered piety, by an admixture of truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, the Word of God and the vagaries of a wild and irreverent imagination?

CHAPTER XXIII.

DR. PUSEY'S MODE OF TAMPERING WITH SCRIPTURE.

YES, it is for life we are contending. If these writers would but leave the bible unsullied by their meditations, we might forgive everything else; at least, those who had been mourning over the mischief this party have done, and the discredit they have brought on the principles of the Church of England and of genuine catholicity, might console themselves with the thought, that their folly and puerility are daily becoming more apparent, and the aim and objects of their movement more developed;—that their influence, for some time rapidly diminishing, is now all but gone;—while their power to lead the simple and inexperienced astray, is neutralized by the proofs they are continually giving of the tendency of their system, in repeated apostasies from the church. But the mischief these writers have been doing, reaches far beyond any influence they ever could possess, as the leaders of a party. Such writing will do harm to many, who would feel no disposition to adopt their notions of Catholicity and Church principles. This method of meditating and allegorizing assails the foundations of Christianity itself. As long as mankind retain their reverence for Holy Scripture, there is still

something to retreat upon. But those who teach men to make the words of the living God a sport and a toy for the imagination, lay the foundations of an incurable infidelity, and in fact have already proceeded a considerable way towards it themselves. How far they suffer their thoughts and notions of invisible and eternal things to be governed by the letter of Holy Scripture, is to such persons a question rather of convenience and taste, than of right and wrong. The text hampers and cripples them—they feel it—they confess it. Nay, on the bounds it sets to the vagaries of their imaginations, they actually set up a claim to a right to go beyond it,—to tamper with it,—to force it to take the form of their fancies;—every particular person, as may suit his particular taste, be it refined or gross. "The bible is silent—therefore we *must* speak." This is the fundamental maxim of their devotional system. Their very piety is a development of restlessness and self-will. They must alter this, and contradict the other—supply what is omitted, and imagine what is concealed; and all this (as they tell us—and it is very likely they impose on themselves more easily and frequently than they impose on others) piously, and reverently, and with one knows not what raptures of spiritual enjoyment and edification. But if morality and piety are then only real,—are then only valuable,—are then only pleasing to the Almighty,—when they are based on

truth, and the love of truth, (since he requires "truth in the inward parts," as the life, and essence, and form of all holiness and virtue,) then these men are utterly and ruinously deceiving themselves, and misleading their unhappy disciples—they are (if any can be) the blind leading the blind. And surely, if they had loved truth—if truth had been the object they sought for from the outset of this movement, —they never would have dared to pollute the oracles of God with their fictions.

Nor is it less obvious, that the effects of their teaching cannot be confined to their own followers, but that even on those who are not at all disposed to be led by them, either in whole or part, they must be mischievous. Such is the perversity of human nature—such that want of regard for truth (except for the present profit it brings) which is the unhappy characteristic of our depraved nature, that (to say nothing of the encouragement these writers are giving to absolute Neologianism) there is reason to fear, lest many religious persons, who are anything but inclined to sympathize with Romanizing notions or practices, may be found but too willing to admire these spiritualizings, and allegories, and meditations, and imaginings. It is by no means necessary for a man to have Romeward inclinations, in order to his allowing his imagination to take liberties with Holy Scripture. One need only open any popular commentator, to find, how far

some men have allowed themselves to go in this way, who were very good protestants, and who would never have dreamt of *asserting a right* to meddle with Scripture, in the manner they really have done without observing what they were doing. Still, it would be preposterous and untrue to represent the conjectures of Thomas Scott, for instance, objectionable as they often are,—or even what seems to come much nearer to these people's pattern—the traditionary fictions of Bishop Jeremy Taylor—as in any way resembling the system of Mr. Oakeley and Dr. Pusey. These writers make the sacred narrative disgusting—they seem to take an unnatural pleasure in doing so. They do worse—they contradict it; they represent facts in a way in which they could not possibly have taken place. If, for example, the crown of thorns remained on the Lord's head till it was taken off by Joseph and Nicodemus, it could not have been removed by the soldiers before he was crucified. If the miraculous darkness commenced after his death, it could not have begun some hours before. Yet, in both cases, Dr. Pusey, as I have already shown, makes these two contradictory statements in different places in his book,—just as if he thought, and wished others to think, that, provided he was only *meditating*, it was of little or no importance whether he spoke truth or not, or was even decently consistent with himself.

Again; the accounts of the Lord's burial, which

I have transcribed in Chapter XXI., are utterly at variance with the narrative of the Evangelists. There is not a word to justify the notion, that the women took any part in preparing His body for interment, or had any share in His burial, beyond being mere spectators. They followed:—they watched where the body was laid. Some of them seem to have remained for some time after, sitting over against the sepulchre. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose, that they took any part in what was done; nor, indeed, is there any proof, that, at the time, they knew who Joseph and Nicodemus were.

Still more preposterous are the statements, that John and Nicodemus and Joseph remained weeping in silence "for a full hour,"—and that, after this, when they joined the women, they all continued mourning for another "long hour"—before they had even prepared to take down the body,—and that it was the approach of *night* and the fear lest the Jews should insult the Lord's body, which induced His mother to allow it to be buried. It is needless to point out to the most moderately informed person, that the interval between the Lord's death and the beginning of the Sabbath, was totally too short to allow of Mr. Oakeley's account being true. He really seems to write, as if he did not know that the Sabbath began at sunset. If I had met the meditation anywhere else, I should feel certain that this

must have been the case; but, unfortunately, this party have given too many proofs that they are totally regardless of historical truth, consistency, and probability in the construction of their meditations.

But I should never come to an end, if I were to cite all the instances these books contain of their extraordinary treatment of Holy Scripture;—of their want of reverence, as well for truth, as for the letter of the sacred text. In the very beginning of his Adaptation of Avrillon's Guide to Lent, Dr. Pusey has the following:—"It is not, in reality, material bread alone, *says Christ*, which sustains the life of man, but the 'Word which proceeds from the mouth of God,' for that *divine Word* is the life itself."—p. 1. Is it to be believed that Dr. Pusey imagined he was correctly quoting the Lord's words: or that he supposed "*every* word"—ἐπὶ παντὶ ῥήματι —could mean "*the Word*"—"*that divine Word*" which is "the life itself"?

Again:—

> Three persons had the honour of kissing JESUS CHRIST: Mary, His divine Mother, while she still pressed Him to her chaste bosom; the *priest* Simeon in the Temple, and Magdalene in the Pharisee's house.—Ib. p. 104.

Who told Dr. Pusey either that Simeon was a *priest*, or that he *kissed* the infant Jesus? Even Mr. Oakeley has not ventured so far as this. Again:—

"His blood," said this blinded people, "be on us, and on our children." Such is the cruel sentence they pronounce against themselves—a sentence which has been executed, which is executed, and *which will be executed even till the Day of Judgment*, in order to repay the unjust and cruel sentence which they extorted by violence from the mouth of Pilate.—Ib. pp. 247, 248.

Surely Dr. Pusey cannot believe this to be true. Again:—

The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. Such is the terrible conclusion of that most fearful day. Think then again of that sight in all its dread array; the sun eclipsed, the moon stained with blood, the stars darkened, the earthquakes, the opened tombs, the dreadful appearance of the cursed who rise from them,—*all men suddenly dying, and re-living again directly*.—Ib. p. 53.

A statement, as little in agreement with Scripture as with the doctrine of the creed.

In the explanation of the words—"When a strong man, armed, keepeth his palace, all his goods are in peace," (Luke xi.) the *strong man* is all through explained to signify Christ himself. "He is himself this strong man armed, attentive to keep his palace, which is our soul."* Does Dr. Pusey really mean to say, that this is what the Lord intended by the parable?

Again:—

First, says the Evangelist, JESUS "must needs go through Samaria, *because* He had made to Himself a law of love to seek sinners.—Ib. p. 194.

* pp. 154—7.

But there would be no end of noticing particulars of this sort. I have selected these because they do not touch on controversial questions, and will serve to illustrate that which is more important than any particular error of doctrine—namely, the habit of mind which views the word of God as something to be played with—something to which any sense or meaning may lawfully and innocently be given to suit the occasion of the moment, or the fancy of the commentator. Clear it is, (at least I should think it very uncharitable to suppose anything else,) that, if Dr. Pusey had considered it sinful to treat the sacred text in this manner, he would have subjected passages like these to such a process of adaptation as would have rendered them less objectionable.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DR. PUSEY'S ROMANIZINGS—SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG PENITENTS.

As to the Romish character of this Adaptation of Avrillon, the passages extracted in Chapter XXII. must have prepared our minds for anything of that sort. When we read that "the blood of Jesus is shed" in the Sacrament,—that in the Eucharist a "Sacrifice wherein the victim is *a* Saviour and *a* God, is offered for the remission of our sins to *an* all-powerful God;"—that when Judas received the communion, he drank "that adorable blood," and that "the flesh and blood of the Lamb without spot" were united "with the flesh and blood of this wretched and infamous profaner," and that by this means Christ *dwelt in him*, and *abode "in the heart* of that perfidious man,"—after such statements, we can hardly feel surprised at any further proofs of Romanism,—however surprised we may feel at finding Dr. Pusey still talking of *neutrality*, and of *our* church, and disclaiming (if this be the meaning of his late letters) any right to *teach* Roman doctrine. But surely Dr. Pusey is not so unacquainted with the meaning of theological language as to adopt such a description of St. Peter as the following, unless he were prepared for more than he has yet avowed:—

His first Apostle, *whom He had destined to be the shepherd of His sheep, the head of his Church*, &c.—Ib. p. 134.

Dr. Pusey can hardly require to be told, that in these words is contained the essential principle of Romanism.*

But this Guide to Lent is a devotional work, and perhaps nothing can be more illustrative of the pietism of Dr. Pusey's party than a passage in his preface, in which he explains the sort of mortifications he thinks people ought to practise.

Dives "was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." If we cannot use hair-cloth and herbs, at least we may shrink from "his good things;" to lie hard may be a corrective of self-indulgence, and can injure no frame, and suits disciples of Him Who had not where to lay His Head; *to lie low* may be the type of lowliness; *rough or coarse garments*, of the prickly fig-leaves, which were a natural token of penitence; to "*smite upon the chest*" *or* "*the thigh*" are scriptural expressions, and means of humiliation; *to smite the face*, as it suffuses it anew with the hue of early shame, so it helps to the feeling which it expresses, and may bring to mind how thus also He, our Divine Saviour, for us "hid not His Face from shame;" *the ancient mode of praying with the arms outstretched in the form of a cross*, puts a person into a very solemn relation with the Passion of our Lord, Which it reverentially represents, and by its very attitude pleads for mercy through It; it confesses in action, "and we indeed

* And yet, in his preface, Dr. Pusey seems rather to profess to have omitted passages relating to the papal supremacy. See the passage in Chapter XVII., p. 165.

A subsequent reference to the Oxford translation of Tertullian makes it still more difficult to know what he really intends to teach.

justly:" *to pray* "*with the face* ON *the earth*," though not otherwise punitive, acknowledges that "our soul cleaveth to the earth," that we, bowed down by earthly cares and pleasures, and joys, and weariness, have lost that uprightness which God gave us; have brought ourselves "down to the dust of death," have crept on the ground, when our Lord from Heaven called "Arise and follow Me," and cannot "raise ourselves, unless Christ again raise us on His Cross;" that we have again deserved that sentence, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," and pray to be quickened from amid the dust, with Him to be "lifted up from the earth."

In this way, to spiritual humiliation and its acts, which is the end of our Lenten and all our other fasts, there is no bound. Every act, unperceived by men, may to our "Father Who seeth in secret" be an act of humiliation and penitence. Everything (we know) may be done either to ourselves, or to men, or "to the glory of God;" and hence we have authority for doing every the least thing (if God gives us grace) in a penitential spirit. Lent was, according to the ancient rule, a time for keeping "strictest watch and ward over every avenue of the senses;" we need, in these days, much rule over speech, which Holy Scripture speaks of as a grace of such especial difficulty; instinct oftentimes and experience and Holy Scripture have pointed out silence as a mode of self-discipline and collectedness; we should be silent at times, as unworthy to use speech, which we have so often abused; never interrupt, always allow ourselves to be interrupted, as being of all the least; never resent ill, not only as an act of charity, but as persons of whom did God reveal all which has been or is within us, so much ill might be related; *never complain of ills, in the Church or otherwise*,* as deserving or

* Can Dr. Pusey be serious? Or are his perpetual complaints of every one in and over the church a more refined species of self-denial? It is amazing.

contributing to all. The wandering of our eyes we might restrain, and *fix them on the ground*, as unworthy to lift them up; wait on ourselves, or accept with great thankfulness and inward shame the services of attendants, as being ourselves the last, they the first; visit the poor and sick, as our superiors in God's sight and His friends; act to all, as enforcing upon ourselves, that all are to be preferred to us; be ashamed that anything must be done for us; give way to all; *take, everywhere that we can, the lowest, and last, and worst place or thing*, simply as our desert; *do any irksome secular occupation which may come before us, as most suiting persons so unspiritual as we*—as owning ourselves fitter for the hard service in the brick-kilns of Egypt, than for cultivating the lot of our inheritance; fill up our broken intervals of time with words of the penitential Psalms, in our secret hearts; be glad of every thing which crosses our senses, as most fitted for us; be thankful for pain, or reproach, or ill-esteem, as our fittest portion; take our food, as unworthy of it, through our abuse of God's creatures; drink (if so be) a cup of cold water, with a secret confession that we deserve to be in hell, where the rich man longed in vain that his tongue should be cooled with one drop from the finger of Lazarus; lie down to rest, as deserving only to lie down where there is no rest, yet trusting, through His mercy, to lie down in "the Everlasting Arms." Actions of this sort have been indefinitely multiplied: rather these are but very common and petty actions of the sort, which yet have been found useful in forming habits of humility; as being common and every-day actions, they may be done the more easily to God alone: unsuspected by men, they will lead on to others, and may be forming in us that "broken and contrite heart which God will not despise;" only that in the feeling of our own unworthiness, we must ever keep His Cross in sight, and "out of the deep" of our misery, "call to the deep" of His mercy.

Such acts as these are, of course, given as specimens only to *beginners;* they who are more advanced will be guided by Him Who has led them thus far; it need hardly be said that such as the writer would not suggest a rule.

This is a long extract, but it is very characteristic, and the notion of its being intended for "beginners" is so wonderful, so plain a proof, either of an ignorance of human nature almost inconceivable, or else of a settled design to drill young people by degrees into habits that will prepare them for something unavowed, that it cannot be too attentively considered. Let any man, who has had much experience in the guidance of *beginners*, ask himself, how many young persons he has ever known in the course of his ministry whom he should feel disposed to *recommend*, to wear "rough or coarse garments," —"to smite upon the chest or the thigh,"—"to smite the face,"—to adopt "the ancient mode of praying with the arms outstretched in the form of a cross,"—"to pray with the face ON the earth"—to keep his eyes fixed on the ground,—and he will have no difficulty of coming to a just conclusion. To say nothing of the follies and superstitions and self-conceit to which the *recommending* of such practices must inevitably lead, it seems perfectly plain, that any attempt to anticipate experience and the work of the Holy Spirit, by teaching young people to force such feelings of humiliation, as,—at their age, and with their degree of religious experience,—can

be no other than unreal and unnatural, must end either in making them hypocrites or fanatics.

Nor is it possible, to feel any confidence in the tone of humility which is given to this passage. Of all species of pride, the most offensive is that which is everlastingly wearying mankind with professions of humility, and talking, at every other sentence, of being the least and the lowest, and, in fact, the author of all the misery of the church, at the very moment it is putting itself forward, on every possible opportunity, as the leader of revolution, the guide of the church, and the corrector of its rulers.

As to the rules of mortification here recommended, they are such as form part of the discipline imposed by the Jesuits on their Novices. Praying with the arms outstretched in the form of a cross, and restraining the eyes by keeping them fixed on the ground, are practices familiar to every one at all acquainted with the Jesuit system.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. OAKELEY'S AND DR. PUSEY'S MEDITATIONS ON THE LIMBUS PATRUM.

To proceed, however, with Dr. Pusey's Romanizings.

In the Roman-catholic translation of Bonaventure's Life of Christ, the seventy-first chapter is headed, "Our Lord Jesus descends into the Limbo of the Fathers." In Mr. Oakeley's version, he has avoided the use of the word *Limbo*, and entitles the chapter as follows:—

HOLY SATURDAY OUR LORD DESCENDS INTO HADES.

It now comes to consider what our Lord did on this same Sabbath-day. Immediately after his death, He went down to Hades, to the holy Fathers, and stayed among them. Then they were in glory; for the sight of the Lord is perfect glory. Here consider and observe how unspeakable was His kindness in going down into hell; how great His love; how great His humility. For He might have sent one of His angels there, and have released all His servants, and presented Himself where He pleased; but this would not have agreed with His infinite love, and profound humility. He went down, therefore, in His own person, and visited them, not as servants, but as friends, He, the Lord of all, and abode with them in that place of departed souls till near daybreak on the Sunday. Think well on these points, admire, and *strive to imitate*. The holy Fathers were in high jubilee at His approach, and filled with infinite delight; every pain, every disquietude was banished at once; and they stand before Him, singing

canticles of praise, on the which songs you may meditate in the following way. Imagine their glorious bodies as they were after the Resurrection, and together with them the most loving soul of our Lord Jesus Christ. As soon, then, as they became conscious of His saving approach, they meet Him with joy, mutually exhorting one another, and saying; "*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people*," with the rest of that Divine hymn; "*Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh; Rise, O Jerusalem, loose thyself from the bands of thy neck;* behold thy Saviour cometh, to loose us from our chains. *Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.* We worship Thee, O Christ, and bless Thee, O Thou most loving God." And, falling down, they worshipped Him with joy and great gladness. Consider them, for they stand near Him with reverence and great delight, and countenances beaming with joy, and speak the foregoing words in His presence; and in suchlike praises, and canticles, and jubilations, continued they in the place of the departed till near daybreak on Sunday. With them also was a multitude of the Angels, singing praises with them. Then our Lord took them, and led them in triumph out of Hades, and set them in the Paradise of delights. Then, after a short space passed in joy with them, with Elias and Enoch, who recognise Him, He told them that the time of His Resurrection was at hand. Then they all fell prostrate and said; "Go, O Lord, Thou King of Glory, and return quickly, if it pleaseth Thee, for we burn with loving desire to behold Thy most glorious Body.'" —Life of Christ, pp. 242, 243.

This may be thought wonderful enough. But, certainly, it is not by many degrees so wonderful as Mr. Oakeley's defence of it. In his preface, he says—

There are . . . two points for contemplation retained in the following pages, which may require a distincter notice, as being less of the nature of what may be called (in a very solemn sense) *meditative poetry*, than *actual traditionary impressions of the Catholic Church*, supplemental to the text of Scripture. 1. The Appearance of our Lord upon the Day of His Resurrection to his Mother. 2. His announcement of His Resurrection to the blessed "Spirits in prison," the holy Fathers, and deliverance of them from their state of expectancy.—Ibid., p. xvi.

Having disposed of the first of these supplements to the text of Scripture, in the manner the reader has already seen in Vol. I., Chapter XL., Mr. Oakeley proceeds:—

As to the Meditation on the Visit to the holy Fathers after the Resurrection, it has been preserved in the present translation for the following reasons:—The devout soul is ever with its Lord, picturing him in some act of bounty, or some attitude of love. It will, it must think of Him, who is its Life; and it is the property of Love to cling to those who come with the mere profession of news from its Beloved, and to catch even at *rumours*, where it is denied assurance. Having, then, been with its Lord in His Passion, following Him throughout each variety of pain and grief, the soul *will not be kept* from its appointed consolation of dwelling on Him with a like intentness in the season of His glory on earth; yet *dwell on Him in the abstract it cannot; it must conceive of Him under certain accidents, and in certain relations, and for these it must draw upon other than directly Scriptural sources.* Why, again, but *as if to invite such devout inquiries*, does Scripture repeat that He performed in those eventful forty days so many more wondrous and gracious acts than it has room for? Again, if there were any period since the In-

carnation upon which it would have seemed beforehand bold to speculate, it would surely be that of the Three Days between Good Friday and Easter. Yet Scripture itself has vouchsafed, in its own natural and casual way, to intimate how our Divine Lord was employed in that interval;* thus teaching us that there is no time so blank but His *restless Love* can devise a work for it. And towards what object does Holy Scripture itself *more plainly direct our thoughts* during this period, than that of a visit to the Saints of the elder Covenant? The souls of those who die in sanctity, since Christ has come, are at once, as the Church has ever believed, in bliss.

Mr. Oakeley's purpose required him to say "in *heaven*," not "in *bliss*." And then it is totally and notoriously untrue that "the Church has ever believed" the Popish doctrine, that those who die in sanctity are at once in heaven.

St. Stephen "saw heaven opened" *for him*, [who authorized Mr. Oakeley to add these words?] even before His death; St. Paul longed to be "with Christ." Not so those Saints who died *before* the "Day of Christ," else would they not so anxiously have expected that Day, and "rejoiced and been glad in it" by anticipation. But what then was this Day of Christ, but the Day of days, the Day which the Lord Himself made glorious, and in which the whole Church rejoices and is glad; the Day of His Resurrection?

But is it not a gross misrepresentation to give this as the meaning of the Scriptural phrase—"the day of Christ"?

It is the coming of this great and desirable Day, which,

* 1 Peter, iii. 19.

according to the old Catholic view, our Lord went to announce on the Easter morning in that place of the departed, where, on Holy Saturday, He had "preached" the completion of His Sufferings, while His victory was as yet incomplete. Here then the Saint is but following out a train of thought suggested by Scripture, and sanctioned by the current opinion of the Church. Neither do we, on our side, seem forbidden, *in a matter thus indifferent,** *to accompany Him if we please;* while yet it must be remembered that nothing in these pages is attempted to be *forced* upon those whose minds do not rather outstrip, than merely not recoil from, the hint.—Ibid., pp. xxi.—xxiii.

There may be some who may wish to know, how far Dr. Pusey is prepared to go along with all this. In his adaptation of Avrillon's "Guide to Passing Lent Holily," is the following in the Meditation for Good Friday, which will determine the question. The allusion is to the last cry which the Lord uttered before his death.

Thou criest, O Lord, with a loud voice, *that Thou mayest be heard by the holy fathers in Limbus*, who have so long *sighed after* the deliverance, which they can obtain from Thee Alone. Thou criest to forewarn them that forthwith, after having yielded up the Ghost, Thou wilt render them a most joyful visit, in order to break their chains,[1] to make them the companions of Thy triumph, and of thy glorious entry into Heaven.—Guide to Lent, pp. 364, 365.

* How can any matter relating to Christ be "*indifferent*"? It may be *true*, or it may be *false: indifferent* it cannot be.

On the word "chains," Dr. Pusey has put the following note:—

[1] Essuyer leurs larmes, omitted. The author does not seem elsewhere to have intended to convey an idea of suffering (as certainly the Fathers do not), but only a longing expectation of His coming, by which the souls of the just were to be translated to a more blissful abode and His own more immediate Presence. See, further a note at the end of Boudon, "Life hid with Christ."

Really, there seems to have been (to adopt the most charitable supposition) a degree of carelessness in the editing of this book, which it is almost incomprehensible how any one, who considered the subject of any importance whatever, could be guilty of. "The author *does not seem elsewhere* to have intended to convey an idea of suffering." Could any one have supposed that only a few pages after these words stands the following passage, in the Meditation for Easter Day? The reader will please to observe the note Dr. Pusey has appended to it.

But still more, we are to-day absolved from three decrees of death which GOD had pronounced in consequence of sin. The first regards all men; the second, sinners; the third, even the just. All men were condemned to a natural death, after some years of a life of labour, without giving them the hope of the resurrection. Sinners were condemned to a spiritual and eternal death, without giving them the hope of mercy. Even *the just were condemned* to a death in law, and *after their death to sigh** in *Limbus*,

* Gémir.—Dr. Pusey's note.

without fixing to them the day of his coming.—Guide to Lent, pp. 385, 386.

Does this language "convey an idea of suffering?" It seems almost incredible. Yet, after the liberties we have seen Dr. Pusey take with the sacred Scripture, why should this create surprise?

CHAPTER XXVI.

DR. PUSEY'S ADAPTATION OF AVRILLON'S GUIDE TO LENT—THE LENT FAST A DIVINE INSTITUTION—DR. PUSEY'S DOCTRINE OF EXPIATORY PENANCE, AND THE ATONEMENT.

AMONG the fictions contained in this volume is one of frequent occurrence, (particularly in the prayers taken from the Collects,) where it is repeatedly stated that the Lent fast is of divine institution. The following may serve as examples:—

PRAYER FROM THE COLLECT.

O Sovereign Lord, *Who hast instituted this yearly season of fasting and abstinence*, &c.—Guide to Lent, p. 48.

We beseech Thee, that in this holy season of tears, of penitence, and of grace, (wherein we chasten our sinful flesh *by those abstinences and fasts which Thou hast ordained for us*, in order *to turn aside Thy righteous anger*, to *make amends to Thine awful Righteousness*, to *put us in the paths of salvation*, and to *obtain more surely Thy mercy*,) &c.—Guide to Lent, p. 182.

If I did not know, how little Dr. Pusey allows these devotional compositions to be restrained, by any consideration of the truth of the statements they contain, I should have asked to see the proofs by which he had satisfied himself, that the Lent fast is a divine institution and ordinance. For it would be only charitable to take for granted that he must, by some means or other, have convinced himself that it is. And certainly, the alternative is very shock-

ing to think of, with such language as this before us, addressed to the Almighty.

Some persons, however, will probably be more struck by his speaking of fasting, as if it could redeem sins, and make amends to the righteousness or justice of God. But in truth the propagation of this notion seems the main design of the book. The difficulty lies in selecting from the abundance of proof. Take the following—

Deliver me from my sins which are without number, and from all the pains which are their due, *whilst I impose voluntary pains upon myself, to save Thee the sorrow of punishing me in this world and the next.*—Guide to Lent, p. 8.

Give me still more, O Lord, the mysterious oil of Thy grace. Shed this precious and Divine Unction plentifully over all my thoughts, over my desires, my feelings, my actions, my doings, my prayers, my communions, my sufferings, and the penitential exercises *which I am going to undertake during this Lent, in order to obey Thy holy laws, to obtain acquittance of my sins, to appease Thy justice,* for Thy glory, for Thy love, and for my salvation.—Ibid. p. 8.

Is it too much to say, that such prayers are at variance with the spirit of the Book of Common Prayer? Is it too much to say that they are wholly irreconcileable with the doctrine of the church, or with an honest subscription to the Article which declares of all such good works as are "the fruits of faith and follow after justification," and are "pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ,"—that they "cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity

of God's judgment"? Dr. Pusey and his party may not think these questions of much moment to decide one way or other;—but if we are to understand the tendency and design of the movement which he is urging forward, the questions are of no little importance indeed. Take another example:

"When ye fast," says JESUS CHRIST, "be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast," (Matt. vi. 16.) Fall not into this snare, which the Evil one spreads for thy good works, to make thee lose all their acceptableness. On the contrary, begin thy fasts, thine abstinences, and thy holy practices, with that spiritual joy which thy Saviour demands in the gospel of the day. Rejoice then with the saints at being *by these humiliations a voluntary victim, in time, to thy sins and to the justice of* GOD; so wilt thou assuredly escape the being one day an involuntary victim in eternity.—Ibid. p. 11.

It is sad to be obliged to say it of any clergyman, but it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that a man must have had his notions of truth utterly confused, before he could have written in this manner. Supposing it possible to reconcile such doctrine, with the doctrine of the word of God and the church of England, how is Dr. Pusey to be reconciled with himself? No doubt, to be a victim and sacrifice capable of making amends to the righteousness of God, and expiating sins, and appeasing the divine justice, the victim and the sacrifice *must* be voluntary. So far he is right. But how can the victim be voluntary, and the pain be self-imposed, if they be of divine ap-

pointment, as Dr. Pusey has again and again stated? If sufferings be a divine ordinance, they cannot be self-imposed. But be this as it may,—it seems to me impossible for any man, whose religious notions are in harmony with the teaching of holy Scripture, to regard this doctrine—of voluntary and self-imposed mortifications having the power to make amends to God's righteousness and appease his justice,—as deserving of any milder censure than that of "arrogancy and impiety," with which the church has already branded it. Let any humble Christian read the following, and judge for himself:—

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," where all is enduring and eternal; but be assured that the most precious of all treasures which thou canst now lay up consists in *good works and acts of penitence*, since *that is the precious coin which enables us to gain acquittance of our debts to* GOD'S *justice, to satisfy for our sins, to obtain His grace and His love, to free us from hell, and to purchase heaven.* —Ibid., p. 13.

Are "arrogancy and impiety" too severe terms to use in describing such language?

It is, in fact, plain, (notwithstanding Dr. Pusey's endeavours, in his editorial preface, to mystify the question,) that the doctrine taught by this party is irreconcileable with the doctrine of Holy Scripture, concerning the Lord's Atonement. I shall beg my reader to consider, what the following must mean, if it mean anything at all.

Think here, in all the bitterness of thy heart, of all the more considerable sins which thou hast committed, of the evil habits thou hast contracted, of the sins which thou dost

yet daily commit; put these on one side of the balance, and in the other, put thy good works and the penitential acts thou hast done; examine them, weigh them in the balance of the Sanctuary; see if they are in any proportion, and *if* GOD, *Who is infinitely just, will be satisfied.*

What *atonement, what amends, what compensation makest thou to the righteous judgment of* GOD? *Nevertheless, it is absolutely needful that thou make some,* either in this world or in the next. It is necessary *that thou shouldest make some thyself with thine own hands;* or GOD will do it with His, which will be infinitely more hard to bear.—Guide to Lent, p. 69.

The very use of the word "atonement," as a "compensation" to be made "to the righteous judgment of God" by our own hands,—the notion of the good works of a miserable sinner being weighed in the balance against his sins, to determine, whether an "infinitely just" God "will be satisfied" by the *proportion*, is as utterly false and unscriptural, as it is revolting to the humility of a Christian heart. Men may sophisticate, and puzzle the question, until they have mystified themselves and their deluded followers,—but no man whose notions of the Lord's atonement were not erroneous to the very foundation, could use such language.

Imagine a clergyman of the church of England teaching men to offer up a prayer such as the following:—

PRAYER TAKEN FROM THE COLLECT.

All-mighty and most merciful GOD, Who crownest Thine own gifts in crowning our doings, accept our fasts, and give them a happy issue, that so, by Thy grace, they may produce in us a sincere conversion; that *they may*

serve to make amends for our sins, to propitiate Thy Justice, to punish and cure our sensuality and self-indulgence, and to work out our salvation.—Guide to Lent, p. 150.

Or this,—

We adore Thy Divine Providence in our sufferings, since Thou hast sent them to us, *only* to exempt us from the punishments of another life. *We consent* with willing heart, at this holy season, to *impose on ourselves* MOREOVER *voluntary sufferings, to appease Thy Justice.*—Guide to Lent, p. 214.

What can the word "*moreover*" mean, except to teach the doctrine of works of supererogation?

Hearken to our prayers, O Almighty GOD! hearken to our vows at this time of grace and of penitence, in which we strive to keep the yearly observances which religion enjoins us, with all the exactitude and with all the devotion we are able, that so these fasts, consecrated by the example and by the practice of Thy Adorable Son, and *so needful to us for redeeming the sins of which we have been guilty, and obtaining more surely Thy Divine Mercy*, may make us pleasing both in body and soul to the eyes of Thy Adorable Majesty, that so we may obtain eternal glory. And this we beg through the merits of the same JESUS CHRIST, Thy Son, our Lord.—Guide to Lent, p. 222.

As if the merits of that perfect and sufficient sacrifice and redemption, extended no further than to enable the sinner to redeem himself.

It is Thou Alone Who canst give to our labours and our fasts the acceptableness which they need in order *to appease thy wrath, to efface our sins, to draw down upon us Thy mercy, and to obtain eternal life*, which we hope for through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, Thy Adorable Son, our Sovereign Lord.—Guide to Lent, p. 279.

In fact, according to Dr. Pusey and his school, the sinner is redeemed and his *actual* sins atoned for, by his own voluntary and self-imposed sufferings *united to the sufferings of Christ.* Read, for example, the following:—

PRAYER TAKEN FROM THE COLLECT.

O Almighty Lord, what favours and what graces hast Thou not bestowed upon us! Thou didst create us with gifts which we miserably lost through the sin of our first parents. Thou hast had the goodness to repair our losses Thyself, by clothing thyself in our mortal flesh, by suffering and by dying for the love of us; Thou hast thus returned us with usury the gifts from which we had fallen. But, alas, O Divine Restorer! we have again disgraced, by our excesses and our intemperances, the dignity of our condition, which Thou hadst ennobled by Thine Incarnation. Grant us grace *to repair it again by our fasts, by our mortifications, and by our repentance, which we unite to Thy Sufferings*, that they may be found worthy of being presented to Thee, and of drawing down upon us Thy Mercy in this life, and glory in the world to come.—Guide to Lent, pp. 302, 303.

Upon this theory, then, *actual* sin is atoned for by the self-imposed sufferings of the sinner in this life, offering himself a voluntary sacrifice and victim to the divine justice; and, as far as such sin is concerned, the value of the Lord's atonement, (we are now taught,) consists in its giving value to the atonement which the sinner offers for himself. I submit another specimen—

PRAYER FROM THE COLLECT.

Almighty and most merciful Lord, Whose nature is

goodness itself, pour Thy grace abundantly into our hearts, and make them worthy to receive it, and to preserve it. Pour Thy Blessings also upon our works; that so we, *expiating the sins of which we are guilty, by the sharp and voluntary penitence wherewith Thou dost Thyself inspire us*, and which Thou in Thy goodness wilt accept *as an amends* which is due to Thee, may henceforth cease to offend Thee, and to incense Thy just anger by new sins: and that these chastisements *which we put upon ourselves during this life present, may exempt us from the terrible punishment of the life to come, and procure for us the advantage of possessing Thee eternally in the Heavens.* And this we beg through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, Thy Son and our Sovereign Lord.—Guide to Lent, pp. 310, 311.

So that,—as Dr. Pusey teaches his readers to believe,—good works and acts of penitence are "*the precious coin*, which enables us to gain acquittance of our debts *to God's justice*, to *satisfy* for our sins, to obtain His grace and His love, to free us from hell, and to purchase heaven;"—(p. 13,) and the merits of Christ effect these objects no further than by giving value and currency to this *coin*;—the *real* price of human salvation being our own voluntary self-imposed tortures, which, when united to the sufferings of the Son of God, constitute an acceptable and a sufficient reparation to divine justice. According to this teacher, the sufferings of the sinner are "a real satisfaction for sins." These are his words:—

Practise this patience, by the example of the suffering JESUS: ye will soon be perfect, because she will lead thee to all the other virtues, and she contains them; which made

the apostle Saint James say, "Let patience have her perfect work." (James i. 3, 4.) And truly, justice, obedience, strength, humility, and sacrifice are found in her. *Justice is found in her, because she is a real satisfaction for sins.*—Guide to Lent, p. 351.

And, in fact, (shocking to think,) he seems to treat the sufferings of Christ rather as an *example* (however meritorious) of what the sinner himself is to suffer in expiation of his own sins, than as that one and only sacrifice which, as far as satisfaction and atonement are concerned, has made an end of sin for ever. What else can be meant by the following?—

PRAYER TAKEN FROM THE COLLECT.

O Almighty and everlasting God, Who hast given us Thy adorable Son to be our Saviour, and Who, through Thy exceeding love for men, hast sent Him to take upon Him our mortal flesh, and to endure the Sufferings of the Cross, *to give us an example* of deep humility, perfect obedience, and Divine love, *grant us*, of Thine infinite mercy, *grace, and give us strength to suffer in patience for the expiation of our sins*; to obey Thy commands in all things, and to *profit by the Divine lessons which our Adorable Saviour has given to us on the Cross*, by obeying, by suffering, and by dying for our love; so that by *partaking of the infinite merits* of His Passion and of His Death, which is the Well-Spring of Life, we may also be partakers in the glory of His Resurrection. And this we beg through the merits of the same Jesus Christ, Thy adorable Son, our Lord.—Guide to Lent, p. 327.

Again,—

Although I am nothing, and merit nothing, yet, confiding myself to Thy Goodness, and to Thy Mercy, *I desire to be a victim all my life with Thee*, and to offer Thee sacri-

fices until death. But, O my GOD! purify Thyself the victim, by the fire of Thy Love, that so it may be more well pleasing unto Thee, and that *uniting my sacrifice to That which Thou dost this day offer upon the Cross, it may be more worthy of being presented to Thee.*—Guide to Lent, p. 370.

In effect, as far as I can understand Dr. Pusey's language, the sum of his teaching seems to be this,—that although they may require to be *united* to the merits of the sacrifice of Christ, self-imposed penances are a *real* sacrifice and satisfaction, and it is by them, and by nothing else, actual sin is expiated and atoned for, divine justice satisfied and appeased, and heaven purchased. The atonement and sacrifice of the cross are unavailing, unless such voluntary torments be united with them. The death of Christ, indeed, is the *example* for the sufferer; but the sinner's sufferings and good works are *the precious coin* by which admission to the heavenly kingdom and freedom from hell are to be purchased. Such is the doctrine which is deliberately, and of set purpose, taught as Christian,—as scriptural,—as catholic,—by a clergyman of the church of England. And, whether such teaching, in addition to its other obvious tendencies, (its tendency to Arianism, for example,) is not calculated to bring Christian self-denial and mortification into disrepute, and furnish plausible excuses for the luxurious and self-indulgent, seems a consideration of some practical importance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DR. PUSEY'S RECOMMENDATION OF AUSTERITIES—ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

We have seen what sort of devotional exercises Dr. Pusey suggests for "beginners;"—rough or coarse garments,—lying low,—smiting the chest or the thigh,—smiting the face,—praying with the arms outstretched in the form of a cross,—praying with the face *on* the earth,—and keeping the eyes fixed on the ground;—advice obviously borrowed from the discipline of the Jesuit Noviciate. He has no objection also to the use of ashes on the face or head.*

* In the Guide to Lent, we find the following on Ash Wednesday:

"On the Ashes, from whose religious use the day was named. Recollect that the Ashes are a sort of Sacrament and mystery, which ought to inspire us with feelings of humility and of death, and consequently of penitence. Say to God with all thy heart, 'Lord, I desire now to put in practice spiritually on my body that which thou wilt one day do by death,'" &c.

And in a note on this passage printed at the end of the volume, he says,—

"Our church, by retaining the name, recognises the use, although she has discontinued it *publicly*. If used in private, *like all other acts* of humiliation, it should be kept for our Father which seeth in secret. [This is easily said—but it is clear that many of the acts of humiliation this party recommend, are such as could not, and indeed, are not attempted to be kept secret.] The reflections describe the frame in which it should be used, 'with a spirit of recollection and of compunction, penetrated with a sense of thy wretchedness and nothingness.'"

From which it is plain that Dr. Pusey does not discourage this practice, but the contrary.

Signing oneself with the sign of the cross also, he tells us, "has great efficacy given it; especially against evil thoughts or distractions, or suggestions of Satan."* *Disciplining ourselves to blood*, he also agrees with Bonaventure in recommending, as a practice by means of which "we may know in ourselves" what the Lord "suffered at the pillar."† He recommends also the sort of arithmetical devotion which the Romanists are so fond of,—saying the same prayer over a certain number of times. He tells us that it is "in our entire ignorance of its very nature, the name of 'the Rosary,' or 'the Beads' is associated only with ideas of superstition;"‡ and recommends "detailed devotions with reference to each of" the Lord's Five most precious Wounds, or to the Seven sheddings of his Atoning Blood for us, either with reference to the seven deadly sins, or the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, or His seven words upon the Cross, or devout adaptations of the petitions of His prayer to them, or detailed recitations of the events of His Passion, in union with His Sacred Name,"§—for which purpose, he has printed the Litany of the Passion, at the end of Avrillon's Guide to Lent. He also recommends the Lord's prayer to be said at particular times of the day *with particular intention:*—for example, "At the great

* Guide to Lent, note (*b.*) at the end.
† Surin, p. 193.
‡ Surin, preface, p. xxvi.
§ Surin, preface, pp. xxvii., xxviii.

hours of the day in connexion with the memory of the Passion,"* a suggestion, which, he thinks, "our poor will most thankfully receive: and, as an act of intercession for the church, he advises (in the letter published in the English Churchman of October 30th) his young disciple to say the Lord's prayer three times a day in honour of the Holy Trinity, *with that intention*;"—affecting, as he now commonly does, the technical phraseology of Romanism. But these suggestions are only for "beginners." He seems rather to decline giving rules to the "more advanced."

However, there is the less need of rules for this latter class, as the lives of the English Saints supply so many examples of what *they* should do, if they aspire to sanctity. Any one who requires guidance in the higher forms of heroicity, has only to turn to the picture these hagiologists have drawn of German or Bartholomew;—or, if they rather affect cold water than nastiness—St. Neot, or St. Wilfrid may furnish them with models. The fourteenth volume, which has appeared within these few days, will supply some more varieties of these arts of self-tormenting.

The first of the lives in this volume is that of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. His mother Mabel is described as exerting a considerable deal of ingenuity in this way.

* Surin, pref., p. xxvi.—note.

Above all, bearing in mind what Scripture says, that "She which liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth," she had imposed upon herself the perpetual wearing of sackcloth next her skin. And to ensure that its rough surface should be always in contact with her body, she laced over it a belt, or stays of iron, which kept it tight around her.—St. Edmund, p. 3.

She also took a good deal of pains with her son, to induce him to adopt the practice of austerities, even while he was a mere child. She taught him,—

as soon as ever he was capable of understanding the meaning of the act, to fast every Friday on bread and water, she did this not severely by compulsion, but gently, giving him little toys to induce him to do it of his own accord.—Ibid., p. 5.

Yet, it may be doubted, whether anything beyond a mechanical habit was likely to be formed, by bribing a child to fast in this manner. However, if we are to believe Dr. Pusey, "real saints" are, from one cause or another, "unintelligible to common men,"—and certainly, if this be the rule, St. Edmund, according to his present biographer, does not appear to have been an exception to it. His doings at Oxford, when but twelve years of age, are too remarkable to be passed over.

When about twelve years old, his mother sent him and his brother to the schools in Oxford: And here his chief desire [*at twelve years of age*] was to preserve his body in purity, spotless, and inviolate. He sought spiritual counsel in this matter from a certain Priest, famed for his wisdom and discretion, to whom his mother had given him in charge. Under his guidance he resolved to make a private

vow of perpetual continence before God, and the ever Virgin Mother. Entering a church, accordingly, he knelt before an image of Our Lady, and earnestly prayed for succour and strength to keep his vow. Following *the suggestion of boyish fancy*, he ratified his vow by a little ceremony.

Can the reader imagine what this "little ceremony" could be?

Having two rings made with the words of the Angel, Ave Maria, &c. upon them, one of which placing on the finger of the Image, the other on his own, *he thus espoused himself to the Blessed Virgin.* This *youthful action* he kept from the knowledge of all; though within himself he never ceased to keep up the remembrance of it. But *near the end of his life*, when he had ceased to fear the demon that lurketh in the noon-day, he related it to his friends, and *requested that it might be written down for the benefit of others.* In attestation of it the very ring with the inscription was noted on his finger at his burial; and the image was pointed out as an object of curiosity in the University. His biographers mention instances in which his resolution was put to trial; when the *grace of God, and the aid of the Blessed Virgin* saved him; and it was confidently attested by those who knew him all his life, and by all his confessors, that he preserved purity of body inviolate till the day of his death.—St. Edmund, pp. 7, 8.

Dr. Pusey may well call the saints of his school "unintelligible to common men." For, truly, one can hardly tell which is most wonderful in this tale, —a boy of twelve years of age "espousing himself to the Blessed Virgin,"—or an Archbishop telling such a story of himself, and requesting "that it might be written down for the benefit of others."

It is with his penances, however, we are now concerned.

He seemed hardly to allow himself the repose of entire sleep. For though he had in his chamber a bed furnished in the usual manner, yet he did not sleep in it, but lay on a bench at the foot of it, or else on the ground.—Ibid., p. 14.

Which may serve to explain what Dr. Pusey means by lying *low*, in his advice to "beginners." But how could this be done without its being known? His servants must have known it. However, this was only during his first essays in mortification. The legend proceeds:—

But ascetic habits, like self-indulgent ones, grow upon a man. And in time he began to find the recumbent posture too great a luxury. So he would take his *rest* at night, sitting upright wrapt in his scapular, or at most in a cloak. And this practice, those who were intimate with him believed,—for so secret did he keep his austerities, that it could not be ascertained with certainty—that he had observed for the last thirty years or upwards of his life. This coupled with the most vigorous abstinence, *made his friends fear for his head.* They thought human strength could not support so much, and that he would either die under the discipline or lose his senses.—Ibid., pp. 14, 15.

An apprehension that cannot appear very surprising. But it seems they *must* have known all about his doings, notwithstanding what this writer says of his keeping them "so secret;" or else, why should they have been so much alarmed on his account?

He rose at midnight to matins, which he attended, when in Paris, at the church of St. Mery. He never re-

turned to his couch, even such as it was, after he had once risen, but spent the time which remained till daylight in prayer, weeping and groaning before the altar of the blessed Virgin in the same church and then betook himself to the schools with the rest. In short, he could never be said to sleep; but if nature was sometimes overcome during his long vigils, he would lean his head against the wall and obtain a few moments of repose as he sat or knelt. Ibid., p. 15.

Of course, secresy was out of the question here. Whether the story is true or fabulous—whether the unhappy man was deranged or an impostor—is immaterial, as far as we are concerned. What it is every way important to remark is, that this is the sort of devotion which is now held up to the veneration of foolish young people as heroical sanctity. But these are trifles compared with his prayers.

Being continually in prayer, he adopted laborious postures, and those of three degrees. First, he knelt, or rather was *continually rising, and falling on his knees*, as it were *knocking at the gate of heaven*.—Ibid., p. 22.

As if this author imagined heaven to be somewhere underground.

This always with the bare knee on the ground, so that *one of them was ever wounded and bleeding*, while *the other was covered with a protuberance of hard callous flesh*. When he had no longer the strength to rise, he continued on his knees, but prostrating his whole body, at intervals, on the ground. And lastly, when too much exhausted to continue this motion, he was *fain to content himself* with bowing his head repeatedly.—St. Edmund, pp. 22, 23.

A specimen of devotional exercise, to which there

nothing similar in the Holy Scripture;—except, indeed, the instance of those unhappy men, who wearied themselves the live long day, crying aloud, and leaping up and down upon their altar, and cutting themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.* But they are a bad example of sanctity.

Every day he worshipped every member of Christ crucified from the head to the feet, saying as his eye rested on each, Adoramus te, Christe. And every day he said, in addition to the canonical hours, those of the Holy Ghost, and of the Blessed Virgin, adding to these the Office of the Dead.—Ibid., p. 23.

To which may be added, that—

He did not much indulge in the use of the bath, thinking purity of mind was sufficient.—Ibid.

These continual knockings with his knees on the floor, however, must have made some noise; and if they did not inconvenience others, could hardly be reckoned among *secret* austerities. It is curious that this biographer has actually noticed this, and still more remarkable is the extraordinary turn he gives it. After St. Edmund had been elevated to the see of Canterbury, the legend says—

He would spend almost the whole night in prayer, beating his breast, and falling with his bare knees on the floor, in such a way as to disturb the sleep of his clerks who were lodged in the rooms beneath. Some of them were so weary of these and his other austerities, that they

* 1 Kings, xviii.

quitted his service on various pretexts. *Thus the savour of life was to them a savour of death.*—Ibid., pp. 44, 45.

Such is the charitable conclusion of this biographer. But is this Christianity? Is one to believe that the Father of Mercies delights in these barbarous self-inflictions,—even supposing that no one else was to be tormented by them but the devotee himself? Bartholomew, we are told, wore a shirt for five years, till no one could abide him,—but suppose they could—or rather,—suppose him the solitary inhabitant of some desolate island, where no human being was ever within reach of the annoyance,—does anything in Holy Scripture—anything in primitive catholicity—warrant the notion, that the filthiness of his habits could render him more acceptable in the eyes of an infinitely pure God? St. Edmund's knockings with his knees on the floor are described as having been carried on with a total disregard of the comfort, or repose, or health of his unlucky chaplains. But, if instead of being Archbishop of Canterbury, he had been a hermit, far from the sight and sound of his fellow man, would his knockings, and prostrations, and bowings, his one knee bleeding and the other callous with continual blows—his wretched body and mind exhausted and crazed from want of rest, would such miserable inventions of a fanatical phariseeism, goaded perhaps to madness by an accusing conscience, advance him in the eyes of the God of Love? How can such torments avail

(however Dr. Pusey may labour to persuade his deluded followers to the contrary) to expiate guilt and wash away sins? It is not out of humility these tortures are inflicted. They are not an expression of sorrow and contrition. They are a price paid down for a certain benefit and reward:—for fame, and power, and influence, amongst the deluded people who are deceived into reverencing those who practise them. They are the secret of the ascetic's power and fame. They are meant to be so; whenever the secret shall escape, as (we are told) it is sure to do some time or other—if indeed such practices ever could be secret—or could be intended to be secret. This is the terrible price the ascetic pays for popularity, and admiration, and power. And worse than all—with this protracted suicide he expects (and Dr. Pusey teaches him to expect it) to be able to satisfy the Divine displeasure—to make an atonement to the Divine justice,—to wash away his sins—to purchase heaven, and save himself from hell. Is this Christianity? Is it catholicity? Does it bear the remotest resemblance to either the one or the other? The church must be in a fearful state, indeed, if any considerable number either of her clergy or laity entertain a doubt upon the subject.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DR. PUSEY'S PANEGYRIC ON MONASTICISM—THE NUNS OF WATTON—THE MONKS OF ST. MARY'S AT YORK.

WHAT is Dr. Pusey's opinion of the monastic life, may be gathered from the following passage, which occurs in his adaptation of Surin.

QUESTION—How can we forsake all?

ANSWER—In three ways principally.

1. First, *by depriving ourselves thoroughly of all temporal goods, in order to follow literally the counsel of the Son of God: Go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, &c.* Mark, x. 21. *This is done by all who enter the cloister;* they abandon their father and mother, quit their property, and put it out of their power ever to acquire or possess anything of their own.

The Apostles once said to the Saviour, *Behold, we have forsaken all, what shall we have therefore?* Matt. xix. 27. He replied that He would give *everlasting life* to them, and to all who should follow their example in ages to come. Whoever then renounces all, obtains all, for God Himself is his recompense. Thus, Saint Francis, having made himself poor, could say with truth, God is my portion, *He is in Himself everything to me.* And, in fact, a man who strips himself of all external things, delivers himself from so many obstacles to his perfection; *he deprives the evil one of the means of tempting him, and of drawing him into his nets; he empties his soul of creatures, and fills it with God.*—Surin, p. 114.

Language, which is to the full as extravagant as

any we have had occasion to notice, either in Mr. Newman's Sermons, or in the Lives of the English Saints. But yet these writers are sometimes obliged to acknowledge, that, in practice, monks and nuns do not always come up to the standard of "Bible Christians." Their account of the state of St. Ebba's monastery has been transcribed already.* Two more instances have occurred to me in reading, which are curious enough to appear worth transcribing. One is found in the life of St. Gilbert, and is as follows:—

A monastery had been founded, as has been said before, in Yorkshire, in a place so dreary and lonely, and so surrounded with water, that it was called Watton, or the Wet-town. To this house *a little girl of four years old* had been sent by Henry, Archbishop of York, to be brought up by the nuns. The poor child had always been unruly, and the nuns had never been able to do anything with her; and when she grew up, though she wore the veil, she never had the heart of a nun. One day, the lay-brethren came into the monastery to do some work; the unhappy maiden lingered near, and watched them intently; at length her eyes met those of one of them. It is useless to go through the steps which led her to crime; suffice it that she fell. By and by her shame could no longer be concealed, and her partner in wickedness fled away. The nuns perceived what had taken place, and now comes the most miserable part of a miserable tale. Instead of taking the fall of one of the inmates of the house as matter of humiliation, *some of the nuns grew frantic with rage; they had been proud of their chastity, as giving them honour in the sight of men*, and now they began to imagine

* Vol. i. p. 131.

that the finger of scorn would be pointed at them. Instead of rejoicing that by the dispensation of God without their fault, they were despised by men as sinners, *as had happened to our blessed Lord*, they murmured against God. A party of them *cruelly beat and loaded with chains the wretched girl*; their rule obliged them to confine her, but they might have comforted her in her prison, and tried to win her back to Christ. Their next act was *to get by stratagem the partner of her guilt into their power, and to execute upon him a sanguinary and horrible vengeance.* Instead of trusting that their own purity would be asserted by him who saved St. Agnes from the place of shame, *they devised a scheme of fraud in order to conceal the event altogether.* It is needless to go into the details of their wickedness; it is enough that *they imposed on St. Aelred*, and persuaded him that the girl had repented, and had been miraculously delivered, and that the chains had dropped from her hands. It is remarkable that they did not send for Gilbert to be witness to the miracle, instead of St. Aelred; they probably thought that they could not impose upon him. But however this be, so runs the tale, and a miserable tale it is, which may make any one tremble who is disposed *to pride himself upon his austerities or his purity*, forgetting that without charity they are nothing worth. These nuns of Watton were firm and zealous rather for their own honour than for the Lord, and were betrayed into a terrible system of deceit, which now rises up in judgment against them with posterity.*—St. Gilbert, pp. 116, 117.

* It would seem that Aelred is not the only person who has been imposed on. Another of these hagiologists, the writer of the life of St. Ninian, seems to think that these "savage old maids" (as St. Gilbert's biographer calls them) were very respectable people, and guilty of no fraud in the matter. He says—"Aelred, as appears by his writings, was no friend to monks who were ever on the look out for miracles, but in this case there was no choice between accusing the nuns of a wicked fraud, and believing the truth of the miracle;

If there be any truth in this story, it does not appear quite so certain as Dr. Pusey would have it believed, that those who enter the cloister deprive the evil one of the means of tempting them, and of drawing them into his nets. And this is not the only passage in these books calculated to make one doubtful of the practical reality of the holy and beautiful theology of monasticism, as these writers would say.

In the life of St. Robert, the writer informs us, that the monks of the Abbey of St. Mary, at York, had got into rather a lax state of discipline. It does not appear that they were vicious or immoral men, or even "savage" old bachelors. "The abbot was a kind-hearted old man; but he was old and ignorant, and the monks led an easy life. A noise of chattering and laughing might be heard all over the abbey; some, indeed, kept aloof, and would go into the church to pray while others were idle. The greater part, after compline, instead of going to the dormitory, walked about, and, dividing into knots, talked about the news of the day." However, Richard, the prior, and some of the stricter sort, were determined that matters should be reformed. "But the poor old abbot trembled at the thought of innovation." On which Richard appealed to Arch-

Aelred *found that he had reason to believe that the nuns were holy women*, and thought the latter alternative by far the less difficult."—p. 116. Between the two biographers, the story is involved in no little obscurity.

bishop Thurstan, who interfered and set the old abbot a-weeping: however, he said he would not oppose their holy resolution, only he could do nothing without the chapter. So the archbishop promised to meet the chapter: and here follows the account of the meeting:—

On the appointed day, Thurstan, with several grave and reverend ecclesiastics connected with the cathedral, went to St. Mary's abbey, to try to pacify it. When, however, they reached as far as the door of the chapterhouse, they were met by the abbot, who protested that the archbishop alone should enter, without the secular clerks who attended him. When Thurstan remonstrated, out rushed from the chapterhouse the whole convent, and with them a number of strange monks, Cluniacs and Benedictines, assembled for the occasion. Such an uproar ensued as St. Mary's abbey has never witnessed before or since. They roared, they bellowed, and they declared that they would rather suffer an interdict for an hundred years than yield an inch. Suddenly they shouted, "Seize them, seize them!" and then they attacked Richard and his friends, and would have torn them to pieces, if they had not clasped the archbishop's knees for shelter. Then they drove archbishop, monks, and clerks, altogether, pell-mell into the church, with cries of "Seize the rebels! seize the traitors!" So the archbishop quitted the monastery, and took with him the brethren thus forcibly ejected, being twelve priests and one sub-deacon, and lodged them in his house.—St. Robert, p. 49.

Of course neither of these stories are as bad as many which are notoriously true: nor should I have thought them worthy of notice, if these authors had been content to let monasticism rest on its own just

historical merits,—as a system which, with all its defects, had, in a certain state of the world and the church, its advantages,—instead of recommending it for the adoption of our church *now*, as a state of all but angelical perfection, and pronouncing monks and nuns to be the only persons deserving to be called "Bible Christians."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DR. PUSEY'S ADVOCACY OF JESUITISM—CONCLUSION.

DR. PUSEY'S object, however, is evidently to recommend Jesuitism, and not merely monasticism in the abstract. In fact all through this book of Surin's, which he has adapted to the use of the English church, we meet at every turn with those pernicious principles and maxims by which that fearful system has been able to do such inexpressible mischief to Christianity. If there is one principle which experience has proved to be more destructive of piety and morality than another, it is that fundamental principle of the Jesuits, that the self-denial and self-sacrifice prescribed by the Gospel requires them to yield a blind and implicit, and corpse-like submission* to

* The passage in the Constitutions of the Jesuits to which I refer is as follows:—

Having required that such prompt obedience should be paid, that if the Superior should call, command, or even give a sign of his will, without any expressed precept, the Jesuit ought to stop, even in the middle of forming a letter with his pen—it proceeds:—

"Ad eum scopum vires omnes ac intentionem in Domino convertendo, ut sancta obedientia tum in executione, tum in voluntate, tum in intellectu sit in nobis semper omni ex parte perfecta; cum magnâ celeritate, spirituali gaudio, et perseverentiâ, quidquid nobis injunctum fuerit, obeundo; *omnia justa esse, nobis persuadendo; omnem sententiam ac judicium nostrum contrarium*, CÆCA QUADAM OBEDIENTIA *abnegando*; et id quidem in omnibus quæ a Superiore disponuntur, ubi definiri non possit (quemadmodum dictum est) aliquod peccati genus intercedere. Et *sibi quisque persuadeat*; quod qui sub Obedientia vivunt, *se*

their superiors in the society, and that, in fact, the commands of the superior are to take the place of reason and conscience, and the Word of God. This is mainly and primarily what they mean by self-sacrifice. Now, let any one who has any knowledge of their system consider the following passage in Dr. Pusey's adaptation. The chapter is headed, "How to distinguish the will of God,"—and having stated that there are three means by which we may do so, "the law of God," (of which he gives a very comprehensive description indeed, including even "the statutes and general regulations made by prelates and ecclesiastical superiors,") "the disposition of providence," and "obedience"—he thus explains the third:—

ferri ac regi a divina providentia per Superiores suos, sinere debent, PERINDE AC SI CADAVER ESSENT, quod quoquoversus ferri, et quacumque ratione tractari se sinit: vel *similiter atque senis baculus*, qui ubicumque, et quacumque in re velit eo uti qui cum manu tenet, ei inservit. (Pars. vi. cap. i. pp. 233, 234. Antwerp. 1635. Superiorum Permissu. 8vo.) The limitation in the foregoing passage, "ubi definiri non possit aliquod peccati genus intercedere,"—or as elsewhere expressed—"ubi peccatum non cerneretur,"—(Pars. iii. cap. i. § 23)—however it is relied on by the apologists of the Jesuits, can oppose but slight obstacles to those who are schooled in the doctrine of probability. And it is manifest that, if men are bound by solemn vows to persuade themselves that everything their Superior commands is just, and to deny their own opinion and contrary judgment by practising a blind obedience, yielding themselves to be moved and used as if they were corpses, or walking-staves,—such a blind obedience can scarcely admit of their stopping to consider whether the act commanded be a sinful one or not? It seems evident that such an exception is not a general one—but refers to particular cases, such as the members of the society understand.

3. There remains only the obedience due to those whom we are lawfully bound to obey. Now *we cannot doubt that in executing their orders, we execute those of God.* For the Saviour said to the Apostles, and in their person to all His ministers, *He that heareth you heareth Me*, Luke, x. 16; and St. Paul orders all the faithful to *obey them that have the rule* over them. Heb. xiii. 17. *Those who live in a community, under a head who governs them*, have this advantage over those who are free, that *they are sure of doing God's will in practising obedience.*—Surin, pp. 202, 203.

Now what crime is there, which a person of enthusiastic temper and weak judgment cannot be induced to commit, if he can only be got to believe, that when he obeys his superior in a monastic order, he is "sure of doing God's will?" Of course the whole inquiry will then be narrowed to the one question—is it the command of a superior?—if it be, conscience must be silenced.

A still wider door, however, is opened to the arts of those, whose interest it is, to wind to their purposes the fanatics whom they hold in subjection, by a fourth method of distinguishing the will of God, which Dr. Pusey describes as "inspiration." These are his words:

4. With regard to inspiration, people are sometimes deceived; and the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false, leaves the mind in great uncertainty as to the will of God. But it is certain that one whose intention is perfectly pure is not exposed to grievous doubts, because *acting sincerely, and desiring to do whatever is best, he can hardly be deceived;* and *in any case he will be*

excusable, if before acting he examined the inspiration, and, *for greater security, consulted with persons experienced in the spiritual life.* Moreover, those who have long been led by the Spirit of God, are in the habit of following the drawings of Grace and the direction of the Holy Spirit, and *consequently cannot then fail of doing His Divine will.* Surin, p. 203.

Certainly, unless the history of the last three centuries be a fable, men of flighty and enthusiastic temperament have, by sophistry of this sort, been repeatedly worked on by the Jesuits to commit most atrocious crimes. Their intention pure,—the greater glory of God, and the extension of the Catholic Church, objects for which they were ready to sacrifice life itself,—how easy is it for a skilful confessor to lead some Clement or Ravillac to believe, that his plot of murder and regicide is an inspiration of the Almighty—and that whether it be or not, as he has "for greater security consulted with persons experienced in the spiritual life," he himself "in any case" "will be excusable." Such things have been done. And if this is the solution of some late phenomena, and if those who have been undermining and betraying the Church, have been taught by such fearful sophistry as this, to regard themselves as the subjects of inspiration, no one need be surprised at what has taken place. Without tools of this sort—weak—amiable—imaginative—devotional visionaries—minds easily puzzled by artful casuistry—easily confused as to the distinctions

of morals, and the necessity of truth and rectitude —without such tools as these at their command, the designs of the wily enemies of our church never could succeed. It may be doubted, whether they would even be attempted.

The system of espionage and mutual distrust which pervades the whole machinery of the Jesuits is thus panegyrized by Dr. Pusey:

> The state of a man who, having learned by Divine illumination the great advantage of self-knowledge, is so led to annihilate himself before God and man, as to be completely indifferent to all that is said or thought of him; to desire no privilege, nor any token of distinction; instantly to forget all injuries done to him, without seeking to do himself justice; in short, to become, as it were, insensible to all that concerns his own interest. One who has been enabled to arrive at this state, whatever his merit, however great his age, *joyfully suffers himself to be treated like a child; he does not complain;* he does not even think that too little consideration is shown him: and *if he is under obedience in the religious life, he is well satisfied that his Superior shall see all his letters, and send or retain them as he pleases:* and though he may have preached in the most celebrated pulpits with the general applause, not only of the people, but even of princes, he is not reluctant to be humbled: far from that, he makes abasement his delight, and reposes on it as in his centre, ever as passionately desirous of contempt, as worldly men are of honour and of the highest dignities. When a soul is thoroughly established in this disposition, not by a mere yielding, but by a generous and efficacious love of humiliation, she may be said to know what is meant by true humility: and if she has not yet learned to practise it in full perfection, to have at least the thought and desire of doing so.—Surin, pp. 208, 209.

Persuade a man that it is the perfection of self-sacrifice and humility to take pleasure in being treated as a child, and in having his letters opened and pried into, and sent or retained at the caprice of another*—and you make him fit for any purpose to which a total negation of self-respect is a qualification. And meantime his pride and ambition are soothed by the assurance, that in an order where talents and discretion are certain to find their level,

* Indeed this is one of the inquiries made of candidates for the order of Jesuits, whether they are willing to subject their letters to this scrutiny and control, and is an important part of that system of everlasting espionage by which the power of the General is maintained, and by which he contrives to keep together a society where no man can trust another. In the fourth chapter of the examination of candidates is the following:—"Cum autem communicatio, quæ cum amicis, et sanguine junctis verbo aut scripto fit, potius ad quietis perturbationem, quàm ad eorum qui spiritui vacant profectum, præsertim in initiis, facere soleat: Interrogentur, num contenti sint cum hujusmodi non communicare, nec literas accipere, nec scribere; nisi aliquâ occasione Superiori aliter videretur: Et quamdiu Domi fuerint, num contenti sint, ut videantur litteræ omnes, et quæ ipsis scribentur, et quas ipsi aliis scribent; ei, cui hujusmodi munus commissum est, curâ relictâ, ut eas det, vel non det, quemadmodum in Domino Nostro magis expedire judicabit."—Examen. cap. iv. 6. And in like manner, in one of the Declarations on the Constitutions, the following rule is given: "Si aliquis ex iis qui Domi sunt, cuiquam scriberet, non nisi obtentâ facultate, litteris ei ostensis quem Superior destinaverit, id faciet. Si ad eumdem litteræ mitterentur, ei primo reddentur, qui a Superiore fuerit constitutus; qui eas lectas reddet, aut non reddet illi, ad quem sunt destinatæ, prout in Domino expedire ad melius ipsius bonum, et Dei gloriam existimabit."—Part iii. cap. i. Declar. B. In a society whose deeds will not bear the light of day, such precautions may be necessary enough. But certainly, it is not a little wonderful to see a state of things where mutual distrust, hatred, suspicion, and deception must inevitably prevail, held up to us by Dr. Pusey, as the beau ideal of Christian simplicity and humility.

he will be employed in the post for which he is best suited. Clothed in the language of piety, Dr. Pusey expresses this idea thus—

With this a man is capable of filling all offices, of acquitting himself well of all sorts of employment; and *God can entrust His gifts to him without risk.*—Ibid.

But, indeed, he makes no concealment of the connexion of this notion with Jesuitism. The following will perhaps be read with surprise, by those who recollect that Dr. Pusey still wishes it to be thought that he is a member of our communion. I shall again beg my reader to bear in mind, that Dr. Pusey is now in the habit of using (as in this passage) the words,—St. Ignatius,—to signify Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits.

For this cause the Saints have so highly praised humility, and St. Ignatius, among others, calls the love of contempt a most valuable step in the spiritual life. He often recommended it to his first companions, and some of them, touched by his lessons, became eminent in that virtue. It is related in the History of the Company of Jesus, that Father James Laynez, the most learned Jesuit of his time, and a famous preacher, having been made Provincial of Italy, complained to his General, St. Ignatius, that he called all the best labourers of his province to Rome, and that for want of their assistance the colleges were ill provided. The holy man replied wisely, that it was right to prefer the common to private good, and that it was more important to religion that Rome should be provided with fit persons than the other towns. But Laynez, seeing that the General still persisted in taking away many of his evangelic labourers, thought it right to represent to him once more the inconvenience that this caused him. Then

St. Ignatius could not refrain from testifying to him by letter his displeasure, that though he had sufficiently explained to him why he did so, he still continued his complaints, and thereby *showed less obedience than he ought.* Send me word, added he, if, on examination, you do not think that you have done amiss; and in case you find yourself guilty, let me know to what penance you condemn yourself. The reply of Laynez was a manifest proof of his profound humility, and his letter is preserved word for word in the history. He begins by thanking St. Ignatius for his goodness in warning him of his fault; then humbly acknowledging himself guilty, he asks his pardon for the trouble which he has caused him by his importunity; him, whom he honours as the father of his soul, and to whom he owes the utmost respect: and to the Saint's desire that he would inform him of what punishment he thought himself worthy for his want of obedience, he replies, that whatever he is pleased to order him, will be that which he will most willingly accept; but that since he must impose one on himself, the least of which he thinks himself worthy, is *to be deposed from his office, forbidden to study, and deprived of all books except his Breviary, reduced for his whole life to teach grammar to little children; in a word, to be regarded as filth. He adds to all this many other penances, as fasts and scourgings;* and to this he voluntarily condemns himself for a fault which others would have judged so slight, as hardly to believe it a real fault. But *because he has been blamed for it by his Superior,* he returns unto himself, and accuses himself with a humility which cannot be too much admired in a man of extraordinary merit, a man whom the Supreme Pontiff had chosen to be his preacher, whom he had sent to Trent to assist at the Council as his theologian, and who at length succeeded St. Ignatius in the office of General.—Surin, pp. 210, 211.

Whether this be not something like what the

Meditators would call a "devout invention," I need not stop to inquire now—but the principle which the story is intended to inculcate,—that such an extravagant punishment was deserved by a man high in office, for no other reason but because he had ventured,—not to disobey, (for he never dreamt of that, it seems,)—but to exercise his reason in considering the interests of the Society, so far as to make a representation to his superior,—is as complete an exposition of the utter prostration of mind and conscience which Dr. Pusey and his new guides call humility, as it is possible to conceive. This abject submission—and the willingness to take pleasure in being insulted, misunderstood, and misrepresented, while obeying orders, and advancing the power of the society, these are the first requisites for a Jesuit; and so Dr. Pusey proceeds to inform us,—

> This is the Divine virtue, which should be regarded as the immediate foundation of all graces and all spiritual gifts. Therefore St. Ignatius, *in his instructions for the examination of those who feel themselves called to enter the Company, directs that it shall be particularly inquired of them, whether they have humility enough to love and desire insults, calumnies, and outrages, as much as worldly people love and desire honours and dignities.*—Ibid. p. 211.

Nay, to make the sacrifice more complete, the Jesuit must be detached from all affection, all friendship, all love for his fellow-Christians. With two specimens of this teaching from this work of Dr. Pusey's, I shall bring the present inquiry to a conclu-

sion. In the former of these passages, the maxim of the Jesuits, that everything is to be done, and every person valued, only with a view to what they technically call the greater glory of God,—though not very distinctly expressed, will be readily detected by any one acquainted with the system.

2. There is a second way of forsaking all, when we not only abandon all that we have, and deprive ourselves of it, but when *we feel no attachment to anything*, and can say without deceiving ourselves, that we love God Alone, and wish only to see His will done. A man, for example, who has this disposition, though he likes his place of abode, may say with boldness and sincerity, that he is ready to go wherever he is sent, as soon as he knows God's will respecting it; he may say, also, that whatever pleasure he finds in the conversation of those with whom he has long lived and been acquainted, *he has no difficulty in renouncing it.*

For *if he still feels a strong unwillingness to quit them, though resolved to do so*, he may believe that *he has a desire to do well*; but *this natural inclination to live with our friends, and this difficulty in leaving them, are a sign that he has not yet acquired the true spirit of interior destitution, and that his heart is not detached from all*; for if this were the case, he would be equally satisfied with every place, and *with all sorts of persons*: he would avoid all engagements and reject everything which might diminish his freedom. For, to be wholly free, we must love no good, no employment, nor *even any man soever, except with a view to the greater service of God.* "What thing more quiet than the single eye?" says our author, "and what more free than he that desireth nothing on earth?" B. iii. c. 31. Can one who has not attained this perfect liberty, think himself in a state to enjoy the Presence of God, while the least mote is capable of troubling the eye, and hindering

it from beholding its Object? Here is matter to occupy a man who aspires to eternal happiness. Let him often examine himself, that if he discovers any too human affection, *any attachment, however slight, binding him to creatures, he may quickly rid himself of it*, for otherwise his work will never be ended.—Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

So that although the unfortunate victim of this fearful system of iniquity, be resolved to give up his friends, whenever the caprice of his superior, or the interests of the society demand the sacrifice,—yet if he feels any strong unwillingness—any difficulty in renouncing their society and conversation—he has indeed a desire to do well, but has not yet acquired the true spirit of interior destitution. *He is not free*, in the Jesuit sense of the term—he is not a living corpse—a walking staff—without will, or wish, unresisting in the hand of his superior,—if he still retains the slightest love for any human being whatever, except with a view to the interest of the Jesuit order:—for that, as every tyro knows, is what is meant by the phrase Dr. Pusey has rendered, "the greater service of God."* If some particles of humanity—some love to father, brother, friend—some unselfish disinterested charity,—still linger in his bosom—"any attachment, however slight, binding him to creatures,"—he must only rid himself of it as quickly as he may.

* "Du plùs grand service de Dieu," are Surin's words. In the Constitutions of the Jesuits the phrases, "ad majus servitium Dei,"—"ad majus Dei obsequium," and "ad majorem Dei gloriam,"—appear to be used as equivalent.

The second passage is in a similar strain. It is as follows:—

2. The second thing, in regard of which we have need to overcome ourselves much, is freedom of heart; for as nothing helps us more to attain holiness and perfection than an entire detachment from created things, so we must spare no pains to acquire it. Suppose the case then of a person who is bound by attachment or interest to some other individual. What must he do? *His first care must* be to break his bonds, to renounce every too earthly affection, and *to arrive at* AS GREAT AN INDIFFERENCE FOR THE BELOVED OBJECT AS FOR ONE UNKNOWN. And this must not be long delayed, for the smallest delay is always a hindrance to perfect union with God.

You may, perhaps, have received a present which is very pleasing to you; you feel that your heart clings to it, and that it would give you much pain to part with it, *if it were only on account of the person who gave it, and whose remembrance you wish to preserve. Renounce it instantly, if you are wise*, and if you have any remains of zeal for your spiritual progress. *If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out*, said the Saviour. This is *for you* a cause of offence; banish from your heart all that may hinder its liberty.

Saint Francis once felt some slight satisfaction in composing a little work; the idea of it returned upon his mind during his prayers; he rose immediately and burned it. Those who desire true freedom of heart should imitate this example; and the more diligent they are IN CASTING OFF ALL NATURAL FEELINGS, the greater progress they will make towards perfection. This gives the poor a singular advantage in uniting themselves to God. *There is nothing in which we should labour harder than in breaking these sort of attachments; for God cannot permit that a heart which desires to be His, should divide its affections between Him and His creatures.* An imperfection proceeding from weakness alone, a sudden movement of im-

patience or self-love, does not separate us from Him in such a degree as *a voluntary attachment to any created thing whatever.*—Surin, pp. 65, 66.

When we know, for what horrible purposes these maxims have been framed, and how it is by thus calling good evil, and light darkness, and by branding in this manner the holiest and purest charities of our nature and our religion, as if they were displeasing to God and dangerous to our salvation,—that it is, by such arts as these, innocent and susceptible young persons have been left with broken hearts and disordered understandings, merely because they stood in the way of a wicked and anti-christian ambition, or because it seemed, that by extracting everything that was lovely and generous and unearthly from their hearts, and compelling them to *cast off all natural* feelings,* they might be

* To be without natural affection has not usually been considered a mark of sanctity by divines of our church. The Jesuits teach their young disciples, that they not only should forsake and forget their parents, relations, and friends, but that, in order to form the habit of thought, they should accustom themselves to say, that they *had* parents or brothers, and not that they *have* them. So in one of the Declarations (the authentic Commentaries, which bind the members of the society as much as the text of their Institute,) I find the following:—"Ut loquendi modus, sentiendi modum juvet, sanctum est consilium ut assuescant non dicere, *quod parentes vel fratres habeant*, sed quod *habebant*, &c., præ se ferendo se id non habere, quod, ut Christum omnium rerum loco habeant, reliquerunt. Hoc tamen illis magis est observandum, qui majori in periculo versari videntur, ut ab aliquo naturali amore perturbentur; cujusmodi, ut plurimum, Novitii esse solent." (Examen. cap. iv. Declar. C.) Thus also, making void the law of God by their traditions, they require the novices, to promise that,

reduced to that state of living mechanism which would best fit them to be the blind and passive and unresisting instruments of artful and intriguing selfishness—when we know this—when all mankind knows it—when the common sense and good feeling of Christendom have made the name of Jesuit, in every language in Europe, the symbol for everything which is the reverse of truth and charity, it does seem a fearful and a most humiliating conclusion to the movement which has been so long distracting our church, that a clergyman holding a dignified station, in a protestant church and a protestant university, should thus avow himself the advocate of such a system, and devote himself

whenever they are required by the superior to put their vow of poverty into effect, they shall dispose of their property by giving it to the poor, (by which they understand their own society,) and not to their relations, "that they may the more perfectly follow the Evangelical Counsel which does not say, give to thy relations, but to the poor; and that they may exhibit a better example to all, of casting off inordinate affection to their parents, and of avoiding the inconveniencies of an inordinate distribution which proceeds from such love: and that by closing beforehand the avenue of recurring to parents and relations, and to a useless memory of themselves, they may more firmly and steadily persevere in their vocation. "Pauperibus (ut dictum sit) dispensare debent, ut consilium Evangelicum, quod non dicit, da consanguineis, sed pauperibus, perfectius sequantur, et ut melius exemplum omnibus exhibeant, inordinatum erga parentes affectum exuendi, et incommoda inordinatæ distributionis, quæ a dicto amore procedit, declinandi; atque ut ad parentes et consanguineis recurrendi, et ad inutilem ipsorum memoriam aditu præcluso, firmius et stabilius in suâ vocatione perseverent." Exam. cap. iv. § 2. And yet these men profess Christianity, and this is the system of piety and morals which Dr. Pusey is labouring to propagate in the English Church.

to the most unenviable employment of endeavouring to propagate it amongst us. At all events, the public are fully warned. Whatever attachment Dr. Pusey may profess to our communion, everything which he now gives to the world, whether original or adapted, demonstrates that the purpose he has at heart is the Romanizing of the English church, and that he has no objection to be known as a partizan of the Jesuits, and an advocate of their principles and system.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters were addressed to the Editor of the British Magazine, and appeared in the October and November numbers, 1845. I have reprinted them here with the observations I then felt it necessary to make upon them, without any alteration. I have no idea of the name of the author.

LETTER I.

SIR,—In the series of papers, entitled "Modern Hagiology," now in course of publication in the British Magazine, you have censured, with a vehemence which has seldom been exceeded even in these days, certain writers whose sentiments displease you. St. Bonaventure and his translator, Mr. Oakeley, have received, in company with many others, a considerable portion of your very animated reproaches. The imaginary dialogues attributed by the former to holy persons, and justified by the latter, you have not scrupled to describe in such terms as I had rather not repeat, and am anxious to forget. Permit me, however, to inquire, whether you are prepared to include in your censures the much more ancient writers whom St. Bonaventure and Mr.

Oakeley have but imitated? In the treatise "*In sanctum Pascha,*" attributed to no less a person than *St. Athanasius*, and contained in the second volume of the works of that father, page 675, ed. Paris, 1627, you will find a long address from our Saviour to S. Thomas, which is purely imaginary. In the Homily upon S. Mary and S. Joseph, in the same volume, similar dialogues may be found. And I need not inform one who is doubtless familiar with such records of antiquity, that very many such examples are to be met with, even in the very earliest Christian writings.

Would it not, then, be more prudent, as well as more religious, to reserve all such terms as "*blasphemy,*" and the like, which are now every month scattered so thickly up and down the pages of the British Magazine, for offences to which they would be more accurately applied! For my own part, I will confess—and I am not singular in the opinion—that there has been very much of late in your columns—especially whenever the name of our Lord's blessed mother is introduced—which such terrible phrases would much more suitably describe, than the innocent and edifying works which seem almost to have deprived you of ordinary self-possession.

This new style of writing, which I doubt not is very popular, may procure an augmented circulation for your Magazine; but it is very grievously offen-

sive, to use a mild term, to some of your readers, and amongst others, to your obedient servant,

A COUNTRY VICAR.*

* The Editor is very happy to insert this letter, and only regrets that it has not a name, because in the present very trying times it is of great importance that the church should know the persons by whom such works as Mr. Oakeley's "Bonaventure" are considered "innocent and edifying." If they really are "country vicars," so much the worse; but whoever they are, they should be *known*.

In reply, the Editor begs to say that he *is* prepared—fully prepared—to include in his censures any writers, ancient or modern, of whom it can be truly said that Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley "have but imitated them." But to bring in St. Athanasius is rather too much; and there is something in the language of this letter which raises a very painful suspicion of disingenuousness. "The treatise, 'In sanctum Pascha,' *attributed* to no less a person than St. Athanasius." Could not the "Country Vicar" say more than that? Had he no suspicion that the Benedictine editor had branded it as a forgery, and that for nearly an hundred and fifty years it has stood, where Father Montfaucon placed it, among the *spurious* (not even the *doubtful*) writings which had been *falsely* "attributed" to "St. Athanasius." The sermon referred to is the second among three, of which the learned Benedictine says, in the course of a short "Admonitio," prefixed, "tanta hic cum Athanasiano stylo occurrit discrepantia; ut quisquis eum vel primoribus labris adtigerit, hasce illi Homilias abjudicare nihil cunctetur."—Vol. ii. p. 454. Whether Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley "have but imitated" the writer of this homily, whoever he might be, is a matter of little consequence in itself; but it is a sad thing to add, that whoever takes the trouble to look at the passage will see how very unfairly, and even absurdly, it is alleged as

LETTER II.

SIR,—You have yourself sufficiently dissuaded me from complying with your invitation to divulge my "name."* To be "known and marked," according

giving colour to such matter as has been censured in this Magazine, and how little it would help the modern Bonaventure school, even if it could be truly "attributed to no less a person than St. Athanasius."

With regard to the other homily, the Editor, though aware that more than one of the *spurious* works "attributed" to St. Athanasius may be described as "upon S. Joseph and S. Mary," and would furnish offensive matter too like that which is now in question, is not aware that any homily bears that title, and the late period of the month at which the "Country Vicar's" letter arrived, does not permit leisure for much inquiry. For the present, therefore, he will merely say, that whatever homily may be meant, if the "Country Vicar" will translate all the dialogue, or part of it, into English, with his name in testimony of its accuracy and of his approval, the Editor will be extremely glad to find a place for it in the Magazine. If not, he will be glad to receive some more exact reference. Will the Country Vicar have the goodness to state, at the same time, what he means by saying, that "very many such examples are to be met with in the very earliest Christian writings," and to name the writings he refers to. The time for delicacy and forbearance has long gone by. Old sophistry, lying legends, forged writings, and all the worst things of the worst defenders of the worst times and practices of irreligious popery are being palmed upon the church with pernicious zeal and industry. Men must be known and marked, and those who are honest will not shrink from it.

* [No invitation whatever was given to the Country Vicar to divulge his name: but an offer was made to in-

to the present fashion of the British Magazine, is a distinction which one may well decline. And, though it would be an honour rather than a reproach to be calumniated as a profane person and a blasphemer, in company with such men as St. Bonaventure among the departed, and Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oakeley among the living servants of God, I sincerely confess myself unworthy to intrude into a participation of their privileges, or to share the reproaches which they know how to bear meekly now, and which will be fully recompensed to them hereafter.

I may add, that common men, like myself, are not so well able to endure the terrible invectives and ferocious contumely which they have provoked.

sert a translation of part of a certain document which he had referred to, on the condition of his giving "his name in testimony of its accuracy and of his approval." Otherwise, he was requested to give "some more exact reference" to it: but even this the Country Vicar has not yet done. Neither has he explained, as he was requested, what he meant by saying, in his first letter, "that very many such examples are to be met with, *even in the very earliest* Christian writings." The Editor has no occasion to know the Country Vicar's name. If people choose to address anonymous letters to him, they have no reason to complain of being dealt with as anonymous writers. And any one who has had to edit periodical publications knows well, how little anonymous writers are to be relied on, and how convenient, on several accounts, it often is to an editor to have no means of ascertaining the name of an anonymous correspondent.—Ed. B. M.]

We have not the secret and ennobling consciousness which belongs to them, of a life purely devoted to God, and aided by the gracious inspirations of His Spirit. The weapons which are harmless indeed when directed against such tried soldiers of the Cross, might easily wound us who have not yet "proved" our armour.

Besides, you have already admonished me of the treatment, which, if I continue this controversy, I may expect at your hands. My citation from the pseudo Athanasius (as it would have been more exact* to style him) you pronounce, off-hand, to be "disingenuous,"—though my own conscience acquits me of any bad faith in the use which I made of his name; and you even intimate a kind of doubt, with

* [What does the Country Vicar mean by saying it would have been "*more exact*" to have styled the writer of the homily "In sanctum Pascha," — "the pseudo Athanasius,"—instead of citing it, as he did, as a treatise, "attributed to no less a person than St. Athanasius, and contained in the second volume of the works of this father"? *Exactness* has nothing to do with the question. Either he knew that it was a notoriously spurious work, or he did not—if he did, it was disingenuous to cite it as he did. If he did not know it, it is disingenuous to avoid an acknowledgment of ignorance now, as if he had only been blamed for want of exactness. But is it *exact* to call the author the pseudo Athanasius? What proof is there that he attempted to palm off his homily as a work of Athanasius? Others may have blundered, or been dishonest—but that would not make *him* the pseudo Athanasius.—Ed. B. M.]

the lamentable want of charity and good taste which marks your dealings with those who displease you, whether I have correctly designated myself in the subscription to my former letter. You could not, therefore, be surprised, if I chose to retreat at once before such an antagonist, and preferred rather to yield you a cheap victory, than to expose myself to such unusual discourtesies in contesting it with you.

Yet I will say a few words, at your invitation, just to suggest to your readers the kind of defence of which the writers you condemn appear to be capable: though the materials for such defence are so varied and abundant, that even a tolerably adequate selection from them would require rather a volume than a letter.

Your last number will supply me with a sufficient testimony that the abuse which it levels at Dr. Pusey might as justly be directed against some of the greatest names in the Christian church. At page 347 you ask, with reference to an expression of Avrillon upon the washing of the disciples' feet, "Where did Dr. Pusey learn that the Lord was '*kneeling?*'" I suppose, from common sense;* because it is not very easy to wash a man's *feet*,

* [Certainly the most surprising point in the letter. It is a new thing with writers of this school to admit an appeal to common sense. The Country Vicar had better be cautious, lest he should find himself sneered at by his friends.—Ed. B. M.]

even when reclining upon a couch, in any other posture. But let me ask you, in turn, Where did they learn it, who lived a thousand years before Avrillon or his translator was born? Where did St. Cyprian, or whoever was the author of the treatise *De Ablutione Pedum*, learn it? It was no profaneness in his judgment to describe that mystical washing as performed "*genibus flexis*,"[1] though the Scripture does not expressly say so. Where did Bishop Jeremy Taylor learn * that "He chose to wash their feet rather than their head, *that he might have the opportunity of a more humble posture*"?[2] which is surely a much more gratuitous addition to the inspired narrative than that which

[1] "Ad genua Petri, lavaturus pedes ejus, ipse *genibus* flexis Dominus servo consummatæ humilitatis obtulit famulatum." Inter "Opuscul. vulgo adscripta Sancto Cypriano," p. cxvii. Ed. Baluz.

* [Bishop Taylor does not give this as anything "probable," or "likely," or as anything reasoned or concluded from the text—much less as a pious imagining, or reverent supplying of his own. He gives it (as is his manner) on the authority of Rupert, whom he quotes. Whether he has correctly translated the words of Rupert, 'gestus humilitatis," "a more humble posture," must be left to the consideration of the reader. Mr. Oakeley says: "The master of humility *stands* bending down at the feet of a fisherman, or *on his knees* before them while they sit down." So that the argument from *common sense* seems to have escaped *him*.—Ed. B. M.]

[2] Life of Christ, p. 278; Works, vol. iii. Ed. Heber.

has provoked your question. And where did the ancient commentators learn all those particulars of that solemn scene which they have ventured to imagine in their writings? Where did Theophylact learn, that none of the disciples rose, but only Christ—*ἐκείνων ἀναπανομένων*—and that Judas *probably* was washed first?* Which of the evangelists told him that "none of the other disciples would have presumed—*ηὐθαδειάσαντο*—to be washed before Peter"?[3] Or where did any one *read* that "Perhaps He only washed Peter, James, and John"?[4] And who told Origen, that He began with Judas first?[5] or S. Chrysostom, that "it is *probable* that

* [To which the Country Vicar may add—Where did Bishop Taylor (or rather Nonnus, whom he quotes) learn the very reverse—that he washed the feet of his disciples, "beginning at the first, St. Peter, until he came to Judas, the traitor?" To such questions there is but one answer —wherever he learnt it, he did not learn it in the Bible: and, if the Country Vicar does not think this a satisfactory answer, one can only be sorry that there is no better to be had.—Ed. B. M.]

[3] In loco, pp. 751, 752. Ed. Paris: 1631.

[4] Poli Synopsis, in loco. [The Country Vicar may as well ask, also, where did another, whom he may likewise quote as "Poli Synopsis, in loco," learn the very opposite, and (if the text have any authority) seemingly with better reason, "Omnes uno Juda excepto." Mr. Oakeley says, He washes, dries, and kisses the feet *of them all*.—Ed. B. M.]

[5] Comment. in Joan. tom. ii. p. 382. Rothomag. 1668.

the traitor, being presumptuous, lay down even before the chief" of the apostles?[6]

Again; you put into Italics the words of Avrillon, "Jesus *proceeded even to threats*" with St. Peter, as if your readers ought to see in them some obvious extravagance and impropriety. Yet St. Chrysostom says the Apostle submitted "when he *threatened*," ἐπειδὴ ἠπείλησεν:[7] and Theophylact, "when he heard this terrible *threat*," ὡς οὖν ἤκουσε Πέτρος ταύτην τὴν φοβερὰν ἀπειλὴν:[8] and St. Cyril, that he feared μείζονα καὶ χαλεπωτέραν ζημίαν:[9] and St. Augustine, that "the Saviour *terrified* him;[10] and even certain English protestant annotators, "either *terrified with the threatening*, or now better understanding," &c.[11] It is evident, therefore, that your ridiculously misplaced indignation must be transferred from Avrillon and Dr. Pusey, to innumerable writers of all sorts of views, and—as I could show if it were worth the pains—of almost all ages.

[6] In cap. 13 Joan. Hom. 69. I take this passage from my note-book, but have not the original at hand to verify it.

[7] Ibid. [8] Ubi supra, p. 753.

[9] Cyril. Alex. in Joan. lib. ix. tom. iv. p. 723. Lutet. 1638.

[10] "Tum Salvator ægrum reluctantem de ipsius salutis periculo exterrens, inquit," &c. In loc. tom. ix. p. 162. Paris, 1586.

[11] "Annotations on the Old and New Testaments by certain learned Divines thereunto appointed." 1651

But suppose that no one before Avrillon had ever conceived the notion, that the posture of *kneeling* was that in which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, or noticed any of those minute particulars which they deemed it no irreverence to *imagine;* why might he not religiously say, in the words which you cannot tolerate, "It was *probable,*" or "It was *likely,*" that so and so occurred? In what would such language differ, profane as it may seem to you, from that which good Christians used hundreds of years ago?

Thus St. Chrysostom, speaking of the message of the centurion to our Saviour, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof," observes, "It is *likely* that the centurion, when he wished to have gone, *was stopped by the Jews;* [12] of which the Evangelist, however, says not a word.

Again; "It is *likely,* that after sending his friends, he himself also came and said these things." "It is likely," says St. Chrysostom; but you could have told him he had no business to say it.

Again; upon our Lord's going "into Peter's house," St. Chrysostom asks, "But for what intent did he go into Peter's house? *As it seems to me,* to take food:"[13] and then he *reasons* from the words of the sacred narrative that so it may have been.

[12] In Matth. viii. Hom. 26. Oxford translation, p. 389. (1843.)

[13] Hom. 27, p. 403.

The writings of almost all commentators upon the gospels are full of such remarks.[14] And why may not St. Bonaventure and Avrillon, or their translators, reason from the Scriptures as lawfully as St. Chrysostom and other saints, and say with him, "It is likely," or, "As it seems to me"? The inferences of the one may appear to you more unreasonable, or less naturally deduced from the text, (this is a matter of opinion,) than those of the other, but the *principle* of amplification, and of filling up the outline of the divine story, is the same in each case. And when you affect to doubt whether the writers whom you so fluently reproach, but whom you cannot provoke to take any notice of the harmless calumny, "have any settled belief in the truth of the facts, or the reality of the persons, which they treat," as you think, so irreverently; when you pretend to be distressed at "the spiritual state to which they have reduced themselves," and even wish your readers to doubt whether they—*i. e.*, St. Bonaventure! Dr. Pusey, and the rest, "have any idea of whom it is they are writing in this way!"* one can only wonder, to speak quite plainly,

[14] εἰκὸς ἐστι—this is the phrase which occurs times without number in the old annotators.

* [And yet how can any one think otherwise? If Dr. Pusey will call the Lord "a divine hero," and address him in such language as, "O adorable and divine Anchorite," "O dying God," and address Providence as "Blessed Mother," the Editor does not perceive anything surprising in his asking whether these people have any idea of

first, that such presumptuous trash should ever find its way into print, and then that anybody, even in these days, should read it.

Before I conclude I will select two or three of the very strongest examples of the style of writing which you condemn, in order to show that not only the ideas themselves, but even the terms in which they are expressed, have been anticipated by writers of the most opposite character, some of whom, at least, even you will hardly venture to defame. They shall be such as even Mr. Oakeley himself thought it necessary to mention with a sort of apology in his Introduction to St. Bonaventure's "Life of Christ;" and first, the conception of St. Bonaventure, that the angels who "ministered" to our Lord after his temptation "brought him food."

(1.) Dr. Hammond thought it no offence to say, in his commentary on this passage, "The good angels came and waited on Him, *ministering to His hunger, or bringing Him meat,* as to Elias was done."[15] The protestant annotators quoted above say, "To tender their service and homage unto him,

whom it is they are writing in this way, or any settled belief in the truth of the facts, or the reality of the persons, which they treat in this manner. The Country Vicar, however, cites this as if it were a general censure. Will any clergyman *of any church* undertake to justify the precise language it was intended to apply to? One would hope not.—Ed. B. M.]

[15] Paraphrase on S. Matth. iv. 11; Works, vol. iii. p. 20. (1659.)

or to bring Him food." Another more briefly writes, "*Esurienti cibum;*"[16] and Jeremy Taylor, "bringing such things as his necessities required."[17] I purposely omit the comments of more ancient writers.

(2.) Another thought referred to in Mr. Oakeley's Introduction relates to the use made of the *gold* presented by the Magi, of which Holy Scripture says not a word. Of this Jeremy Taylor was not afraid to say, "The gold was a good antidote *against the present indigencies of His poverty.*"[18] And the annotators before cited observe that "God so provided *to furnish and supply Joseph* for his flight with Mary and Jesus into Egypt."*

(3.) Again, it is a crime in St. Bonaventure and the rest, to take "such infinitely indecent liberties," as you style them, with the name of S. Mary, and to attribute to her actions and sayings not recorded in the gospels. Now, in the Aurea Catena of S. Thomas Aquinas, we are told by the pseudo-Chrysostom, that the Magi found her "not covered with

[16] Poli Synopsis, in loco. [17] Life of Christ, p. 187.
[18] Ibid. p. 49.

* [But how will this harmonize with Mr. Oakeley's statement? "She expended the whole, as I judge, in the course of a few days, for the use of the poor"—and he argues that she must have done so, from the poverty of her offering at the Purification. The Country Vicar would do well to adjust this difference.—Ed. B. M.]

a diadem or laying on a golden couch, *but with barely one garment*, not for ornament but for covering"[19]—of which, again, we read not a word in the Evangelists. Immediately after, Rabanus Maurus is quoted as saying, of the same occasion—the epiphany—that "Joseph was absent *by divine command:*" and then he assigns the reason, "that no wrong suspicions might occur to the Gentiles;" a sentiment which you will probably class with the blasphemies &c. of Mr. Oakeley and Dr. Pusey. Perhaps you will put S. Jerome in the same category, who says, that when the blessed Virgin was "found with child," "Inventa est a nullo alis, nisi a Joseph: qui sponsæ uterum tumentem pene jam licentia maritali, et curiosis oculis deprehendit."[20] If Dr. Pusey had written this, or anything like it, it is easy to guess what you would have said. Let me add, as harmonizing exactly with some of the beautiful and holy thoughts of St. Bonaventure, the statements of Jeremy Taylor, that the holy Virgin felt no pain in bringing forth Him who was both her Son and her Saviour, and that, "when it began to be with her after the manner of women, *she humbly bowed her knees, in the posture and guise of worshippers.*"[21] I fear the good bishop will hardly escape your reproaches for this; but we shall see.

[19] In Matt. ii. 10, 11.

[20] Adv. Helvidium, opp. tom. i. p. 133; Antwerp. 1579.

[21] Life of Christ, p. 20.

Again, Theophylact says, (but there is not a word of it in the Scriptures,) that when S. Elizabeth was about to bring forth her son, S. Mary, who had been staying with her, left her house, *because it was not seemly that she should remain in a place where it was likely there would be a throng of people**—ἀπρεπὲς γὰρ παρθένῳ ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις ἀναστρέφεσθαι.[22] The same father adds a good many other things about her, which, in St. Bonaventure, would have been very "indecent liberties" indeed.†

(4.) Another notion, which you have exceeded even your usual zeal in reprobating, is, that the angel waited the *assent* of the Virgin Mary to the dispensation in which she was to bear so awful a

* [The Country Vicar should in candour have added, that Mr. Oakeley is at issue with Theophylact on this point. According to his "beautiful and holy thoughts," "when Elizabeth's full time was come, she was happily delivered of a son, whom our Lady received in her arms, and swaddled with becoming care." (Life of Christ, p. 17.) And he adds, that, while Zacharias "was singing" the Benedictus, "our blessed Lady, virgin like, to avoid being gazed on by the men who were present, on account of the ceremony, kept apart in a secret recess of the chamber." (Ib. p. 18.) Surely Mr. Oakeley and Theophylact cannot both be right.—Ed. B. M.]

[22] Comment. in Lucam, p. 310.

† [If they *are* "indecent liberties" in Bonaventure, they are "indecent liberties" in Theophylact also. But still more indecent in persons educated as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oakeley have been.—Ed. B. M.]

part, and the hypostatic union which was to be accomplished within her. Yet this, again, is at least a thousand years older than Mr. Oakeley. "O beata Maria," says the pseudo-Augustine,—perhaps Fulgentius—"seculum omne captivum *tuum deprecatur assensum*, te apud Deum mundus suæ fidei obsidem fecit. *Noli morari Virgo:* nuncio festinanter responde verbum et suscipe Filium : da fidem, et senti virtutem. 'Ecce, inquit, ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.' Nec mora revertitur nuncius, et virginalem thalamum ingreditur Christas."[23] "*Consensum* exigit Deus," says another more briefly, "quia non decuit eam impregnari *invitam* aut insciam."[24]

But if I were to continue these illustrations, which might be multiplied almost without limit, I should require such a space in your Magazine as I certainly have no desire to claim. And perhaps enough has been said to induce some, at least, of your readers to doubt, whether it is quite safe or salutary to give any hearing to those dreadful calumnies which you now provide monthly for their amusement, and which are directed against men who have been instruments in God's hands to lead thousands to a closer walk with Him, but whom you represent as though they were monsters of pro-

[23] De Annunciatione, Sermo ii. tom. x. p. 413.
[24] Poli Synopsis, In Lucam, cap. i. 38, p. 871.

faneness and irreverence. At all events, they may see that the offences which you impute to them, they share with some of the best men who ever lived; and this, perhaps, may lead to some useful reflections. What you will say yourself to the language of Theophylact and S. Jerome, Hammond, and Jeremy Taylor, we need not inquire. You are "prepared," you say, "fully prepared," to revile either them or any body else whom St. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley "have but imitated." I have no doubt you are.*

I will only add, therefore, that whether you continue your present style of writing or not, you will do so without any further remonstrance from your obedient servant,

A COUNTRY VICAR.

* [Why does the Country Vicar say—"You are 'prepared,' you say, 'fully prepared,' to revile either them, or anybody else whom St. Bonaventure or Mr. Oakeley 'have but imitated'"? Considerable allowance may be made for one who evidently writes under feelings of great irritation;—but why not adhere to truth? The Editor did not say he was prepared to *revile* any one whatever. He said he was "prepared, fully prepared, to *include in his censures* any writers, ancient or modern, of whom it can be said that Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley 'have but imitated them.'" This is what the Editor did say, and he repeats it. But he said nothing about being prepared to "*revile*" any one whatever; and that for the best possible reason—because he has no intention of doing so,—and he hopes he has never done anything of the sort on any occasion. And, "to speak quite plainly," he really cannot see what the Country Vicar hopes to gain, either for himself or his

party, by so extraordinary a misrepresentation. But, in truth, his present letter is a tissue of misrepresentation from beginning to end.

What was censured in Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oakeley was not anything bearing the remotest resemblance to the mode in which commentators, ancient or modern, have expressed their opinion as to the probable reasons of actions, or the probable mode of reconciling and harmonizing the different accounts in the Evangelists. Not that this conjectural system of exposition is to be defended. On the contrary, the Editor hesitates not to express his deliberate conviction, that very great injury has been done to the interpretation of Holy Scripture, by indulging in conjectures of this sort; and that nothing has served more effectually to divert the mind, both of commentator and reader, from the lessons which the text, as it stands, is really calculated to teach. Still, this conjectural system of exposition is not what the Editor censured. If the Country Vicar takes the trouble to read over the passages extracted from Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oakeley, he will see that it is not, nor anything resembling it. What was censured,—and it cannot possibly be too strongly reprobated—is the principle these gentlemen have asserted—namely, that they have a right to make additions to the sacred text, and to reverently supply, and piously imagine, what the Author of Revelation has kept concealed: and if any country vicar,—or any clergyman whatever,—thinks such censure "ridiculously misplaced,"—and considers such tampering with the Word of God "innocent and edifying,"—the Editor is truly sorry for it,—for their sakes, and for the church's also;—and he repeats what he said last month—"If they are country vicars, so much the worse; but whoever they are, they should be known."

But besides this false and pernicious principle, several instances were pointed out where Dr. Pusey had contradicted the scripture narrative—and others—where, even in his description of the Lord's passion, he had contra-

dicted himself; and particularly—language was transcribed from his account of the communicating of Judas, of which the Editor stated his belief that it is diametrically opposed to the Article of the Church of England, and he now adds—to the Catholic Faith. This he hopes is not "calumny." But if the Country Vicar will prove that he has mistaken Dr. Pusey, he will be thankful to acknowledge his obligation to him.

But the authorities,—the pseudo Athanasius,—and the pseudo Chrysostom,—aud the pseudo Augustine, and the unknown author of the book ignorantly ascribed to St. Cyprian,—and Rabanus Maurus,—and Lucas Brugensis, (not one of "the very earliest Christian writers,") whom the Country Vicar cites as "Poli Synopsis in loco," and seems to take for a Protestant;—what is to be said of this formidable array,—"gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire"? Really the answer is very simple. Suppose that a hundred instances could be found similar to every one of the passages censured—and that,—not in apocryphal writings and pseudo fathers—but in bona fide writers of name and character—what on earth could such authorities have to do with the question? We read what the wise and the good have written—in order to weigh, and digest, and discriminate—not for the miserable purpose of raking together their mistakes, and errors, and blemishes, in order to make a show of precedents and justifications for what is wrong and mischievous.

But a word is due to Bishop Taylor. Jeremy Taylor was a great and a good man, and a most able and determined opposer of those Romish errors and novelties with which Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oakeley are now endeavouring to poison the minds of Christians. But he had his weak point,—though it were a brilliant one;—and his weak point,—as a writer,—was a sadly insufficient control over his imagination. It is to be hoped that the Country Vicar will not say that the Editor is *reviling* Bishop Taylor if he ventures to add, that he can never read his Great Exemplar

without regretting that he suffered his irrepressible fancy, and the exuberance of a memory teeming with treasures all but immeasurable, to disfigure the beauties and diminish the worth of a work otherwise, on many accounts, so valuable. In this Bishop Taylor is not to be defended; still less to be imitated:—least of all to be alleged as an authority to silence argument. Nor is the Editor singular in this opinion. And, really, it may be as well to quote one or two passages from an author who wrote more than twenty years ago, and who certainly did not mean to *revile* him. In his Life of Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Heber makes the following remarks:—

"But Taylor was anything rather than a critical inquirer into facts (however strange) of history or philosophy. If such alleged facts suited his purpose, he received them without examination, and retailed them without scruple; and we therefore read, in his works, of such doubtful or incredible examples as that of a single city containing fifteen millions of inhabitants; of the Neapolitan manna, which failed as soon as it was subjected to a tax; and of the monument 'nine furlongs high,' which was erected by Ninus, the Assyrian. Nor in his illustrations, even where they refer to matters of daily observation, or of undoubted truth, is he always attentive to accuracy. 'When men sell a mule,' he tells us, 'they speak of the horse that begat him, not of the ass that bore him.' It is singular that he should forget that, of mules, the ass is always the father. What follows is still more extraordinary; inasmuch as *it shows a forgetfulness of the circumstance of two of the most illustrious events in the Old Testament.* 'We should fight,' says he, 'as Gideon did, with three hundred hardy brave fellows that would stand against all violence, *rather than to make a noise with rams' horns and broken pitchers, like the men at the siege of Jericho.*' Had he thought twice," continues Bishop Heber, "he must have recollected that 'making a noise' was at least one principal part of the service required from

Gideon's troops, and that the 'broken pitchers' were their property alone; and a circumstance of which the narrative of the siege of Jericho affords not the least mention." (Pp. ccc—ccci.) And with regard to the Life of Christ, Bishop Heber in one place says, "he had twice quoted as from Scripture, though without naming the place, a story of 23,000 Assyrians destroyed in one night for fornication, which, I confess, I never met with in Scripture or elsewhere." And in another place he says: "He does not even distinguish between those facts which are recorded by the inspired historians themselves, and those which repose on uncertain tradition, or on the mere presumptions of the ancient fathers; but relates with almost the same apparent faith, the salutation of the angel to the Virgin Mary; the Syrian prayer attributed to Christ at his baptism by St. Philoxenes; and the prostration of the Egyptian idols, when the infant Jesus came into their country." —(p. cxxxi.)

Such is Bishop Heber's representation; and, really, it would be wrong to conceal one's conviction that such a loose method of treating facts and authorities is extremely objectionable. No name can justify it. Undoubtedly, it is a symptom either of want of principle, or of defect of judgment. But however this fault is to be deplored in Bishop Taylor, in him it was but a cloud and a flaw—the more conspicuous from the value and brilliancy of what it blemishes. And, truly, it would be the highest injustice to his memory not to say, that it is a gross injury and unfairness to speak of his Life of Christ as if it bore any resemblance whatever to such productions as Mr. Oakeley's or Dr. Pusey's. Any one that will look at the passages in their adaptations, which have been censured in this Magazine, will see at a glance, that to speak of Bishop Taylor's writing as if it were of the same sort or kind as theirs, is perfectly preposterous and untrue. And if Bishop Taylor were here to give his opinion he would probably have censured such meditations and adaptations, in

the same terms as he has already branded another of Bonaventure's performances, as "intolerable blasphemy." Nay, even Mr. Oakeley, who is willing enough to make use of the sanction of Bishop Taylor's name, and to cite his faults as precedents, is obliged to confess the difference between their schools of meditation, when he says of the Bishop, that "although, for the most part, *he confines himself rigidly* to the inspired text, yet his work gives many proofs of the *great inconvenience*, nay, *absolute impracticability, of such a restriction* in the case of a lively imagination, and affectionate heart like his."* Indeed, even Mr. Isaac Williams himself does not satisfy Mr. Oakeley —for although Mr. Oakeley prefers *his* Harmony of the Passion, on some accounts, to Bishop Taylor's work, it appears to him, he says, "deficient in reverence towards the Mother of God, and that blessed Apostle to whom was consigned the keeping of Christ's flock,"†—language, by the way, which ordinary readers will suppose to border on *teaching* Roman doctrine.

As to noticing everything in the Country Vicar's letter, it will probably be deemed unnecessary. Those who have not yet read the papers on Modern Hagiology, which have so much displeased him, will, it is hoped, do so, and judge for themselves, whether they deserve to be stigmatized as "dreadful calumnies"—"terrible invective" —"ferocious contumely," and "presumptuous trash."— Ed. B. M.]

* Life of Christ, Introd. pp. xxvi. xxvii.
† Ibid. xxvii. xxviii.

THE END.

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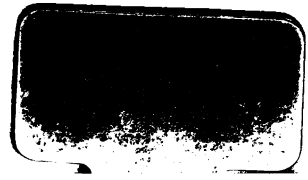
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